THE

Religious Magazine

AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOLUME XLV.

EDITED BY

REV. JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

The Church heareth none but Christ. — LUTHER.

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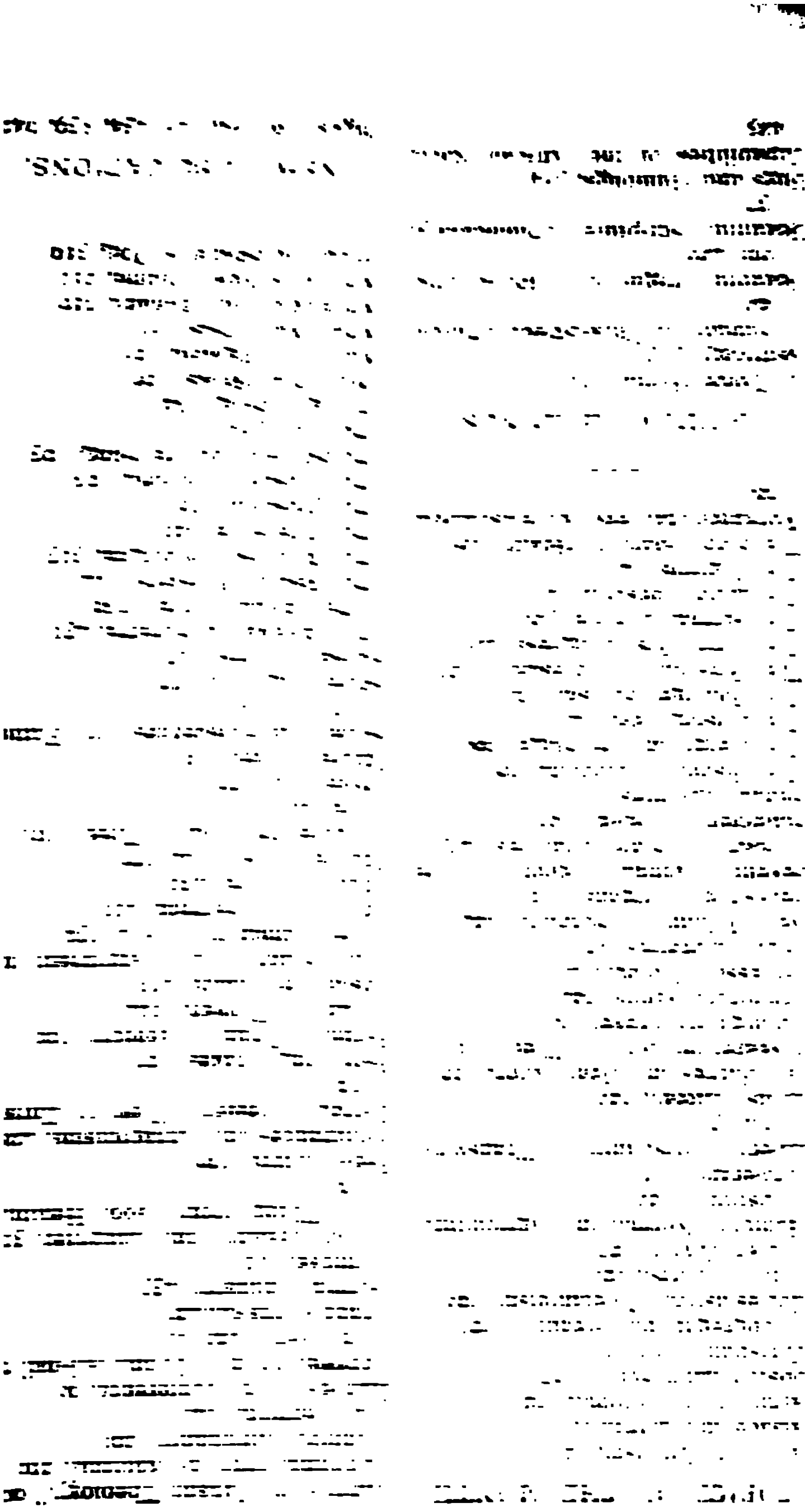

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VOL. XLV.——JANUARY, 1871.——NO. I.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

IT is with much reluctance, and only after other plans entered upon or suggested had failed, that I have taken upon myself the responsibility of editing the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. I had just made arrangements to retire, as far as a generous and affectionate people would allow, from my professional cares, that I might give myself almost entirely to the still and sacred studies, most grateful to my feelings, which lead to a deeper insight into the words and life of Jesus, and a fuller comprehension of their meaning and their adaptation to the wants of the age. I had hoped thus to spend, pleasantly to myself and not without some profit to others, whatever of time and strength might yet remain for me. I do not now give up the cherished dream, if dream it is, which has been before me for many years, but hope still to be able to continue these studies, so as to complete the work on the Gospels of which the first volume was published more than ten years ago.

There are other kinds of labor which have a more immediate and pressing interest. It is not a light matter to take

divinely endowed mind and life of Jesus, in whom was the manifestation to man of the mind and heart of God. I believe in new ideas, and in new applications of old ideas. I believe that each generation must work out its own salvation, taking up into its own thought and life as much of divine truth as it can appropriate or digest. As with every new year the old fields yield a new harvest, and if this harvest for a single year should be everywhere cut off there would be a universal famine, so, if a single generation should fail, by its own intellectual and moral energies actively put forth, to raise new harvests of thought and enterprise and Christian living from the old fields of Christian faith and duty, there would be a spiritual famine everywhere, and spiritual indifference, decrepitude, and death.

I am not one of those who believe that Christianity is ever to be outgrown, either in this world or the world to come. Our interpretations of it may pass away. Our limitations of it (and every specific thought of ours seeking to define Christian truth is a limitation) must pass away when the truth so defined is evolved into a grander expression. But the great principles of divine truth set forth in the words and the life of Jesus, which every new generation and every devout soul tries to take up, that it may give some new expression to them in its own life and speech, will be as new, as vital, as far transcending the powers of man fully to appropriate them, ten thousand years hence as they are to-day. The eternal life of God is in them, and they can never grow old or die. The doctrine of transubstantiation is not without some element of truth when applied to the body and blood, *i.e.*, to the teachings and the spirit of Christ. The eternal life of God is in them. When we receive them in faith, there is to us a Real Presence, the life and the spirit of God communicating themselves to us, quickening our lives, and bringing us into vital union with him.

Here in this ever-dying and ever-living, this ever-changing and yet unchanging word, spirit, life, brought near us in Christ, a perpetual, soul-renewing sacrifice, transmuting itself

we feel that we must have help or die, or in times when our religious sensibilities are most alive to things spiritual and divine, when we are most capable of enjoying what is greatest and best, then the language of John comes to us with the greatest power. Then we find in it a richness, a grandeur, a fullness, a soul-sustaining influence which soothes and elevates and satisfies our hearts. Now the most real and exacting wants of our nature are not thus appeased by an imaginary supply. The soul in its highest moments crying out for the living God is not satisfied by finding only what it brings, and seeing only its own features reflected back upon itself.

Here is the central thought in our estimate of Christianity as a divinely appointed and divinely endowed agency to meet all the deepest and highest wants of our nature. Genius in its grandest efforts expresses the great want of humanity, and soars aloft amid imaginary worlds to find some ideal condition of being which may satisfy those wants. It starts from the earth, and soars upward amid unknown realms to find some token or symbol of what it needs. But our religion, recognizing what we need and knowing the source of all life and truth, comes down from heaven and brings to us the ever-present love and providence of God. It asks us to give ourselves to him that we may receive his life and his spirit into our hearts. It unfolds to us the nearness and the reality of his heavenly kingdom. It shows to us, in Jesus Christ, the perfect union of man with God, as it never has been seen before or since, an everlasting witness of his presence in the souls of all who put their trust in him. He is to us the symbol, if not the ever-present medium, of the divine life, which is flowing from the mind of God into the hearts of his children.

As we have this view of the paramount value of Christianity, or rather of the office of Christ, as the essential means of converting, educating, transforming the souls of men into the likeness of God, it cannot be supposed, that under the present management of the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE there will be any intentional falling away from the high and exclusively Christian ground which it has heretofore taken. There may be a lack

of ability to maintain such a position as it has heretofore held, but there will be no lack of will or of endeavor to maintain it.

It was with unmingled regret that I heard of the resignation of one after another of the able and faithful editors who have preceded me. Mr. Ellis was called away by a severe attack of illness, and now with returning health is still kept away by the cares of a large and increasing parish. Dr. Thompson has been obliged to give up his place here for the same reason. And Mr. Sears has withdrawn in order that he might have time not only for his professional duties, but for the completion of a work on the Gospel of John. No man that we know of is so well fitted as he to deal with this most interesting and important subject. His deep spiritual insight, his remarkable powers of philosophical analysis, his poetic imagination to which we are indebted for the two finest Christmas hymns in our language, his susceptibility to whatever is beautiful in the higher life of the soul, and the higher walks of genius, united with his ample attainments as a scholar, give us reason to expect from him a work far superior to any of the kind that we now have.

All these gentlemen encourage the expectation that they will contribute to our columns. Mr. Sears will still continue to supply the Random Readings, which have been so enjoyable and so instructive a portion of the Magazine. With these aids and the other assistance already referred to, it is hoped that there will be no serious falling away either in the character or the ability of the Magazine, and that those who take it may from month to month find in it a journal, which any right-minded Christian man will be glad to have read by the members of his household. It is proposed to treat, first of the practical duties of our religion, and then of the central truths which we hold in common with other Christian bodies. But emphasis will also be laid on some of the peculiar views and privileges of our denomination, and on the great and providential work which we believe is assigned to us in preparing the way for a higher type of Christian civilization.

JOHN H. MORISON.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are seasons which naturally take our thoughts back into the past and on into the future. Scenes, persons, events, which had vanished out from living interests, present themselves to us anew, and demand from us something more than a momentary greeting. And the past, thus rising again before us, points onward to the future, and we feel as if gracious influences from behind and from before were concentrating themselves upon the present moment, and adding to the fullness and intensity of our present experiences.

We stand now at such a point. The old year has gone. The new year has come. On the dividing line between the two, we turn our thoughts in either direction, and, as with a ripened soul at the moment of dying, our attention is divided between the solemn farewells which come to us from what we are leaving behind, and the greetings which are leading us onward.

The past year is one which will long be remembered in history. The richest lesson that it leaves is not the story of military conquests or defeats, of the extraordinary military capacity shown by Von Moltke, or the still greater capacity for civil administration shown by Bismarck. There is at the bottom a moral lesson more significant and lasting. It has been the fashion to speak of the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon III., and his power of adapting himself and his measures to the condition of the French nation. It was generally allowed that the great principles of truth, justice, and honor, had no very decided influence with him, or any important place among his leading rules and maxims. "But he understood what was wanted. He knew how to rule France." "But," the reply was, "he is using corrupt agencies. He is debauching the minds and hearts of the people." "No matter. He understands what he is about." "But the moral elements which alone can give authority to law, or stability to order are disregarded. And what is there to supply their

place." "He knows all about it. He controls a powerful civil administration supported by the most perfect and efficient police in the world, and they are backed up by a perfectly organized army of six or seven hundred thousand men. There is no power on earth, from within or from without, that will dare to oppose him." The experience of less than a month showed the utter folly of such reasoning. Hundreds of thousands of men, apparently well armed and disciplined, but nerved and bound together by no moral force, were paralyzed, and fell as no armies ever have before in modern Europe. The government which had no support in the affections or the moral convictions of the people vanished like a dream.

We, as a people, and the parties which undertake to control the administration of public affairs among us, will do well to heed this lesson. "Practical men," as they are called in bitter irony, will do well to remember that, though practices of a questionable moral tendency may carry the point once or twice, they have no permanent lease of power, and the moment their real character is known, they are repudiated and overthrown by a deceived and indignant people. The long-continued exercise of political power has, almost of necessity, a demoralizing influence on a party. It was this general demoralization among its leaders, that overthrew the once almost omnipotent Democratic party. Because they had the political power, they dared to defy and set at naught the moral convictions of the people. And then the sceptre departed from their hands. The Republicans succeeded them, as representing the moral sentiments of the nation. They have done a great work. They have sought to introduce a higher morality into our legislation. Let them take heed, lest for the sake of a temporary ascendency they adopt the corrupting maxims and practices of their predecessors. As they profess to be the party of conscience and moral progress, such a course would be doubly disgraceful and suicidal to them. For "if gold rust, what should iron do?"

In our religious denomination, the past year has been one of considerable interest. As we occupied a position which

in its freedom seemed to be in advance of other Christian bodies, and all free-thinkers who wished to secure the prestige of some sort of Christian recognition were naturally led to connect themselves with us, the question necessarily arose as to who really belonged to us. Were we only a debating society, in which all religious and irreligious views were to be brought forward and discussed, and held in equal honor, or were we a Christian denomination in which something was to be regarded as established, and as furnishing a common bond of sympathy and united action? This question has been fairly met, and carefully considered, and decided. We affirm and re-affirm our loyalty to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, without undertaking to define what that Gospel is. We are not free-religionists, but Christians. Within the limits of Christianity, while seeking to be the followers of Christ, we secure, as we believe, the largest liberty and the richest spiritual life, that it is possible for human beings to enjoy. We recognize Jesus Christ as the great religious leader and teacher of the world. Under that banner we go forth, and hope to accomplish a great work in undoing the heavy burdens which oppressive ecclesiastical organizations and false systems of theology have laid upon men. We hope to take away from the religion of Jesus the cramping and disfiguring accompaniments which human hands have placed around it, and show his Gospel in its own divine beauty and freedom. By the simplest lessons, which fell so naturally from his lips, of love to God and to man, and all the sublime virtues and charities growing out of them, we hope to do something, which no other body of men can do, to build up God's kingdom in the hearts of his children. Beyond our allegiance to Christ, and our desire to follow him, we have no specific creed, or form of worship, or method of discipline. In this freedom wherewith he has made us free, we go forth, a portion of that vast army of faithful ones who, under the same great leader, are to overthrow and subdue what is wrong, and establish what is right, "till the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

But our relations with individuals are much more important

than with organizations, whether political or religious. The life of the world is, in the aggregate, the life which is going on in separate souls. And here, in every individual heart and mind, there must be progress, or there will be death. If in the year now before us, we make no progress in our Christian thought, Christian duty, Christian habits of living, so far we shall die. Where there is no renewal and expansion of life, there is death. We are borne on in the irresistible progress of time. The sentiments and emotions of the past year expired with the occasions which called them out, and can no more sustain a healthful life in our souls now, than the food that we ate weeks ago can sustain a healthful bodily life within us to-day.

The moral principles which do not gain new accessions of vitality with the changing circumstances under which we are placed grow torpid and cold. The affections, which fail to come out with new warmth towards our friends as new kindnesses to us and new opportunities of serving them occur in our intercourse with one another, will soon cease to warm and stimulate us. How many friendships capable of lending such a charm to life are thus from want of exercise and nutriment, allowed to die out within us, and leave only the cold ashes of the tomb instead of the flames of a constantly renewed and living affection! The religious faith which is not renewed by thought, and by deeds of Christian fidelity and charity, will cease to have any influence over us and die. How often do the young, moved at first by a strong religious enthusiasm, and rejoicing in the thought of God's nearness and his love to them, find at length that their interest is insensibly dying away, till they wonder how they could ever have felt as they did once! They have done nothing to feed their religious natures, to keep alive their faith, and they wonder why it is that they now should care so little about things which once interested them so profoundly. "Can it be," they ask, "that we were entirely mistaken, that our former interest was only the mistaken dream of childish enthusiasm?" "Not at all," we reply. "As long as you gave your heart to these great subjects, and by fidelity, and prayer, and study, sought to be

renewed in the spirit of your mind and kept alive, they were to you the purest enjoyment and the richest realities of life. But when, in your devotion to other and smaller things, you began to neglect them, of course you lost your interest in them. Your love and faith heavenward died out for want of sustenance."

We remember years ago a young man full of religious thought and enterprise, giving up every other ambition, and devoting himself to the cause of Christ as the one great end of life. But after a while, through untoward circumstances, he began to relax his efforts, and to withdraw himself from his Christian labors, till all his interest in such matters seemed dead, and people who knew him only as he then appeared would have said, that in his influence and his opinions he was an unbeliever. But far down in his better nature there were feelings, which, though long neglected and starved, remonstrated against what he was doing; and one of the most touching and beautiful letters that we ever read, if one of the saddest, was written by him, showing the profound unhappiness and unrest of a soul which had failed to cherish its own highest convictions by thinking and living in accordance with them. "Can I not," it seemed to say, "can I not still return to my first love? May there not even yet be reserved for me a work and a career in which my better faculties may be renewed, and find joy and life instead of weariness and death?"

If any of our readers find their interest in our religious services and duties falling away, let them remember that it is not because Christianity is a vain thing, not because God is afar off, or Christ a being only of the past; it is because they are starving their own souls, because they are not by religious thought and fidelity feeding the generous and holy affections of their natures, because they allow themselves to care more for the perishing things of the day than for the interests which connect them with God and eternity. Here is the cause which by slow degrees brings unbelief, and spiritual leanness and death into many a soul formed for better things.

They need something more to do in the cause of Christ, something that will require a greater sacrifice and greater

efforts. When the country was in danger and every one felt called upon to do what he could, and one person gave money, another time and labor, and another offered his life and gladly endured the hardships and exposures of the field, there was no lack of patriotic fervor. The generous, self-forgetting spirit of patriotism was kept alive and grew with every sacrifice that was made. So in our religion. If we do nothing for it, we shall care nothing for it. To hope to make Christians by giving them as little as possible to do, by making the road to heaven so smooth and flowery that no efforts and no sacrifices are to be made, is to leave the noblest sentiments of our nature to die out for want of exercise. If every person who takes this Journal, or who reads this sentence, should feel that he has something to do to advance the cause of our religion, to make it more an influence and a power in the community where he lives, it would not be many weeks before thousands, in places widely separated from one another, would feel the stirrings of a new life within him and around him. Our stated religious gatherings would be attended by a new interest. We should feel ourselves drawn towards one another and towards God by a new impulse. We should begin to feel how great and how blessed a thing it is to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, to glow with a generous Christian enthusiasm, to spend and be spent in doing good, rather than leave our souls to pine and waste away in doing nothing, or meet with a more terrible death in selfish or sensuous indulgences.

Our young men would feel that they have a work to do, in the place where they reside, in the Sunday school, among their friends and associates, wherever they are and wherever their influence may reach. There is the place for them, where they are to act, and to throw all the weight of their lives on the side of Christian truth, and do what they can for all the higher Christian virtues and attainments. Our young women, too, should feel that the world of Christian enterprise is open to them, and that they are not left without a sphere and a work, but at home, in their own immediate neighborhood, in social meetings, in the Sunday school, or the church, in every humane and charitable undertaking, they may find

something to exercise their best affections, and give employment to their minds and their hands.

In this way, there would always be growing in the midst of us finer and finer examples of Christian virtue. Instead of leaving every Christian thing to be done by the minister, so as to make his preaching, not a help to thinking and acting, but a substitute for them, the people, young and old, would unite with willing hearts and hands, to help on every good word and work. We certainly have had among us encouraging and refreshing examples of the kind that we should rejoice to see multiplied among us.

Are we making progress in what is best? Do we so study, so meditate, and pray, and live, that we are renewed in the spirit of our minds, and that we grow in righteousness and true holiness as we go on through the advancing years?

When we meet a friend after a long absence, our first and almost unconscious act is to see in the outline and expression of his countenance what his experience has been, whether he has grown cold and hard and dead to what is generous and true, or whether by faithful living he has grown more alive and thoughtful, more filled out and illuminated by generous purposes and affections. An interview of a quarter of an hour will often show whether our friend's course has been an upward or a downward one. We do not ask whether he has grown rich — that may be a great blessing or a great calamity; we do not ask whether he has gained positions of political or social eminence. They may be used as instruments of good or evil. But what sort of a man has he been? Has he been true to the highest convictions of his early years? Has he kept his soul alive? Has he maintained his loyalty to what is pure and right? Has he been growing more and more a Christian man? These are the questions which settle with us the one important fact whether his life has been a success or a failure.

We look now into the year whose days and weeks and months are coming towards us, offering to the richest or the poorest of us gifts for us to select according to the spirit of our minds. Sickness or health — between these we may not be entirely able

to choose for ourselves, though even here much will depend on our mode of life. Increase or loss of money — that also we cannot always regulate according to our wishes. In all these things may God be with you, kindly reader, to bless you and make this to you a happy year. May health and prosperity attend you. May your friends be spared, and new friends be added to increase the joy of your intercourse with one another. May your homes be untouched by any visitation of disappointment or sorrow. But most of all, in the finer qualities of mind and character, by a truer consecration of yourselves to God, by more unselfish and Christian lives, may this be to you, more than all that have gone before it, a happy year. Then no changes or seeming accidents of time can ever deeply disturb your peace: and eternity will only lead you on to the fulfillment of your grandest hopes and desires.

THE SOUL AND THE WORD.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him."

Once, when the happy birds and flowers were lulled in slumbers deep,
But Woe had laid her hands on me, and borne me far from Sleep,
Beneath the pall that covered the night, I voices heard
Heavenly, and the Soul of Man was talking with the Word.

SOUL.

"My powers — The pain of goods I gain, I cannot hold,
Rest can no more abide in me — the less such pain my gold."

THE WORD.

"Though ever here I offer thee the riches of God's grace,
This world is but the vestibule, and not the dwelling place.

Thy Sire to thee the kingdom wills; look up, and there behold
A treasure-house thieves come not nigh, and bags that wax not old."

SOUL.

"A hundred hungry Longings prey in turn upon my peace.
If fed, they but the stronger grow; they gnaw and never cease.
And of all raging, ravening things, that howl with every breath,
There's nothing that dies half so hard as Hopes, when starved to death."

THE WORD.

"Then set them upon righteousness, — their famine shall be filled;
With living waters shall their thirst forevermore be stilled."

SOUL.

"In weakness and in nakedness I war with countless foes;
I wrestle, watch, and weep in vain; they leave me no repose."

THE WORD.

"Put on what I hold out to thee, — the armor of the Lord;
Some mightier far than thou shall keep around it watch and ward."

SOUL.

"My guilt doth stare me in the face; I quake with nameless dread;
My sins in number more abound than hairs upon my head!"

THE WORD.

"Poor Soul, to cleanse thy stains away, — more open-handed far
Than earthly parents, with their gifts unto their children, are, —
Thy heavenly Father waits to give to thee His holy ghost.
His first-born Son He sent from Him to seek and save the lost."

SOUL.

"I shudder at the solitude that girdles me around;
I speak or shriek, — no answering voice, to echo mine, is found.
Too sadly, if 'twere run alone, the noblest race were run;
And human love is hard to win, and mortal when 'tis won."

THE [illegible]

[illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] well,
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]

THE [illegible]

"[illegible] here. —
When he appeared, then will [illegible] appear."

Then cried the self-conversed Soul, [illegible] pride!
What matter if the monument be in the [illegible]
Or further, if the sepulchre? So I remembered be
In heaven, there shall I earth forget while earth forgetteth me.
But grim the King of Terrors stands, my home and me between;
Its brightness still with jealous hands, be from my eyes doth screen.
Upon me sentence was pronounced ere ever I was born;
And in the shadow of the tomb, I all my days forlorn,
Sit like the criminal condemned, who knows within his cell,
His death-warrant is on its way, — but when be cannot tell."

THE WRAP.

"Before he roused dead Lazarus, the mighty Master said:
'The man who doth in me believe shall live though he were dead!
The resurrection and the life' — thus saith the Christ! — 'am I;
And all that live, and do believe in me, shall never die!'"

No more I listened, — heard no more, — beneath the stillness deep;
For Woe had loosed her hold on me, and yielded me to Sleep.

E. FOXTON.

THE STRENGTH OF CHRIST.

BY A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

In representing the person of Christ sacred art has followed two different types, both of them mythical in their origin. One is said in ancient legends to have been derived from a picture of the Saviour taken by order of Abgarus, King of Edessa, whom he had cured miraculously of a perilous illness. The painter, tradition says, was struck blind by the radiance of the sacred countenance; and then, according to some accounts, God finished the picture, — according to others, Christ laid a veil upon his face, of which the veil retained the impress. In this type the head expresses serene majesty and balanced power, as of the Judge and King, no less than of the Saviour and Comforter. This has been always the style of representation in the Greek Church.

The other type is connected with the legend of St. Veronica. The tradition is that, as the Saviour was bearing his cross, this saint gave him her handkerchief to wipe his brow, and it was returned to her with his likeness impressed in the bloody sweat of that awful hour. The style of representation to which this legend is attached has prevailed in the Roman Church and among the western nations. It is expressive of meekness and profound sadness, but fails to suggest the more active and energetic features of a strong character. It doubtless owes its origin and its perpetuity to the too exclusive associations of sacrifice and suffering with the Saviour's person, — his followers having dwelt, not indeed too much on the redemption wrought out for them by his cross, but not sufficiently on the redemption to be wrought in them by the transcript on their souls of the strength and beauty of his life.

In our thought and speech with regard to Christ, we have been wont to dwell chiefly on his passive virtues, — his gentleness and serenity, his patience and submission. This is indeed an aspect of his character which claims our profoundest reverence and love, and yet our exclusive regard to it may

have some unfortunate tendencies. In the [illegible] religious [illegible] character — makes [illegible] sentiment rather than energetic principle, [illegible] rather than courage, calm suffering rather than heroic doing, the disposition to evade rather than to wage the fierce and increasing conflict with wrong and evil in the world, the decline to the development of the manly attributes. While this style of representation commends religion as a religion for the passive and weak, the afflicted aged and dead-minded, it connects with Christian piety associations of weakness and meekness, and repels from it the strong, active, busy, ardent and noble.

Now while the serenity and gentleness of Jesus are entire and perfect, he is in less presence all the marks of unequalled energy and vigour, and we behold him from the day of his baptism to the ascension morning "travelling in the greatness of his strength." Activity like his has not been witnessed upon earth. His public ministry, as we believe, occupied but little more than a year, and in that period he repeatedly traversed Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Perea. Now he is encountering at Jerusalem fierce crowds led by the chief priests and Pharisees — now teaching, healing, controlling friendly multitudes in Galilee — now crossing the Lake — now passing rapidly from village to village — now snatching the midnight hours for prayer, that when men are abroad not a moment may be lost for the purposes of his mission. Some of his days of which we can trace the record would almost seem to have been preternaturally lengthened, so crowded are they with manifold, various, and, to any mind but his, distracting toil.

What energy was implied in the enterprise which constituted his life-work. Here are institutions that had their root in immemorial antiquity, traditions reputed to have come down from the very mountain where God talked with Moses, a ritual grand, gorgeous and impressive beyond precedent, — all to be set aside by the sole might of him who, in outward seeming, is but an humbly born, illiterate peasant. The pillars of government, hierarchy, society, are to be shaken, up-

heaved, and the fabrics they sustain to topple and fall, by his single arm. His word is to revolutionize the race, to start anew the cycle of the ages, to inaugurate an era momentous as God's creation-day. For a work like this we must imagine the agency, not of the tame and passive, though ineffably pure and lovely spirit embodied in the creations of western art, but rather of the grandeur, fervor, power, which the pictures of the older Oriental church ascribe to the world's Conqueror and Sovereign. With his meek and quiet mien there must have been ever the forthgleamings of a vividness of conception and a force of execution, such as none else has equalled or approached.

His measured progress toward his end is the token of his power, — a progress never retarded, and at the same time never hurried, — each step of the way marked with keen foresight, from his first manifestation as a teacher and wonder-worker to the cross and the cross-bought throne. He begins with the cry, "Repent," — the essay at a moral reformation which alone can raise up fit subjects for initiation into his truth. Then ensues the exhibition of just that amount of miraculous evidence which will draw attention to his claims, without bewildering sense and intellect by the excessive multiplication of signs and wonders. Then at the great feasts, and on all public occasions, we mark that wise reserve which is always the index of power. "He did not commit himself to them," says St. John, "for he knew what was in man." He throws out, as it were, grappling-hooks for the conviction of his thoughtful and honest hearers; yet until the foreseen death-hour is close at hand he holds back such statements of his office and aims as may, on the one hand, force into his grasp the fallen sceptre of the house of David, or, on the other, lead to the premature close of his life. That close lies perpetually before him. He can evade or postpone it by letting the veil hang longer over his Messiahship; but, with growing explicitness and publicity in this announcement, he is constantly wooing the approach of the hour of mortal agony: and many were his single utterances and acts which in his consciousness had as direct an agency in effecting his

death as had each separate nail as it lacerated his limbs on the cross. We admire, and most worthily, the strength which his followers have exhibited in the very hour of martyrdom. Immeasurably more impressive is the might shown forth in this year-long self-martyrdom, in this resolute, unwavering march up to the gates of death, in this prolonged self-immolation.

Again, we are apt to think of our Saviour as living in a certain sense apart from the society which surrounded him and often thronged him, mingling little in the scenes and transactions of common life, clothed as in the visible robes of a perpetual priesthood, so that his force of character was not tested by the ordinary collisions of the busy world. On the other hand, we have reason to believe that he was as truly with the world as he was not of the world. If there is one style of character which more than any other bears his impress, it is that of the hard-working Christian, whose life is full of weighty and crowding worldly interests, while his heart is in heaven, and his steps are all heavenward. There is no society, in which Christ has not all its forms and usages at his freest command. There is no occasion of which he does not show himself the master. He is evidently regarded by his disciples as endowed with infallible earthly, no less than heavenly, wisdom. They go to him in their disputes. They ask him to divide the inheritance for them. They own his headship and seek his counsel in temporal, no less than spiritual, affairs. It is manifest throughout the record that those who refused to believe his teachings regarded him as one who could not be safely trifled with or easily circumvented, — one whose knowledge, discretion and acumen on their own intellectual plane made him a formidable antagonist. There was need of the perpetual vigilance of the entire priesthood and the whole Sanhedrim to hold his movements in check, and to counteract his aggressions on their influence; and they at last plotted his death, solely because they could not, by all their craft, overreach or ensnare him, or betray him into a word or a look that could be wrested to his injury.

We have, also, in the biographies of our Saviour numerous

tokens of a personal presence and mien utterly unlike the passive melancholy which art has made to sit immovable on his brow and face. As surely as healing virtue went out of him, a force which could awe, silence and control went with him. Witness his clearing of the temple from unhallowed merchandise and intrusive hucksters, — his quiet majesty, not only constraining the obedience of the sacrilegious chapmen, but carrying along with it the reluctant acquiescence of the multitude, who favored him not, yet had not power to gainsay or oppose him. While there are in his countenance rays of godlike loveliness, which invite the approach of the lowly, the outcast, the lepers, and win little children to his embrace, yet his very look arrests the paroxysms of the wildest insanity, and the subduing power of his mighty presence quells the maniac's rage, before he utters the mandate that replaces Reason on her throne. In every multitude his presence is felt as a governing, organizing force. Through the hostile crowd at Nazareth he walks forth unharmed; for no one dares to lay hands on him. The surging billows of his vast Galilean audiences are stilled by his look and voice, as were the waves of the Galilean sea when he held its pulse-beat. Hosts which no single force could have reduced to order are quietly seated by him, as the almost untranslatable Greek of one of the Evangelists implies, like plats of green-sward on a dusty plain. In Jerusalem his presence is too powerful for the leagued bands of his enemies. Wherever he appears, he holds so many till then indifferent by the spell of his countenance and words, that no violence can be perpetrated to his detriment, and midnight treachery alone can effect his seizure. The very police of the Sanhedrim, on whose official unscrupulousness full reliance was not unaptly placed, feel this irresistible power, and return to their masters, saying, "Never man spake like this man." On that last night, as the torchlight reveals the sublime potency of the calm, lofty, glorious countenance, and he says, "I am He," those sent with Judas to arrest him fall back in confused and broken ranks, and overthrow one another upon the ground. On the cross, and in the death-agony, it would seem that

there is still the more than human grandeur of look and mien, which impresses numerous beholders with the sufferer's greatness, and calls forth the admiration and awe of the rude, war-hardened Pagan centurion.

Our Saviour's strength is equally exhibited in his recorded discourses. He deals with sin, as he well might who was born to conquer sin, and to tread Satan under his feet. In his merited rebuke there is nothing of that half-apologetic, softly speaking, temporizing tone and style, which are often spuriously baptized with the Christian name, but which thus to term is an insult to the Saviour. Of vigorous, pungent, searching, scathing moral demonstration, invective and denunciation there are no specimens in human language that can be compared with his portraiture and condemnation of the scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers, — all the keener and more withering because impersonal and dispassionate. The weakness of anger is never his, — no offence against himself provokes his severity; but sin he always calls sin, and God's judgment against it he never halves nor scants. He enters the lists with it in the clear consciousness implied in those words of his: "If I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me."

Such are some of the indications of unparalleled force and energy in our Saviour's character; and they suggest certain traits which ought to be recognized as belonging, of necessity, to the Christian religion and character.

Christianity is pre-eminently a working religion. Not by mere sentiment, not by the luxury of devout contemplation, not alone by prayer and praise, however sincere and ardent, can one claim to be a follower of Christ. "Not slothful in business," is as essential a part of his disciple's character as "Fervent in spirit." It is only when the appointed life-work burns in our glowing thought, when the finished life-work grows under our hands, that we bear any kindred to him whose meat it was to do the Father's will. Christian piety quickens diligence in whatever is given us to do. It supplies more cogent motives for all that belongs to our sphere and calling. It enhances the capacity of days and hours, makes

time elastic, intensifies every active power. The greatest workers that the world has seen and sees have been formed in the school and after the pattern of Christ. No matter in what department, whether it is Newton sinking the plummet into unknown depths of space, or Howard gauging and probing unsounded depths of sin and misery; Oberlin seeking his Lord's lost sheep on the mountains and gathering the lambs of Christ into the fold, or Cheverus nursing the sick poor in loathsome Broad Street cellars; Wilberforce forgetting, as he once said, that he had a soul to save in his unresting toil for the victims of slavery, or Florence Nightingale bearing away all the laurels of the Crimean War in the name of dear love and charity, — wherever there is a force of spirit that arrests universal reverence, and work that seems to crave the "great Taskmaster's eye," and to anticipate his plaudit, there are souls that have been with Jesus, and have been energized by his might.

It follows that Christianity is a religion for the busy world, and not for the cloister. "I pray not," said Jesus, "that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The busiest life, on the common plane of every-day duty, is that which most imperatively demands and most richly illustrates Christian principle and character. The true disciple shuns not the scenes or avocations, in themselves lawful, in which men of the world are engrossed and immersed, but rather seeks and covets them, that in them he may test, vivify and deepen the traits of his Master's spirit, may turn the tide of worldliness and evil example, may infuse the sanctifying influence of the gospel, and may thus level upward the great sunken plane of the working-day world. The active merchant, the skilled and enterprising mechanic, the housewife crowded with incessant cares, the mother whose little flock demands perpetual vigilance, — these and such as these occupy the very position in which they most need the guiding, elevating spirit of the gospel, and in which the gospel needs them to show its highest power, its most winning beauty, its purest glory. As in our communion-service, Christianity takes not rare and far-

sought emblems, but the staff and the refreshment of daily life, for symbols of the redemption-sacrifice, so does she rejoice to make all the parts, functions, utilities and charities of a faithful and vigorous Christian career tokens and pledges of the inward reception and working of that sacrifice in the soul of her disciple.

Finally, Christianity of the type derived from its Founder is an internecine warfare against sin. With the sinner the Christian has no quarrel, — he claims only pity and love; but he is good for nothing till his sin has gone from him. Sin is the trespasser on God's heritage, the blight on his garden, the worm at the root of the trees of his planting, and he best shows his love for man, who never ceases from the conflict with what robs man of his humanity. The easy tolerance of gross and abounding guilt, of public and national wrong, the too prevalent slowness and backwardness of the church in works of reform, the speaking fair to moral evil, the ready acquiescence in all that custom sanctions, though it be to the degradation and ruin of the souls of men, — represent types of character over which Christianity can never throw her mantle. There is not in the very synagogues of Satan a more utterly unchristian spectacle than a self-complacent body of professing Christians, keeping aloof from every enterprise for the moral good of the community, and treating hoary abuses and inveterate sins as if they were the very bulwarks of the social order. So far as the strength of Christ is reproduced in his church, it will make itself nowhere more felt than in the haunts and nurseries of vice, and in the constant endeavor to throw the healing branch into the fountains of public, too often (so-called) respectable, opinion and example, whose drainings keep those haunts foul and breed pestilence in those nurseries.

"If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb, — when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments."

AN OLD SIGN-POST EXAMINED.

OR, MIDDLETON REVIEWED.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

On no other subject, during the present century, among intelligent persons, has thinking been so anomalous, as on what is called the supernatural, the miraculous.

There are persons who talk, even to-day, as though the subject of miracles were an unimportant matter, and a thing about which there can be no fervent conviction, and as though it were an obscure something which had happened, accidentally, to get complicated with what they call the gospel. But what gospel can there possibly be, wrenched away from the miraculous narratives of the Scriptures? Does any professor of theology say, "A belief in miracles is not necessary for the fullest understanding of all that Jesus ever meant as a teacher?" The answer to him is that a medical charlatan might talk so, and affect to despise the facts of diagnosis. For miracles are evidences as to the spiritual world, and as to our human connection with it. They are not unmeaning, disconnected, isolated incidents, more or less ancient, but they are "signs" from which much is to be inferred and learned as to the world of spirit and the ways by which we mortals are connected with it. *The philosophy of miracles is of the very essence of religion.*

A bishop or a deacon, a Radical, clerical or laic, criticising the Scriptures, or even attempting to interpret them, while ignorant of their pneumatology, is as pitiable a sight as an illiterate man in a church affecting to read the Bible, while unconsciously holding it upside down. For of the pneumatology of the Scriptures the miracles are grand illustrations; and indeed there are spiritual laws by which Plato would to-day, if he were living, recognize the miracles of the Bible as being, in all probability, true, even apart from personal testimony and historic connection.

But what did Conyers Middleton know of pneumatology?

He knew no more than his clerical hat did! And yet his works, for a hundred years and more, have been accounted decisive on the subject of miracles as connected with the early Christian church. And students in theology, year after year, and one generation after another, were till recently taught to trust in his name, and are so still, probably, in some places. Alas for the blind leaders of the blind, who have themselves held on to him! Often, indeed, his name has been accounted strong enough for an argument by persons who had never read one page of his writing. "Have you read Middleton on the subject? He settles all that, you know. It was settled, that was, by him, once and for ever, you know. Great scholar — wrote the Life of Cicero — and so, you know, he knew everything about all that."

Pitiable as has been the history of the last two hundred years theologically, there is perhaps nothing more pitiful than the trust which has ever been put in Convers Middleton. The title of his chief work on the subject of miracles is, "A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have existed in the Christian Church from the Earliest Ages, through several successive centuries. By which it is shown that we have no sufficient reason to believe, upon the authority of the Primitive Fathers, that any such Powers were continued to the Church after the days of the Apostles." The work was first published in the year 1749. Apart, altogether, from the peculiar disqualifications of Middleton himself for writing on spiritual subjects, his book is not to be trusted. For, on its own ground, and in its own way, it is unworthy of a scholar and a thinker. Also, it is the work of a partisan, rather than of an honest man.

The title of his book is not the only way of stating the subject on which he writes, nor is it the fairest. But it is what suits the writer's purpose. For though there may not have been miraculous powers inherent in the church as an institution, yet miracles may have been frequent among the church as individual Christians. And miracles may have occurred contemporaneously among those who were called heretics. What! miracles happen both among the orthodox

and among the heretics at the same time! And why not? For the cause of miracles may be quite unmindful of such questions as the early Christians were divided upon,—whether one bishop is higher than another, whether Easter is to be kept one week or another, and whether men endeavoring to express themselves about unrevealed mysteries should use one set of philosophical terms or another. Had this view of the subject been open to Middleton, he would probably never have written his famous book. But seeing Popery, as he calls it, lean on the miracles of the second, third, and fourth centuries, and seeing that these miracles themselves rest on the testimony of the Fathers, he attacks the Fathers with all the weapons which he can find or invent, with learning and logic and satire. And also he makes some allegations for which the same kind of apology must be allowed as that which was offered once for Irenæus by an ancient editor: "We ought, however, to judge candidly of the blessed martyr, who, by an impetus of confuting the heretics, was carried into the contrary extreme; a case, which, as it is manifest, has frequently happened to the most holy and learned men." This weakness of some holy and learned men — this great impetus of confuting — often happened to Dr. Middleton in his "Free Inquiry." And, in justice to the Fathers, this infirmity of their assailant should be distinctly understood. And some light as to their times may perhaps be gained from exploring the charges which have been made against those writers.

Middleton says that we may tell the Romanist without scruple "that we admit no miracles but those of the Scriptures, and that all the rest are either justly suspected or certainly forged. By putting the controversy on this ground, we shall either disarm them at once, or, if they persist in the dispute, may be sure to convict them of fraud and imposture. Whereas, by granting them but a single age of miracles after the times of the apostles, we shall be entangled in a series of difficulties, whence we can never fairly extricate ourselves till we allow the same powers also to the present age." He says that in the Catholic Church it is pretended that there has

been a class of miracles ever since the apostles. And he argues that if anywhere a line can be drawn, all the rest of the alleged things of itself. So if the miracles of the second century can be discredited, then all subsequent miracles may be considered as rather doubtful, and as though irrespective of time or place or evidence. Now this does not sound much like an inquiry after truth, but it does sound very like what he observes other critics and almost avowedly the ingenious argumentation of a rationalist adapting his powers to the defense of "the Primitive Church as by law established."

A more impudent proposition the preceding would have been for Middleton to make only that he was a churchman fighting for his church. St. Augustine with his burning heart and mighty pen, — Augustine so solemn and so keen, — it is set aside on matters of his personal experience, because Justin Martyr was not man in half. And Chrysostom, with his knowledge of men and letters and the Scriptures, — Chrysostom, the glory of Christendom in the fourth century, — it is personally distrusted, because of errors in judgment or statement which may perhaps be detected in the works of Irenæus who lived at Lugdunum, among the Gauls far up the Rhone in the second century. Because of what Middleton was as to time and place and because of his influence of theological education, thousands and even perhaps millions of persons have been the worse for him as to Christian belief who never even heard of his name.

It is impossible to notice in this brief space every reason and every insinuation against the credibility of the Christian Fathers in the "Free Inquiry," but there will be an endeavor to meet the force of the book fairly.

Polycarp and Ignatius stand between the Apostles and Justin Martyr. After canvassing some things connected with them of a miraculous character, Dr. Middleton says: "If it should appear probable to any that they were favored on some occasions with extraordinary illuminations, visions or divine impressions, I shall not dispute that point with them, but

remind them only that the gifts of that sort were merely personal, granted for their particular comfort, and reaching no further than to themselves, and do not therefore in a manner affect or relate to the questions now before us." It may not affect the question as he has worded it; but it does affect the question as an honest inquiry after truth. And this confession of his is light enough for one step.

Justyn Martyr is examined as to his competency for a witness as to miracles in his own day. He is charged with having believed that he had a gift for expounding the Scriptures, while manifestly he was often very fanciful in his interpretations. It is the first charge against him, and it is the worst. But granting it to be true, it would prove that he was not a good judge as to inspiration; but it might leave him a perfectly unimpeachable witness as to many other things. And perhaps really he may not be inculpated by the charge at all. For it is possible that he may have been conscious of some illumination on the mysteries of God, as the doctrines of the Scriptures were called, and yet have been unable to manifest that light to others by rightly chosen words or suitable illustrations. Justin is further charged with having had a high regard for some spurious books, which purported to be the prophecies of the Sibyl. He is charged with having believed a certain account, which was afterwards exploded, about the manner in which the Septuagint version of the Old Testament was said to have been translated from the Hebrew, four hundred years before his time. Also he is charged with having repeated against the Jews a groundless accusation of having expunged from their Scriptures two or three passages relating to the Messiah. And also strong in his own acquaintance with Roman antiquities, Dr. Middleton presses Justin sorely about a certain statue at Rome, which he thought was dedicated to Simon the Magician, but which really perhaps belonged to an ancient Sabine god of something like the same name. Middleton scolds at the old Samaritan as though he had been some German antiquarian caught in an error; and yet it is not certain, even now, but that Justin may have been correct in what he said.

Against Irenæus it is alleged that he believed that our Saviour lived to be fifty years of age; that also he believed there would be a millennium; that he accepted a tradition according to which Enoch and Elias were transported into the same Paradise from which Adam was expelled. He is accused also of expounding the Scriptures in a fanciful manner, and of having believed the same tale as Justin about the Septuagint version. But notwithstanding all such things, these Fathers may be very good witnesses as to such matters of fact as transpired in their own day and neighborhood. And, instead of doing as he does, Middleton might almost as well accuse Justin and Irenæus of having been born sixteen hundred years too soon, of having had but poor libraries, as theologians, and of never having seen Elzevir's New Testament, nor looked into Calmet's Dictionary.

Dr. Middleton says that he has discussed the characters and opinions of Justin and Irenæus the more fully, in order to save himself trouble with the other Fathers. And he supposes that the other Fathers are necessarily undone by the style of examination which he exhibits upon Justin and Irenæus; but so too would Tacitus be, even as the historian of his own times; and so also would Cicero be. And Middleton, as the biographer of Cicero, should have remembered that a belief in ghost-stories, and in things still further away from the track of modern experience, is compatible with general good sense and credibility.

Justin is accused of quoting the Bible inaccurately. But he probably had to quote from memory very often. And in him inaccuracies of that kind are very excusable, which would have been utterly unpardonable in Dr. Middleton, with a dozen printed copies of the Scriptures, in various languages, on his table, and with various Concordances within reach, and with hundreds of volumes about him illustrative of the text and meaning of the Scriptures. Also it is alleged against Justin, as proving his want of judgment, that he made frequent use of fabulous and apocryphal books, forged under the name of the Apostles. But the point of this charge would be in stating to what purpose precisely, and with what weight ex-

actly, he quoted those books. About this, however, there is nothing said. But any way, Justin is well protected by the fact that the canon of the New Testament, as to what books were genuine and what apocryphal, was not settled till long after his days, and not without a multitude of counsellors. Dr. Middleton treats Justin as if he had been a contemporary accountable for not having properly availed himself of the advantages of the university, and treats him as if he had been a fellow of a college instead of a wanderer in foreign lands, sixteen hundred years before, born under Domitian, and martyred under Antonine the philosopher. He arrays against Justin all the imputations which Protestants had devised up to the time of his writing, and forgets, apparently, that things which are fair and conclusive when alleged against Justin, exalted by Catholics as an arbiter of doctrine, are yet inappropriately remembered against him when he simply stands up by himself, reading out of his "Apology" a few passages based on his personal experience.

Irenæus is severely censured, and made a reason for suspecting all the statements of all the Fathers, on the supposition of his saying that there were frequent instances of the resurrection of dead persons in his time, — "performed, as it were, in every parish or place where there was a Christian church." The only excuse which can be made for Middleton in saying this, is that he had read certain words of Irenæus detached from their connection, and then allowed himself to exaggerate quite boundlessly. But on a point which seems to involve personal veracity, let Neander be the reference; and he will be found to say that the words of Irenæus do not mean necessarily any other instances of resurrection than those of our Saviour's own day; and that when cases of resurrection are mentioned as miracles connected with Christianity, it is not in the present tense; whereas of healing the sick and casting out devils he does speak in the present tense, and as though of things happening within his own knowledge.

Middleton says that all the later Fathers copy from St. Clement of Rome the story of the Phœnix as a type and

proof of the resurrection; while by all the heathen writers from Herodotus downwards it is treated as nothing but a fable. But that this is as false as it can be is evident from a passage in the "Annals" of Tacitus.

Dr. Middleton says that after the age of the writers of the New Testament the power of working miracles was supposed to be communicated to boys, to women, and even to private and illiterate laymen, who were sometimes even of a bad character. And in authorising him in the statement he cites Tertullian. But that Father does not exactly say that; but says rather that some of the persons through whom miracles were wrought were a modest young girl, and even members of the respectable classes of society. And then Middleton argues that miracles never could have happened through the agency of women, boys, and illiterate laymen, in the third century, because in the first century they had occurred only through Apostles and Evangelical disciples. But really, for aught which is known to the contrary, miracles may always have been wrought, even through illiterate laymen as well as modest disciples. And indeed among the earliest Christians an illiterate layman and a modest disciple might easily have been one and the same person. Archbishop, indeed, [illegible] the Lady,—this great [illegible] was so [illegible] to the Rev. Sayers [illegible], D.D., that he thought that even miracles in happening would [illegible] to their [illegible]. And he seems also to have imagined that the adherents must have been too small to [illegible] the publicans [illegible] at the time of their [illegible] number.

[illegible] that he [illegible] be imagined [illegible] have [illegible] a silly [illegible] is in [illegible] something less [illegible] wherever it may

be?" In his treatise on the Soul, Tertullian writes that in his congregation there was a young woman who was a subject of trance or ecstasy. And of one of her visions he gives an account. And he says that once she told him of her having seen a soul "in all respects like the human form." That is the wild dream of a frantic woman, or fiction rather of a silly one, says Middleton. Because of the amazement and contempt of this kind often expressed, it might be supposed that, for some reasons of nature or philosophy, the human was the least likely of all forms for a departed soul to take. And yet if the human be not the highest of all forms for intelligent creatures, it is yet that which angels have when they appear on this earth. It may be that with stepping down from the height of principalities and thrones above, that they contract and deteriorate in appearance, till down in our atmosphere they seem but like the transfigured dwellers of this earth. Anything about this, however, we cannot tell. But we do know that almost always in the Scriptures, angels would seem to be in the human form. At Jericho was visible the captain of the host of the Lord, before whom Joshua fell on his face; yet at first he had seemed to Joshua but as a man standing over against him, with his sword drawn in his hand. An angel sat under an oak-tree at Ophrah and talked with Gideon, but the mighty man of valor did not know that it was an angel whom he talked with, till, being offered food, he put out his staff, and fire burst out from the rock and consumed it. In the fiery furnace, King Nebuchadnezzar saw four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, one of whom had not been thrown there; and yet that one, notwithstanding his human appearance, was for form like the Son of God. At the resurrection of Jesus, after the keepers had become as dead men with fear, the form which was seen sitting in the sepulchre was a young man clothed in a long garment. And at the ascension of Jesus, standing among the disciples, but not of them, nor of the earth either, were two men in white apparel. We cannot tell but that these angels may have changed in appearance with descending upon this earth; nor can we tell how with

ascending the heights of heaven, one above another, on their return, and with assuming glory after glory, but that they may have been so transfigured as to have appeared of another figure, quite, than what the atmosphere of this earth would allow. But for justifying Tertullian against the remarks of Middleton, it is enough that always, when angels have entered the sphere of this earth, and come within the knowledge of men, they have been in form as men.

The sober judgment of Tertullian is impugned because in one of his treatises he affirms it to be idolatry for Christians to deck their doors with garlands or flowers on festival days, according to the custom of the heathen. And a passage is cited against him from his treatise on idolatry, in which he says he knew of a brother who had been seriously reproved in a dream, because his gates had been suddenly adorned with flowers by his servants, on the proclamation of the public games. Now for those who do not know any better, it is easy to make things seem ridiculous which are foreign to them, either by time or country. But it is not always ingenuous to do so, and it may even be tantamount to a falsehood, when a speaker is supposed to be arguing in good faith. Suppose it had been said to Dr. Middleton, "Your state of mind, when in Italy, is said to have been very morbid and, to say the least, ludicrous. You are reported never to have lifted your hat, when everybody else did, and especially at the corners of the street. And at Rome, you are said to have avoided contact with water in a very singular manner, and especially at a marble basin. And one Sunday at St. Peter's, when a palm-branch was offered you, you churlishly declined it; and so you did a lily, when one was offered you in the streets several times in the early spring. And indeed it is said that at St. Peter's, when men, women, and children all knelt together simultaneously, you would not kneel, but slunk behind a pillar." He would have said, "What stuff!" and "As though I had been crazy! If I ever failed to lift my hat, and in Naples especially, and at the corners of the streets particularly, it must have been in what they call the Holy Mother of God, who stands in the old place of Cybele,

and where I do not worship. The only water in a marble basin, which I can think of, was holy water in a stoup, and I certainly did not wish to make use of that. And when I would not be seen carrying a lily, must have been on St. Joseph's day; and Joseph is no saint for a festival in my church. The palm-branches I saw at Rome were dry sticks, which never grew on a palm-tree at all; though that one which was offered to me I should have been glad of, if it had been sent to my lodgings. But I was not willing to stand with it in church, aiding and abetting in ceremonies which nobody knows to be of Pagan origin better than I do. And indeed, if ever I did refuse to kneel along with my fellow-creatures in the manner which you say, it must have been at the eleva- of the host, as they call it, but which I, as a Protestant clergyman, know to be a great wafer stamped with a lamb. For the interests and rights of our Protestant Establishment I was unwilling should be betrayed, even in my humble person, by concessions to Popish ceremonies, the Pagan origin of which I know well." And in this manner an answer to Middleton, as to his charge against him, may be imagined for Tertullian. "They were only our weaker brethren, who needed my words. And when I dissuaded Christians from decorating their houses on occasion of the public games, it was because I did not wish them to sympathize with those games, — because I wished them to abstain from the circus and the ampitheatre, as being the strongholds of idolatry, and as sources of pollution unutterable, and as pits of fiendish cruelty. What! the public games! Did they not always open with acts of idolatry, and did they not close often with the torture and murder of our own brethren, flung as food to the lions?" If Dr. Middleton did not see that he was open to this answer, it shows that in his zeal he was blind to everything but what he thought was a fight for his church, and that he was willing apparently in that cause to fight anybody anywhere, and with any weapon fair or unfair.

He derides Irenæus for saying, in regard to some millennial anticipations, that "they are credible to those who believe;" as though believers at that time credited everything.

But what Irenæus meant was that what wonders were anticipated were credible by those who believed in Christianity. And that might very well have been, without their having been ready always to swallow everything, and without their having been mentally the weaker for supposing that the field of possibilities before them was greater than Pagans might have thought: just in the same way as there are celestial marvels, the report of which a savage might scout, but which would easily be believed by a scholar, who had seen through a telescope the planet Saturn, girded by a belt and compassed about by his moons.

Middleton says that the gift of tongues is mentioned as existing after the time of the Apostles only by Irenæus. But Irenæus is not necessarily to be so understood, as Jortin remarks. And therefore there is no reason for the sneer that Irenæus asserted the gift of tongues as existing in his own age, and then confuted himself by lamenting his own want of it, notwithstanding his ignorance of the Gaulish language, which was that of the Pagans around Lyons, whom he attempted to convert. And even if the facts had been as Middleton asserted, his inference would not have been true. For by that manner of reasoning it might be doubted whether, even within the experience of the Apostles, there was a "healing of all that were oppressed by the devil," because St. Paul confesses to "a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me." It is written that by the hands of Paul special miracles were wrought, and that even by handkerchiefs of his sending to the sick, they were healed of diseases and freed from evil spirits. But according to Middleton, this history should be confuted at once by the infirmities which Paul acknowledged that he had, and which indeed he said that he gloried in. The gift of tongues, says Middleton, "was the first gift which was conferred upon the Apostles in a public and illustrious manner, and reckoned ever after among the principal of those which were imparted to the first converts." Now he might as well have said that it was the only gift conferred in a public and illustrious manner; but that would not have suited his purpose. For the allusion is

to the day of Pentecost. But now, on that day even, it is not said that there was imparted to the Apostles the gift of tongues as a permanent endowment for their needs as missionaries, but simply that, on that occasion, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Nor does it seem to be true, judging by the Scriptures, that the gift of tongues was reckoned among the principal gifts of the first converts. Of eight gifts, which St. Paul enumerates to the Corinthians, and in the order of their merit apparently, that of tongues is the seventh. And, in the course of some remarks not especially exalting the gift, he says, "I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied." Dr. Middleton in one place says that the gift of tongues was not lasting, either in the church at large, or in those particular persons who were principally favored with it, but was granted only on certain special occasions, and then again withdrawn, even from the Apostles themselves; so that, in the ordinary course of their ministry, they appear to have been generally destitute of it. And he might have added that not one of them is recorded ever to have had the use of it for the purpose of preaching. But what he does say implies certainly that the gift of tongues was less continuous with the Apostles than some other gifts; and yet in another place he says, that "it is not credible that a gift of such eminent use should entirely cease, while all the rest were subsisting in full vigor." But he says this when arguing that, if that *one* gift can be proved to have ceased with the days of the Apostles, that then no doubt they all ceased. And it suits his purpose to assume that the gift of tongues was of the same character as to continuance and manifestation, with the gifts of healing and prophecy; because then, as he says, "It may be considered as a proper test for determining miraculous pretensions of all churches, which derive their descent from the Apostles. And, consequently, if in the list of their extraordinary gifts they cannot show us this, we may fairly conclude that they have none else to show which are real and genuine." Well, they do not pretend to show that. But

yet the inference of Middleton against them does not follow. St. Paul himself intervenes against that; and his doctrine makes answer almost in his own words: "To one man the word of wisdom; to another, the gift of healing; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; and to another, the interpretation of tongues, — all these worketh that one Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. And it is he that searcheth the hearts, and that knoweth the mind of the Spirit." But Dr. Middleton assumes that he too knows it: and from his false assumption about how it must work and choose to divide its gifts, he argues that if there were no gift of tongues after the days of the Apostles, it was because there were no gifts of any kind from the Spirit. He thinks that a belief in the other gifts could have been maintained in the church by trickery; but that the gift of tongues was too hard an imposture to keep up, and so was not attempted. Such a vast conclusion from such a groundless assumption! But really as to the gifts of the Spirit, after the days of the Apostles, even the opposite of what Middleton assumes might seem to have been expected. For, if among neighbors the Spirit gave one man one gift, and another man another, it might be expected to divide and work still more differently among persons of different countries and even different ages.

The preceding are the chief arguments in the "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church through several successive centuries." But there remain a few other arguments, which have not yet been noticed.

Justin Martyr is cited from his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, as saying that "all devils yield and submit to the name of Jesus, when they would not to any other name of the kings, prophets, or patriarchs; yet if any should exorcise them in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they would in like manner submit. For your exorcists, as well as the Gentiles, use this art in exorcising, as well as certain fumes and ligatures." But the trustworthiness of Justin as an observer and writer, Dr. Middleton thinks is impugned

by Josephus, who says that he saw effectual exorcism in the name of Solomon. Justin Martyr contradicted by Josephus on a matter of personal experience! Is it then presumed that these two were witnesses of the same facts? Were they of the same city or country, or even of the same age? The truth is, that they may both be believed, — Josephus in the first century, when he says that he saw a spirit successfully exorcised in the name of Solomon; and Justin Martyr, seventy or eighty years later, in another century and another country, when he says that, tried at that time, there was no exorcising power in the name of any Jewish king or prophet.

Middleton cites some ridiculous accounts of marvels in the third and fourth centuries, and argues that because they are incredible, that therefore all the miracles of those ages must be incredible. But exhibiting what easily he might have found, some base pieces of Roman coinage under Diocletian, he might as well have accused all the Romans from Julius Cæsar to Augustus of having been easily cheated because of the general circulation amongst them of coin, copper, silver, and gold. But bad money exists only because good money has currency. And it may be that those impostures got credited by anybody only because of the many real miracles, by which men's minds had been predisposed to belief.

Dr. Middleton adduces inconsistent charges against the Fathers. In one part of the "Free Inquiry," he thinks that the Fathers, being very simple, were very easily imposed upon by miracle-mongers. But in another part of his work, he reasons as though they had themselves been, all of them, the grossest deceivers. At one time, he supposes that they were deluded by gangs of Pagan conjurors, who pretended to be Christians. And at another time he supposes that the Fathers acknowledged the miracles of heathenism as being real, while they knew that they were false, because of their trusting in their own impostors, as being the better conjurors.

He thinks that the miracles in the church after the times of the Apostles were suspicious, simply even as not being mentioned by classical writers. And yet he derides Tertul-

lian and others for having solicited the heathen magistrates to investigate and witness the Christian miracles of their day; and he says that this invitation was mere vaporing, as they knew very well that Pagans of figure and fortune would never attend to anything which could be offered by persons whom Tacitus had branded as possessed with an abominable superstition, and who, as they themselves confessed, were commonly accounted as stupid, stolid, brutish people, and charged everywhere as being the occasions of droughts, pestilences, wars, and dearths.

It is the effect, if not the method, of the "Free Inquiry," that the Fathers are all treated as answerable for one another, all of them for each one, and each one for all the rest. The credit of St Augustine is impaired by allegations against Irenæus, even though false. And exceptions to the scholarship of Justin Martyr are made to affect Tertullian. But this is just as if two thousand years hence some critic should get together the historians of the last three hundred years, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and American, and treat them as though they had been a society of contemporaries. It might perhaps be found an easy method of treatment, — successful for some purposes, but certainly unfair, — by which a criticism on Macaulay should vitiate Rapin, and Machiavelli be counted credulous because of Alban Butler, and Prescott, as to Spain, be read with suspicions because of the partisanship of Strype as to Protestantism in England.

Nor are the Fathers as much disqualified for being heard, as is often thought, from the habit which some of them had of writing their apologies: because that manner of theirs should be allowed for in reading them, just as prejudice should be allowed for in readers as to all other Church writers; and just as the manneriness of the age has to be allowed for among intellectual pugilists like Milton and Salmasius. And some of the Fathers had thought perhaps not to anything like the degree which is commonly thought, some of them were imperfect by a weakness like what St Jerome acknowledged, when speaking of a certain sense which it was pretended had been attached between the altar and the temple by the blood of

Zacharias: "I do not find fault with an error which flows from a hatred of the Jews and a pious zeal for the Christian faith." This, of course, is what can be allowed for in Jerome, though not in anybody to-day. And indeed the Fathers must have been very unlike any other class or succession of writers, and they must indeed have been joint owners of infallibility, if they did not need to be read with allowances at all, men as they were of different schools and centuries, — Africans and Asiatics some of them, and others Greeks and Romans, — some of them skillful writers, and others of them but rude penmen, — born Christians some, and others Pagan by birth.

People of one church and another glory in a pedigree connecting them with the Fathers. But the manner in which they treat their spiritual forefathers is often very curious; because they reverence them for opinions about the Logos, the manner of the atonement, the heresy of Pelagius, and the subtleties of metaphysics, while denying them common sense and common honesty for things which they said happened, often under their own eyes. Dr. Middleton himself professed doctrines derived to him in no other way than through the Fathers; and, as rector of his parish, he called on God by a doctrinal name, of which the Fathers were the authors; and yet, short of felony, there is hardly a degree of dishonesty which he does not allege against those Christians.

And yet, not unreasonably, it might have been expected that doubt and acceptance would have been exercised towards the Fathers, in a manner exactly the opposite of what has been common. I may remember that they, most of them, did not know exactly what the New Testament was, because of its canon not having been settled in their time; and I may remember too that they, some of them, had not the best acquaintance with the Old Testament, from their ignorance of Hebrew; I may suspect that Clement, after coming to Christ, was still much too mindful of Plato; and others of them, I may think, had always an odor of the temple about them, — that of frankincense and the blood of bulls, — even after they had become preachers in the Church; and so I

may doubt their understanding of the Scriptures sometimes, and doubt sometimes whether their theological dogmas were simply Christian. But notwithstanding all that, I may still believe in their general honesty and general good sense, and may also hold them to have been good and competent witnesses as to facts of their own personal experience, and especially as it is purported that they were of not unfrequent occurrence and also of public notoriety.

But Dr. Middleton exercises no such discrimination as this. But, in his unfair attempts to expose the Fathers, he exposes himself. Stated concisely, much of what he says is mere captiousness and sometimes even self-contradiction. "What! miracles, and in a church which is not our Protestant Church, by law established! But we do not need to know anything more than that! Vouched for by good witnesses, you think? But I protest and assert what anybody may safely swear to — that they were bad witnesses, all of them. I have convicted one of the oldest of them of a gross blunder in Latin. Hypocrites, deceivers, tricksters, all of them — let that be considered a settled thing. They were all liars; or at least men of saintly simplicity, and thus liable to be cheated. So that whether they were liars or saints, it is all the same thing; and they cannot be allowed as witnesses. True, some of the Fathers, those of them whom a scholar would call Apologists, did challenge distinguished Pagans to examine their miracles; but they might as well have invited them to church. And as these emperors and authors did not look, and would not look, and could not have been expected to look, it is plain that there was nothing to see. Were there bishops among the witnesses? Ah, then, it is easy to understand about the miracles; because those bishops had got to govern the church by hook or by crook. You say those miracles were done in private; but then they ought to have been done in public. Done in public, do you say they were? But then there is nothing so easy as cheating in public. Done in both ways, were they? But then that sounds like a falsehood, and is a plain fiction, as any one will allow."

But this style of arguing is no way to truth, even though

hundreds have joined in it along with Middleton, and thousands, perhaps, of clergymen have acquiesced in it. And, however the Fathers may have been made to appear when treated in that manner, it is yet no reason why they should not still be entitled to a candid hearing, when they speak for themselves.

In his work on the affairs of the Christians before the age of Constantine the Great, Mosheim says that it is plain to any one, carefully reading the work of the learned Middleton, that he is really aiming at the miracles of Christ and his Apostles, and attempting to weaken faith in all events, which are outside of the powers of nature. It was natural for Mosheim to think so, and to identify him with those English deists of the last century, whose works were the origin of that peculiar form of skepticism, which is often, to-day, taken for German genius, and rare spiritual novelty. And, indeed, many a man is a disciple of Toland and Chubb by direct descent, who never even heard of their names. And many a man is bigoted against the Fathers of the Church, and on the subject of miracles is all astray, because simply of the wrong direction which his grandfather got from Dr. Middleton. I think, however, that what Middleton proposed was to fight for his church, and to get his church into the best fighting attitude against the Catholics. He was simply a pugilist on behalf of the church, as by law established, and on behalf of the living of which he was an incumbent, and on behalf of the many privileges which accrued to him as a dignitary in a university, the oaths of which himself luckily he could take, though Catholics and Nonconformists could not.

To the writer hereof, it is no pleasure to utter himself as he has done on the preceding pages; nor does he wish people to trust his report. But he does wish that students, to whom the matter belongs, would see for themselves whether Dr. Middleton himself is not good evidence against himself.

In the next number of this magazine, the examination of Middleton, and the trust reposed in him, will be continued and concluded.

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ROME.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THERE have been a great many definitions of *man* from the days of Plato till now; perhaps not the worst, even if not the best, that might be added to the list, would be that *man is a story-telling animal.* From the infant of a year to the patriarch of a century, to tell and to hear stories is one of the undying passions of our race. In this propensity to tell or to hear some new thing or some old thing made new, we are all Athenians and all children.

Hence travels and biography, including that spiritual autobiography which comes in the form of the novel, are always the most interesting kinds of reading to the mass of men. We like to look, so far as we can with our own eyes, and, when we cannot, with the eyes of others, upon the face of the great common Mother Earth, and to learn of the homes and habits of other members of the great human family; for "the proper study of mankind is man."

When, two years ago, I came home from the Old World, I felt that I too had a story of my own to tell, and a very long one, and one that could not have been precisely told by anybody else; and several times I attempted to give you some idea what the story would be, if I *were* to tell it; but, as the old lady said of the extempore sermon, "What a nice sermon that would have been, if it could only have been *preached!*"—so I might have said of my story—"What a good story it might be, if it could only be told!" But I could not tell it, for two reasons; one was, that I was too much occupied, on my return, with recovering my place in the present to recover and reproduce the past, (although to me it was and is still *very present*), and the other was, that my memory, like a brimful vessel, could not readily discharge itself except in spasmodic and fragmentary jets.

Still I have always hoped some day or other to unburden myself more freely of my reminiscences and reflections, and

in this hope I have been comforted with the consideration that the part of the world to which my thoughts most fondly returned, and where they most reverently lingered, was one in which the lapse of years brings but few and slight changes, so that my story would hardly be much modified, if I were just returned to tell it to-day.

The memory of the Eternal City is an eternal memory; and the narrative which Montaigne, for instance, has left of his visit to it in the end of the sixteenth century is still alive with a fresh interest, which is ascribable not merely to the vivacity of the observer, but to the vitality of the things observed. And one can tell what he saw in old Rome, and how things looked, and how things impressed him two or three years ago, without incurring the suspicion of lapsing into his dotage.

I have often been asked since I saw Rome — a question which I think no one would be so likely to ask who had ever been there — "What was the most interesting object you looked upon?" And I have sometimes answered in complete bewilderment, — "Rome itself." "Rome's greatest wonder evermore is Rome." Rome, taken as a whole, is one gigantic monument, which I find it hard to think of or speak of piecemeal; where Art, History, Religion, Nature, conspire to make a wondrous and mystic unity out of that enormous and impressive conglomeration of the ruins and remains of so many ages, races, and creeds. The grave, it has been said in another sense, is the great reconciler; and here, in this great mausoleum of periods and peoples, the soul feels mysterious ties of nature and providence and humanity resolving the mass of heterogeneous relics into a mystic harmony and dissolving all into a "still, sad music."

Montaigne wrote, indeed, two or three centuries ago, or rather his secretary reports him as saying, the remarkable words, "That there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of

Rome at least remained said more than they were warranted in saying, for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honor and reverence for its memory; nothing," he said, "remained of Rome but its sepulchre. . . . Nay, when he considered the space which the tomb occupies, he feared that the real extent even of that was not known; he doubted whether the greater portion of the grave itself had not been buried."

But the vault in which the real Rome and Romans lie buried is "the deep-blue sky of Italy," and the pilgrim from whatever part of the world, as he breathes the Roman air, walks and talks with the spirits of the long-buried ages; and Latin emperors, orators, and poets, Pagan and semi-pagan pontiffs, Gothic warriors and Christian martyrs, crowd the scene.

The great reason, I think, why Byron's apostrophe, "O Rome, my country! city of the soul!" finds a response in such a multitude of differing minds and hearts is, that the sentiment of one of her own poets applies here, — "I am a man, and nothing of human do I count alien to me." Rome is the great and eternal home-city of the soul on earth, because there is the spot where the most nations and faiths have met and made their everlasting mansion in the halls of memory. The Mohammedan worships toward Mecca, and the Jew toward Jerusalem, and thither, too, the Christian heart is drawn with intense interest; but Rome represents ages of Christian history, and there is a little Jerusalem there, also, and, in short, the one grand and peculiar charm which, after all, forms the deepest attraction Rome has, not merely for the romantic but for the religious and the thoughtful, is that she is the "lone mother of dead empires," "the Niobe of nations," and that God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and the dwellers in the West find there the greatest number of their yearnings toward the past met and soothed, if not satisfied.

And so, even after a five months' experience in Rome, when asked what I saw there that most interested me, I was still tempted to say, Rome itself, — that heap of cities, ages, religions, and races, that, having succeeded each other, struggled

with each other, and successively perished, have gone down into the vast sepulchre, which has itself become inhumed, buried in flowers, and roofed with the living blue of heaven, where every night the stars shine, as the torches over that mighty and giant body of the mysterious past.

Montaigne said, in the paper I have already mentioned, "He fully believed that an ancient Roman, could one be brought back, would not be able to recognize the place. It has more than once happened that, after digging a long way down, the workmen have come to the top of some high column, which still remained standing on its base far beneath. The modern architects never think of looking for any other foundation for their houses than the tops of old buildings, the roofs of which ordinarily form the floors of modern cellars. There are many whole streets that stand above the old ones, full thirty feet."

And this was written three hundred years ago. How must it be, think you now? And yet after all, there is Rome! There she sits, stripped, dismantled, discrowned, as she is,— there she sits, and generations and races of men successively repair to her seat. Many a time, during the lovely five months I spent in Rome, from the middle of January to the middle of June, when for eight weeks at one time not a drop of rain fell or a cloud specked the sky,—a season of which some of the very finest days of this rare winter we have experienced have pleasantly reminded me,—often have I sat in the morning sunshine on the parapeted roof forming the parlor into which my chamber opened, and, looking over the crowded roofs and steeples and towers of what was once the great Campus Martius to the lovely hills crowned with villas and gardens, and sentineled by some solitary pine or palm or cypress, to where the Corso ends in the barricades of old palaces perforated by lanes leading to the Forum and the Colosseum, I have repeated (though not in the language in which I here repeat them) those words in which Horace expressed his enthusiastic admiration:—

> "Benignant sun, who in thy shining car
> Dost usher in and hide again the day,

> Born every morning other, yet the same.
> In thy whole course thou canst not aught behold
> More beautiful than the great city Rome!"

I can feel the truth of it to-day, after all the centuries of change, of revolution, of destruction and desolation, that have passed over the venerable city, all the havoc time, war, fire and pillage have made among palaces, temples and tombs. Rome still lives, even Rome of the past, and with all her wounds and gashes, maimed and mutilated as she is, looks out in melancholy beauty into the stir of to-day's life. And so, fourteen centuries after the Roman poet wrote, a French traveler, old Montaigne, could speak of Rome in these glowing terms: "Rome, as it stands now, deserveth to be loved, — being the only common and universal city. . . . Both French and Spaniards, and all men else, are there at home. . . . There's no place here on earth which the heavens have embraced with such influences of favor and grace, and with such constancy. Even her ruin is glorious with renown and swollen with glory."

The singular, subtle, and indescribable charm which Rome has for all strangers, and keeps it peculiarly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" in the memory, is in part, no doubt, the lovely light and the soft shadows of its tender atmosphere, the glow of its sunsets and its transparent nights, the balmy breath of its air, and the bloom of its brilliant flowers; but more especially it is the eternal sunset-glow of so many departed glories lingering forever above the horizon that encircles that vast sepulchre. The spirit of a mighty and heroic past is the atmosphere of the Rome in which the thoughtful soul walks to-day; it broods as a tender cloud over the hills and plains; and singularly hard and sordid must be the heart that can fail to feel at least a half-conscious influence out of the ever-present past, to subdue and to elevate its emotions.

A German poet sings, —

> "O thou, wherever thou art, that never hast looked on the ocean,
> Whose eye hath not looked upon Rome,

Thou hast not yet seen the world, nor in it the mighty creation.
Hush, words! I see from the graves the spirits arising,
Who built their majestical works here for posterity's wonder.
I hear their murmuring song resound high over the ruins,
As if e'en Time himself uplifted destiny's anthem!
And yet great Heaven smiles down, as full of love inexpressible,
Over the blooming child, over the lovely nature,
As when, his blue eye full of deep o'erflowing lustre,
His kiss on creation's day upon its brow was implanted."

Byron says, —

"The Goth and Christian, Time, War, Fire and Flood
Have wrought upon the seven-hilled city's pride."

And truth obliges us to say that the Christian contributed far more than the barbarian or any other cause to this work of dismantling and destruction. A German poet, who evidently means to relieve his Gothic ancestors, has a vision at midnight of the genius of old Rome sleeping with the Capitol as her pillow and the Colosseum as her foot-cushion, her gigantic form stretching across the Forum. At midnight a trumpet sounds, and she rises to her feet, leaning on her sword, with the mural crown on her head, sparkling in steel corselet, with the brazen she-wolf in front; at her bidding the old Forum is all astir, the rubbish of centuries disappears, and reveals the fresh pavement of the old triumphal processions. She stretches forth her arm and shakes St. Peter's dome, and seizes the brass and the marble that the popes have stolen. She seizes the Venetian Palace and lifts it over the hill, and the Colosseum stands again in its original splendor. The Forum reappears with all its colonnades and courts, its temples and pavements. The palace of the Cæsars rises out of the ruins of the Palatine Hill. Only, alas! the souls of the old tenants of these majestic precints she could not recall.

And yet they come unbidden. That first day, a day like our Indian summer, though in midwinter, in which I visited the Forum, it seemed indeed a slight impertinence, — the thunder of French troops grounding arms on the pavement

of the Basilica of Constantine; but it had not power to scare away the ghosts of the old Romans to whom the place belonged.

And upon one of those lovely days, as I came down along the Forum, and the bell of the *Campidoglio* (the sweet name the Italians give to the Capitol) sent out its long summons, and seemed to repeat and swell the name *Cam-pi-do-glio*, I could fancy it a signal for the procession of the old senators and sages and soldiers of Rome to reappear on the solemn scene.

But the Campagna (literally the field, or champaign) is the region to feel old Rome's grandeur, — that vast sweep of melancholy beauty, once the throne, now the tomb, of the ancient city, — strewed with those relics which a French writer calls the fossilized bones of the great mastodon. From Tivoli, where you see across the plain St. Peter's looming in the distance of eighteen miles like a mighty ship at sea, to Ostia on the Mediterranean, ancient Rome extended, covering with its suburbs a space, according to the testimony of the old historians, of which the diameter was some thirty miles. "A fact reported in the life of Constantine establishes in its way the reality of these astounding proportions. That prince, coming to Rome, had arrived at Otricoli. Already he had traversed a part of this suburb, when, turning toward the Persian Hormisdas, a celebrated architect, who had never seen Italy, he asked him what he thought of Rome. Struck by the magnificence and the continuity of the edifices, 'I think,' replied the stranger, 'that we must already have gone through half of it.' The fact was, he was still more than four leagues from the city, properly so called."

The last time I saw the Campagna, coming out over it in a chariot unknown to the old conquerors of the world, a rail-car, I passed at a somewhat more profane speed than I could have desired over that resting-place of dead and immortal ages, having only two things to compensate for that discomfortable profanation of such a beautiful June day, — namely, that it was wisest to break as suddenly as possible

the spell of that mighty enchantress, and that the swiftness of our flight turned the tracts of poppies into blood-red roses shooting by us, and those of the flax-flowers into streams of tender, gliding blue. But one may fly from Roman ground ever so fast and ever so far, he never can rid himself of the great memory, — an eternal study, an eternal mystery, an eternal delight.

My first sight of a real piece of ancient and classic Rome, as I had come to the city in the night, was an entirely accidental one, — the effect, indeed of an egregious blunder (all blunders do not terminate so fortunately). We have a vulgar proverb about *aiming at the goose and hitting the gander;* and so I, aiming at a grand relic of man's art, hit what I may call a relic of nature. I aimed at the Forum and hit the Tiber. Starting forth in the morning with a strange confidence, after a too hasty comparison of map and starting-point, my head was so turned that I fancied myself going toward the Forum with a fresh feeling, as if I was that morning to hear Cicero inveigh against Catiline, when I was really heading towards the Flaminian gate, which enters from the direction of Florence on the north. Having reached that gate (better known as the *Porta del Popolo*), and tried in vain to find a probable entrance to the Forum, at last seeing a filthy lane to the left, and remembering that the modern name of the Forum was the *Campo Vacchino*, or cow pasture, I turned into it with some faint hopes; but when I had gone a few hundred paces I found myself on a high bank, of which the soil seemed to be almost composed of acorn-shells, and presently I saw, before and below me on the slope, a swine-herd lying sprawled out, and his black pigs feeding along a stream which I recognized at once as the "tawny Tiber," the stream on which Byron calls, "Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress!" the stream which Hawthorne calls a "strenuous mud-puddle," but which no one who does not estimate the interest of material objects by mere material circumstances can look upon at any point without a deep and singular stir of emotion. Robert Burns brings together the names of some of the world's most memorable rivers thus: —

"The Ilyssus, Tiber, Thames and Seine
Glide sweet in many a tuneful line."

I think one is safe in saying that of all the four the Tiber is the little muddy stream that glides most majestically through the scholar's memory; and, though the Yankee's first thought may sometimes be, "Oh! if Victor Emmanuel could only make Rome a free city, and let one of our enterprising men turn the channel of this stream, and dig up the golden candlesticks and piles of ducats that lie embedded at the bottom!" a thoughtful heart, musing on the course of that petty stream, from the bridge where Constantine drove his enemy into its waters, as Raphael's fresco still represents in the Vatican, down to that other bridge which leads from Janiculum across to the Ghetto, will confess, I think, that not even the olive-brown Seine, as it sweeps by the old Conciergerie and all those sombre monuments of Paris and the French Revolution, can match the interest which gathers on the banks of the Tiber.

If you float down the old river or saunter along its banks, after passing the Bridge of St. Angelo you come to a very venerable one, which leads you across to what I found, or at least find now, was the most affecting sight to me in all Rome.

I said that, when asked what interested me most in Rome, I was at a loss to reply. And it is true, if the question relates to the classic or Christian monuments of the mighty city. There are so many equally touching and awe-inspiring, that one cannot speak of them by comparison.

I have sometimes thought that the object in Rome that startled and affected me the most, as in the very presence of hoary eld, was the sight in the Capitol of the veritable bronze wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, — the very one Cicero looked on, and speaks of as having been struck with lightning before his day, and which the poet so eloquently apostrophizes: —

"And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome,
Where, as a monument of antique art,

Thou standest; mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder sucked from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning — dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?"

Then again I said to myself, the Colosseum is not only the most complete and characteristic monument of ancient Rome, but is felt by every one almost to *be* Rome —

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand."

But, after all, not the Colosseum, nor the Campagna, nor the Cæsars' Palace, not the statue of Pompey, at whose base great Cæsar fell, nor St. Peter's, nor any object or scene of classic or Christian art or history, has left so deep an impression on me as a very different spectacle, in itself more odd than pleasing, and in its historic associations full of melancholy interest — I mean the so-called Ghetto, the Jews' quarter in Rome, for eighteen centuries now the refuge there of that unresting people. The reasons of my attraction to that sombre and dreary spot must be given in another article.

WORSHIP.

The earth is one great temple, made
  For worship everywhere;
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
  That ring the heart to prayer.
A solemn preacher is the breeze,
  At noon or twilight dim;
The ancient trees give homilies;
  The river hath a hymn.

THE EQUALIZING AND COMPENSATING LAW OF MOTIVE.

BY HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

THE tendency of many employments to narrow and belittle the mind has been the subject of frequent notice and complaint. This evil, it has been thought, marks peculiarly all division of labor, so that in an advancing civilization, we see the arts continually improving, while the artisans are continually degenerating. Does it not seem wrong, it is asked, that a man, who was made to inherit all that is good, beautiful and true in the world, should be tied down, all his lifetime, to making a fifteenth part of a pin? Men ought to have employments, it is contended, which shall expand and elevate their minds. By a division of labor they become mere parts of a tool, or a machine. We have an improved product, but deteriorated men. Only a fraction of our nature is developed, and that the least worthy. Beings in human shape, as it has been somewhat grotesquely said, strut about, good eyes, good fingers, good arms, but not men.

Now in reply to all this we maintain there is more point in these remarks than just force. It is easy enough to say that a division of labor develops only one part of our nature, but we hold that it is equally easy to show that the same thing is true of almost every occupation that can be named. There is no employment known or imagined which will give an equal development to all parts of our nature, or which can prevent a very unequal development. The pursuit of the farmer, the merchant, the banker, the physician, the lawyer, may just as easily be held up to ridicule as that of the pin-maker. Does it not seem wrong, we might ask, that so large a part of the life of man should be spent in merely delving the earth, in higgling about dollars and cents, in counting little slips of paper called bank-bills, in going from house to house and looking into the pale face of disease, in pouring over old statute-books to find something applicable to new cases of fraud

and crime? What a one-sided development must any one of these pursuits, if long followed, give to man's nature, and what years and years will be spent in doing the same thing over and over again?

The truth is, if our life is one of toil, what we do will necessarily give a disproportionate activity to those faculties by which we do it, and a large part of our time must be occupied by what we do mechanically. There is no getting rid of this. There is no occupation under heaven which will not be, for the most part, mere drudgery to him who has the spirit of a drudge in him. We must not look so much to our occupation to lift us up; we must reverse the process and lift our occupation up. A man's character and condition will be determined less by what he does, and more by the motive by which he does it. If he looks upon his employment as the school of his industry and patience and contentment, if he improves well what leisure time he can get to inform his mind and to practice the sweet virtues and charities of life, the pin-maker is a great man; while, on the other hand, of another person we may say that if he uses his high station to advance his own selfish ends, and his days and nights are devoted to schemes of envy and ambition, the statesman who has a seat in the Cabinet is a little man, and a mean man.

We too often forget this truth. We judge men by mere appearances. We are dazzled by outside shows. We think that the princely merchant whose ships sail all over the world, and come back freighted with the rich products of every land, who sits in his counting-room, and directs the rise and fall of prices, and commands fortunes by the mere stroke of his pen, — we think surely his must be an occupation to expand and liberalize the mind; when, after all, the reigning motive may be to build some more splendid mansion, or to sport some more shining equipage, than a rival neighbor; and in true nobleness of soul how can he be compared with some poor seamstress who toils year after year to keep a brother in college, or to free the home of her aged parents from the burden of debt?

We think that the clergyman, who has been set apart to a

holy calling, whose days are given to study upon the highest subjects of human inquiry, and all whose duties are aside from the strifes and sins of the world, we say confidently that his profession must exalt the character and make the heart and life pure. But what if under the vestments of that sacred office there be a heart corrupted by a continual lust for applause, or by secret stains of guilt?

Thus there is no magic in any occupation to lift a man up. A sensual, sordid soul will be sensual and sordid everywhere. Generosity, elevation, magnanimity, must come from the man and be put into his employment: they cannot come from his employment, and be put into the man.

Of course we are not saying that different employments, by the different amount of leisure which they afford, and the different associations which they form, do not carry with them different advantages, and different degrees of responsibleness. Undoubtedly they do. But our meaning is this, that our characters are formed less by our occupation than we are apt to think, that the great part of what is done in all employments is simply mechanical, and that so far as the education and elevation of a man's whole nature is concerned, it matters not a whit whether we spend our lifetime in buying and selling goods, or in opening and shutting the valve of a steam-engine; whether we hoe the earth or file iron; whether we hammer the rudiments of learning into children or hammer an anvil; whether we make pills or make the fifteenth part of a pin. It is not the employment that makes the man, it is the motive which inspires that employment that makes the man.

It is interesting to see how this grand truth was discerned and stated by that broad-minded apostle who so much shaped the main features of the gospel. St. Paul says, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." We should express the same sentiment in our more modern phrase by saying, let your whole soul be in your employment and under the highest sense of duty. No exhortation can be more wise or simply more needed to save us from the belittling effects of our occupation, and to lead us to useful, gen-

erous, and noble ends. It is sad to think how much of this great work of the world *is* done unto men, that is in hope of their praise, admiration, or envy, or in fear of their opinions, that we are not noticed as much as we want to be, that our trade may be called vulgar, and our coarse garments and hard hands may be accounted as not genteel.

It is worthy of special remark that all labor, if performed under these imperfect and low motives, does continually narrow and belittle a man's nature, whatever his employment may be. The merchant whose ruling motive is to heap up riches becomes more sordid by every bargain he makes. The mechanic who is above his business, and fears lest in certain circles it should not be called genteel, stamps the spirit of a slave into his soul by every blow that he strikes. The minister who cares only for his hire, who preaches to others the charities he never practices himself, becomes more selfish by every sermon that he writes. The statesman who bends the energies of a capacious mind to promote his own ambitious ends sinks lower by every great speech that he makes, and by every new office to which he attains.

Thus under a low and mean motive all labor, the highest and most honorable, becomes an instrument of man's perversion. If continued for years, it gives an enormous development to what is base and earthy. While, on the other hand, a petty and unintellectual pursuit may expand and ennoble the soul, if it is followed from a generous and lofty motive.

He who feels that motive will say to himself, "Here in this business for which I am fitted I am placed by Providence, and here I will work. It shall be the school of my industry, perseverance, and cheerful contentment. True, I must get bread for myself and mine; and therefore I will so arrange my labor that it shall be productive, and shall secure me as much of a competence as it can. But when I have so arranged it, I will not be over-anxious about the result. I will cultivate my mind; I will discipline my heart; I will practice the kind virtues and the sweet charities of life. I will be attentive to the happiness of those who are journeying along with me. If my daily toil be dull, mechanical, I will yet work

genially; and will try to live, as near as my lot in life will admit, for ends which are worthy of me as a rational and immortal being."

Now can any of us doubt that the man who can say this of himself has a great soul in him? Before we know this must we learn what his work is, in what sort of a house he lives, and with what clothes he is dressed? Do we not see that the longer he toils on the more he will become confirmed in great principles of duty, obedience, truth, generosity, a pure and true humanity? Is it not as plain as the sun that while others' liberal professions, as they are called, if followed from a low motive, shall only enslave and degrade them, his vulgar trade, as it may be accounted, though he makes but the fifteenth part of a pin, shall be the instrument of his elevation?

In order then to save men from the narrowing effect of their business occupations, we need not quarrel with the existing employments of life or seek to organize them anew. We should not help the matter one whit. Men must still work, most men must work nearly all the time, and by far the larger part of what they must do in all occupations is mechanical, the same thing over and over again. But let us seek a remedy in another direction, in a shorter, simpler and easier way. As we cannot change the work which men do, let us try to change the motives by which they do it. This is the main thing.

We need a religion of the week-day, a religion of labor, a religion for the shop, the store, the factory, the bank, the market, the farm; a religion which shall bring its solemn truths and sanctions to bear upon the *motive* with which we undertake our daily toil. Motive is everything. Motive makes the man. Motive is the pivot on which our destiny turns. Let it teach us the true ends of our being, the true spirit in which we should work, the true improvement of our time, and our occupation, whatever it be, will not cramp and dwarf our minds. It will help us rather, giving stability to our character, strength and solidity to the great principles of duty, obedience, watchfulness, patience, endurance, and trust.

And thus, finally, how would religion disenthrall, liberate, purify and ennoble that man's mind who feels that his business is his school, duty his lesson, and immortality his destiny and reward. Give the man of business that religion, and, whether he be the princely merchant who has millions, or the hod-carrier of the street who has nothing, do you not give him the greatest blessing which it is possible for him to receive?

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

BY REV. JOHN SNYDER.

In one very important respect, Christianity differs from all other religions that have ever existed. That is in the absolute nearness with which the soul can approach God. The Deity of other faiths has always been enshrined in mystery. He has dwelt in splendid, inaccessible temples, their shrines being guarded by divinely appointed priests, their thrones preserved inviolate from the common touch, their wonderful revelations seldom, if ever, vouchsafed to the common people. But in the religion of Jesus all this is changed. And while we see a power, which is recognized as the only Creator and Preserver in the universe, we see a divine love and condescension, that deign to hold direct intercourse with the meanest of his intelligent creatures. And the Apostle Paul presents the touching picture of the human body, frail and perishable, as the temple of the Infinite God. I wonder if we ever bring the full force of the apostle's truth clearly before our own minds. Do we understand all it implies, and all the obligations it imposes upon us as rational beings.

If we could go to Palestine, and by some miracle restore to its pristine magnificence the Hebrew temple, in which once walked the blessed feet of Jesus, with what speechless reverence would we tread its courts, fearing almost to step, lest we should disturb the sacred stillness of the holy spot! And yet scarcely a day passes that we do not defile a more sacred place than the temple of the Holy City. This body of ours, from which the Holy Spirit is never absent! Oh, how we soil and mar and taint its beauty and its sacredness with sin.

That house is not the most inviting, whatever its architectural perfections, where the threshold is untouched by human foot, the hearthstone cold, and the windows and doors closed and silent; but where the cheerful lights gleam from the windows, and the welcome laugh is heard through the open doorway, making the place beautiful, even if the paint is faded and the beams tottering with age. So with this temple of the living God: when intelligence and soul-culture and purity sit like angels at those wonderful windows, the eyes, then is God's home beautiful, even if the drapery of the walls is worn and faded.

While some have sinned by making this temple a mere palace of sloth, many have gone to the other extreme, and regarded it as a simple workshop, and the whole complement of its God-given faculties as merely a chest of tools. Every chamber of the temple, the chamber of prayer, of domestic affections, of sacred meditation, has its pavements unceasingly worn by the footstep of rugged, unremitting toil. The twilight hour of calm rest and delight settles upon the structure, bringing with it a host of busy, unresting cares. Every room of the temple, the pettiest and commonest cares, their feet all soiled with the filth and dust of the market-place, are allowed to enter and defile. The rooms in which sit the heart's most precious affections are closed, neglected, and covered with dust. It is work, work, till the low voice of God is drowned in the incessant din of grinding, covetous toil. And in the hours of night the temple's sacredness is marred by the haunting dreams of gain.

But worse than all is the fact that we turn this dwelling-place of the Highest into the house of sin; that we dare to bring into the very "Holy of Holies" of this temple the hideous images of lust, of falsehood, of envy, and meanness, and pride; that we do not shrink from making these wonderful faculties of ours (so exquisitely formed, so varied in their use) the ministers of shameful vice. Here is one who is scorching all the delicate tracery and wondrous fresco of his temple with the consuming flame of intemperance. Here is another who is crushing with the brutal hand of lust, the exquisite sculpture with which the Divine Builder has adorned and beautified his soul's home.

Do we think of these fearful truths? Do we remember that this body is the home of God, and not a house of shame? Let us drive out sloth and sin and vanity and miserly toil, and make it the fit dwelling for the Holiest Being in the universe. Remember the infinite condescension of that Spirit who is willing to come into our hearts even in their best and purest estate. And when He "stands at the door, and knocks," may that door, which ought to be closed and barred against every intruding temptation and sin, open quickly upon its hinges to let Him in; for he comes only as the loving and gentle Spirit, who will sup with us in the calm evening hour of the soul's deepest joy.

"If men believed in the immortality of their souls, there would be no slavery in the world; for no one would be deterred from rescuing his oppressed brethren by the prospect of finding on the scaffold or in a dungeon the reward of his love for mankind. For in the night of his duugeon he knows that its iron gates cannot retain him when these living walls, in which his soul is imprisoned, shall be rent by the voice of the Redeemer." — *C. Follen.*

"To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for although the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

THE SYMBOL AND THE REALITY.

A SERMON. BY ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

"Surely every man walketh in a vain show." — Psalm xxxix. 6.

THERE is a failure to apprehend the reality in life. There is, amidst its boundless activity and engrossing earnestness, a failure to grasp the real and vital thing that most concerns us — to which I wish to invite your thoughts in this morning's meditation. There are many men, if I do not misjudge the tenor of their lives, who are "walking in a vain show." They do not penetrate beneath the surface to the inmost meaning of their life. There is something in life which they have never reached; an interest, a charm, a glory in life which they have never perceived. They are dealing with forms and with facts, and that is unavoidable; but they do not go beyond, as they ought, to the meaning of the forms, to the philosophy of the facts. Animals live, we suppose, without *any* of this deeper, this ulterior consideration of things, and in this respect the life of most men is too much an animal life.

Let me state the point with a little more formality. We are wont to say, that the universe, the world, life, all that exists in short, is composed of two parts, the visible and the invisible; and further that the visible reveals the invisible. Thus it is said in Scripture, that the invisible things of God are known by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. The visible things then are symbols. They are not the great realities, but symbols of those realities. The visible human form, for instance, is but a symbol of the reality, the spirit within. And all its visible action, occupation, toil, change; all sickness, health, fullness, want, pursuit, attainment, the whole busy round of life is symbolical; it means something else than appears. The world itself is a symbol. The universe is a symbol. Now what I say is, that most men stop at the symbol, at the outside appearance, and do not go to the reality that is shadowed forth by it.

Let your thoughts carry this one detail a moment, and see

if it is not true. A man is engaged in a profession, or occupied with business, or with toil. How seldom does he go beneath the visible fact, to the deeper meaning of all this! The affairs of life are machinery to most men; the deeper philosophy of things is out of their sight. This whole sphere of things called business is meant for culture; who thinks of it as culture?

Again, a man is sick. Now there was no need in the nature of things, *i. e.* in his material nature, that he should be sick. In that he has a body, there was no need of it. Animals seldom suffer under this corrective discipline. Will it be said that man is endowed with a more delicate physical organization, and that is the reason? Very well; that carries us back a step farther. Why has he this more delicate organization? For the culture of the soul. It tends to accomplish that end; why then should we not say, that was its design? The sickness of the body then is part of a system of moral development and advancement. Often it is the very consequence and corrective of moral evil. Always it calls for moral strength. And yet it is very possible to pass through a severe illness, the most monitory fact in life, penetrative and piercing almost as conscience itself, without any thought of the deeper meaning of the dispensation. It is not merely a want of religion of which I speak; it is a want of general insight into the meaning of things. We walk "in a vain show." The word rendered "show," means an image, a shadow. And it is amidst shadows that we live. We live, and know not *what it is* to live. We suffer, but know not wherefore; we rejoice, but to no lofty end. We are high or low, rich or poor, without knowing the meanings of greatness or humbleness, or the real and ultimate ends of wealth or poverty. Our life, it is to be observed, is necessarily a visible action, a series of events, a succession of sensitive pleasures and pains, a train of physical causes and effects. The question is, to what deeper design and discipline does all this point? And with this question, I think, but few minds are habitually conversant. In a crowd of cares, in the throng of society, in the whirl of alternate occupation and pleasure, most men pass

their lives; and too often, amidst it all, there is no large philosophy, no deep meditation, no genuine spirituality, and no effectual faith.

The Symbol and the Reality, then,—let this be the theme of our present meditation. I have spoken of the general failure to apprehend the reality. Let us first consider some of the causes of this defect, and next the remedy for it.

I. The first cause is found in the necessary preponderance, at the earliest periods of life, of the physical over the spiritual man. This consideration is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it. Our childhood is nourished, supported, educated, by the visible, by symbols; and is not to be required immediately to enter into the deeper and more recondite meanings of things. A child must be expected, in the round of his pleasure and studies, often to tread unconsciously on the hidden springs of wisdom and mystery. More than is usual, indeed, they should be laid open to him. Thus, for instance, I have often known a child of eight and ten years old earnestly to enquire, why it must learn, why its studies must be so hard, why it may not neglect the harder tasks, and sport away its days in ease and pleasure. This may be an occasion I think, for explaining something of God's great discipline in human life, for showing that tasks are given to develop energies, and trials to nurture submission and patience. The child may be told that if his mind were not put to task, he would always be a child; he would never grow up to be a man.

If more of this nature were taught, if especially the youth who is going through the rounds of professional, mercantile, or mechanical apprenticeship, were instructed more than he is in the principles of things, were taught to reason and reflect, he would be saved, in part, from the operation of the second cause I was about to mention, and that is routine.

Routine, I say, receives the pupil of technical education and sends him in the mill-horse round of life, no wiser to-day than he was yesterday, no wiser at forty than he was at twenty. Some added skill he acquires in performing his daily tasks, but no added wisdom, it may be, in regard to their ultimate

design and meaning. Thus the care of the house, the care of the farm, the care of the manufactory, the warehouse, the office, instead of becoming a field of expansive improvement, becomes a mechanism to lock up the faculties in barren sterility. The busy action of life frustrates its very intent. This, I say, is the effect of routine. If the things we do every day were done but once in life, they would arrest the mind and awaken reflection. But this constant repetition of every day's task makes the whole formal and factitious. Life is bereft of vitality. The action lacks the interpreting thought. We cease to know why we act — almost why we live.

This effect, again, is increased by the pressure of occupation. So much to do, leaves us little time to think. If we solemnly set apart a season each day, for meditation and prayer, this tendency of business to sink the spiritual nature out of sight may be happily controlled. But, on the contrary, a man who rises in the morning with only time to make his toilet and hurry to his morning meal, who then hastens to his business, and then back again to his dinner, and afterwards perhaps to business or to business studies again, and finally sinks to stupor by his fireside or rushes into society, — this man, I say, is likely to go blind and stumbling through all the moral emergencies of his being, through the infinite of things that surrounds him, and to know nothing, nothing of himself, nothing of God, nothing of the grandeur of his existence, nothing of all those sublime teachings that are breathed alike from the stars above him and from every wayside around him.

And now, in fine, when education, and routine, and occupation, have conducted a man to the point towards which most men are pressing, — that is to say, to the possession of property, to wealth, — what is the effect of this condition? Still more, I fear, to protect and to shield him, so to speak, from the naked realities of life. Oh! the way in which a man knows life, who takes it shivering and shelterless under the storms of disaster and sorrow — how different is it likely to be from that knowledge which comes through folding curtains and soft raiment! On this account, I have come to look

with considerable distrust, I confess, upon prosperous fortunes; to doubt whether they are not often made pillows to keep men from the closest contact with the great spiritual realities of life. They make men independent in more respects than is apt to be well for them; independent of exertion, independent of the ordinary restraints of life, and of its plain and homely needs and trials; independent of one another. For an illustration of this last point, though it is not very applicable to *our* state of society, observe the effect of wealth upon the conjugal relation, in the opulent families of Europe. If a difficulty arises, the parties can separate, live apart, keep separate establishments; that is to say, they can evade the moral emergency that has arisen. In more moderate circumstances they would be obliged to meet it, to compose the difference, to learn patience and forbearance.

Thus, again, to take an instance that may occur anywhere, — a young person nursed in luxury has fallen into a reckless depression from some cause or other: she is disturbed and made almost sick by some cross to pride or passion; in short, she is in the condition of the spoiled child that needs correction: and now the friend, the mother, the care-taker says, "Let us surprise her with some unexpected pleasure, or let us take her a journey, or have company, or some excursion, or some recreation." In short, something is devised to ward off the question, the emergency that was designed to call out the energy, subdue the will, discipline the nature. In moderate circumstances, probably, this emergency must have been fairly met. With the easements of more prosperous condition, it is escaped.

Indeed, what else, with many, is the pursuit of pleasure, what else are the resorts of luxury, the indulgences of pampered sense, but escape? They bring no satisfaction; but they have an indirect use; and this it is — to provide escape from the inward need, to divert the soul's craving from itself, to pour the slaking draught over the burning spot within, and thus to soothe the irritation for the time.

Of course I do not deny that wealth may provide a beautiful ministration for sickness, for sick nerves, and saddened

spirits. Only let the case for relief be subjected to any fine moral discrimination, and all is well. But this constant indulgence which wealth is apt to bring with it; this perpetual softening of the lot, plastering the sore, helping with opiates and stimulants, — how different it is from the wise discipline of Providence! With a rough hand, it shakes the indolent and the self-indulgent, ay, the rough hand of disease and pain. With ingredients distilled in our very souls and by the very fire of our passions, it embitters every cup of pride, every sweet that selfishness tastes. With the heavy and the strong bonds of experience, it brings and compels a man to stand before it, as before the master, to receive the lesson.

And that the true end and interest of life is that we should learn the lesson; that all the visible pursuits and possessions of life, all its fortunes and vicissitudes, have an ulterior purpose and one that centres in the soul; that the soul and the soul's interest are the great realities which interpret all forms, all modes of things, all events on earth; that God made us all for ends high and solemn and everlasting as spiritual natures are high and everlasting; that he did not send us into this world to be the sport of a thousand accidents, but through all to work out a great salvation; and therefore, that the true wisdom of life, is that, in all things and in all situations, alone or in a crowd, at home or on a journey, laboring or reposing, gaining or losing, rejoicing or sorrowing, we should ever be conversant with this deep and hidden reality — all this, I suppose, is as evident to any moderate degree of reflection as it is undoubtedly recognized in our Christian faith.

II. I have attempted to expose the danger — from education, from routine, from occupation and from acquisition — of losing sight of this reality. Let me now, in the next place, say something on the means to be used and the dispositions to be cultivated, in resistance to this tendency of so many things to keep us on the surface.

The first is philosophy, the philosophy of life. Be not alarmed my brethren, as if I were now going quite on to heathen ground in my teachings; I say philosophy. There is little danger of its doing any harm; for few persons enough

are likely to know anything about it. What I recommend is, some mental task; enough reading, enough reflection, enough listening to the pulpit, if that really teaches us, to establish in our minds some general view and theory of life as a whole; of its real end, and of the way in which its visible action ministers to that end. There is a sad want of books on the subject, especially in our own language; for Germany and France have been much more fruitful in this kind of disquisition. But still I would advise the reading of what there is among us. Or at least, if one has time for nothing else, let him read Mr. Combe's book on the Constitution of Man. He will find himself assisted in one department of the philosophy of life, that of the human system. He will find that beneath its fleshly coverings and its obvious passions, lie hidden many spiritual meanings. If all nature and all life were thus disclosed to us, if all the processes and relations of human and earthly things were thus interpreted, what an unveiling would that be! how would the dead fact on every side take a soul, and the dumb event speak out, and the barren forms of things would be clothed with living expression! We should then commune with the interior soul of life; because all events would be a language discoursing evermore of that very thing. The heavens and the earth would be written over with that language, and the whole of life would be a converse, more or less directly, with that hidden wisdom.

In the next place, I would say that some particular time must be taken for this kind of study and effort; and especially for the practical, or if I may say so, the executive part of it. To meditate daily, to pray daily, seems a means indispensable for breaking this surface crust of formality, habit, routine, which hides the living springs of wisdom. To counteract the tendency of engrossing business or care, and especially of luxurious condition or of the ambition to be great in this world, there seems necessary from time to time, a strong impression of the unseen realities of our being. This impression, by the very laws of the mind, is to be gained only by fixed attention, and this serious and devoted attention is the very meditation and prayer that I recommend.

I will not enlarge here upon the obvious importance of this daily, this deeper thought, but I cannot help observing that there is a superstitious feeling about its importance, which is likely to prove an obstacle, in some minds, to the just and reasonable consideration of it. The feeling nakedly stated is this: "It cannot be that I am a Christian if I do not pray daily," — *i.e.*, in form and manner. Now whatever may be true upon this point, I should not wish any person to be dragged to the service by this kind of force put upon his conscience, or to speak more justly, upon his fears. Look upon it rather, I should say, not as if it were this technical condition, not even as if it were any religious action at all. Ask yourself the simple question, whether, in a confused mass of events such as make up our lives, some regulating thought is not necessary; amidst superficial forms and overspreading disguises, some deeper searchings; amidst the swaying and misleading senses, some penetrating meditation. Ask whether, when everything is carrying the mind out of itself, some daily self-communion, sinking to the depths within, and whether, amidst the loud bustle of hurrying life, some daily and solemn pause, some deeper silence in the soul, be not good and wise. One such quiet and silent hour, some solemn moments even, would at times strip off many of the illusions of sense, and of the world, that slowly wind themselves about us, and would unveil to us the great and eternal realities of our being. One gaze at the stars, in the solemn silence of night, is often enough to break up some spell of worldly vanity or trouble. But from deeper meditation, how often would a man come forth, with a freer step and a more fearless spirit, a being loftier and more independent, stronger to meet temptation and to bear calamity; and why? Because he had calmly looked into the regions of the spirit's life, to which all this outward scene doth minister; because his thoughts had visited a world — not far off, but near him, *in* him — a world of blessed affections and hopes, far beyond the reach of this world's change and disaster and grandeur; because he had learned for once to say, "My conscience, my soul, is myself, my all; and whatever else belongs to me —

rags of beggary, or plated gold of fortune, garment of humble toil, or gilded crown of honor — is but the perishable ministration of an hour;" because, I say once more, he had stood some moments, on the threshold of heaven, and looking out from this darkened archway of time, upon the everlasting inheritance, had said, "Come, thou immortal life! I am swallowed up in thee!"

I might dwell upon other means for obtaining this insight that penetrates beneath the surface of life, and especially upon a deeper reading of the Gospel, — of the wonderful story of him whose life was all reality, whose every act and thought seemed to touch the springs of unseen power, whose great reliance was upon a world unseen, who never for a moment lost, amidst the visible, the sense of the invisible; and who spake evermore of things unseen, of the soul's hidden resource, and of the presence of God, as if they were as manifest as the open shows of life. I might dwell upon all this, but the consideration is obvious; it is sufficient to commend it to your attention; and I will pray you rather to turn your thoughts a moment in close, to the vital importance of the thing itself.

It must be a sad failure, by itself considered, without any references to consequences; it must be a terrible oversight; it must be an irreparable loss, to pass through life, ignorant or unconscious of those grand realities that impart to it all its interest charm and majesty. If all visible things are but symbols of sublimer truths that lie embosomed in them, if all palpable events are but shadows, or at most but bodies, that have a soul, if beneath all the splendor and beauty of nature and of existence, there is an all-disposing thought and wisdom, — not to recognize it is surely one of the most pitiable mental defaults. It is a thousand-fold more unfortunate than to be ignorant of all languages, of all technical sciences, of all that the world calls wisdom. To be blind in a land of beauty, to be deaf in a land of music — these would be but figures to set forth that greater deprivation. What would you think of a man who looked upon some great and heroic action, that shone out from the flames of martyrdom or before

the lowering front of battle, and saw it only as a mere visible thing, — saw nothing of the heroic soul behind, that thus flashed out in the brave symbolic deed? Could you express your sense of that man's misfortune or moral stupidity? Yet there are some who approach that degree of blindness. If you take note of men's conversation you will often find those who stop at the visible fact. Nay, there are men whose baseness utterly debars them from *ever* seeing a martyr's soul, from ever seeing a great and heroic action. But such, in regard to the whole action and scene of life, are all superficial worldlings; who live in and for the visible alone; alike without philosophy, without meditation, and without the deep-searching wisdom of the Gospel. No matter in what guise or goodly show they walk through this life, surrounded with what splendors of fortune or wrapped about with what robes of fashion, or lauded howsoever much as the great and wise of this world, they are poor and miserable and blind and naked and destitute, and the life they are living is a poor and paltry life.

Such is the want of insight in itself, without any regard to consequences. But now, I say, in the next place, that it has consequences. For the want of this insight is the want of faith, the want of deep-founded principle, the want of a great strong thought to live by. *My* view of life at least is this, that no man, amidst its swaying passions and sweeping tides, can stand firm and steady, unless he plants his foot in an invisible world.

It is not a small thing, it is not the most common thing — the instances of failure are many — to walk through this life in simple, quiet, erect dignity and ease, leaning neither one way nor the other too much, neither strutting nor crouching, nor too stiff nor too pliant, nor fidgeting, nor too self-conscious, nor thinking too much of one's self any way; but rather as if occupied with a thought deeper than the visible scene, or with a purpose that carries a man out of his visible personality and clear of others at the same time, and makes him a truly independent and respectable being. The man who is leaning upon the visible, shifting and wavering objects of this world cannot be such a man. I have often marked in

my daily walk, such votaries and victims of visible condition — some of whom were bent and bowed in demeanor, all acquiesence and submission; *their* whole manner said, "My life is dependence on others;" others with assumption and hauteur in every step; *their* manner as plainly saying, "I have wealth, or I have reputation, or I have a position that bids the world stand and mark me." Yet these were as far as the other from the erect and easy posture of him who lives in thoughts and not in things, in realities and not in forms.

If you say that all this relates to mere manner, it is still true; but it does *not* relate to mere manner; it points to a deeper principle. That principle is, that the stronghold of a man's virtue, calmness, dignity, welfare, is in the unseen world — the world of faith and trust, the world of sentiments, reflections, motives, thoughts, that go beyond the visible scene.

That world of conscience and of God's presence — how does it trouble us, rather than guide and sustain us! We are not faithful to our deeper convictions — to those convictions that spring from the unseen life within us, and that point to the unseen Life that reigns all around us. We do not let *them* mould and fashion our life for us. Then would the inward power go forth and beautify the whole creation amidst which we live. Then would the inmost peace spread peace and gladness all around us. But now the visitations from that inner world, repressed and hindered from their rightful office, come forth in flashes of rebuke, or in low mutterings of displeasure, that fill us with alarm.

Alas! it will never do. The world within must fashion the world without, or it will never be a happy world to us. I know not how it may be with the men of milder climes and more facile natures; for I have marked them as they seemed to sport or dream away their lives; but for you, men of the northern clime, men of the Saxon blood, men of deeper sentiments and deeper necessities, I tell you that a life of sense, of form, fashion and worldliness, will never do. Forever is there a consciousness hanging about you, haunting your paths, struggling in your deepest bosoms, that demands some-

thing better. Upward you must go towards heaven, or downward you must sink towards hell — discontent, intemperance perhaps, certain misery in that path; for you cannot contentedly toil away *your* life in labor-fields, or sport away your life on the bright plains. But let the inner feeling, the inner purpose, fashion your outward life; and for the worldling's world which you so resign, they shall give you back another world, brighter than passion ever found, or worldly dreams of fancy ever imagined. Like the heavens which spread themselves in tenfold sublimity and beauty before the eye kindling with the light of astronomic lore, so shall the world go forth before you. All things shall be great, all things shall be good, all things blessed, for you who see their purpose and ministration, for you who have carried a great and wise philosophy and a high and adoring faith into them. Ye shall not say, in common and cant phrase, "what poor things are possessions and honors, or what indifferent things are poverty and toil!" but rather, "what great things are they all in their meaning and intent!" So shall your spirit, getting rid of galling discontent and mean envy, walk abroad in freedom and gladness, take the broad pathway of generous love and soaring faith, till you enter that world where the hidden things become manifest, and the secret things known, and the now invisible virtue wears the everlasting crown.

"Prayer is a constant source of invigoration to self-discipline: not the thoughtless praying which is a thing of custom; but that which is sincere, intense, watchful. Let a man ask himself whether he really would have the thing he prayed for; let him think, while he is praying for a spirit of forgiveness, whether even at that moment he is disposed to give up the luxury of anger. If not, what a horrible mockery it is! To think that a man can find nothing better to do, in the presence of his Creator, than telling off so many words; alone with his God, and repeating his task like a child; longing to get rid of it, and indifferent to its meaning." — *Arthur Helps.*

HONEST DOUBTS RESPECTING JESUS, AND HOW HE MEETS THEM.

BY REV. JOHN B. GREEN.

THAT there are honest doubts in the minds of many good men respecting the adequateness of Jesus to meet the deepest need of humanity is undeniably true. How does Jesus deal with the doubter? The incident recorded concerning John the Baptist sending messengers to him to seek for an assurance that he was the promised and expected one, and his manner of dealing with the messengers, and with John through them, may give us an insight into the the state of John's mind just then, to help us understand some of those grave questions which arise in our own minds, and those of others, and suggest how they may be satisfactorily met.

For John's mental condition is the condition of a great many minds to-day. They are impatient, troubled, and perplexed at the apparent ill success and slow progress of the kingdom of God in the world. They may not have preached and labored for the kingdom just as John did, and they may not be cast into prison; but thousands, in their hearts, have longed and prayed for the establishment of that kingdom, and being more or less in the thraldom of ecclesiastical Herods, they have had doubts raised in their minds, whether, after all, the church, the avowed representative of Christ in the world, is really the power and blessing they were led to believe it. And even farther than this, they have had doubts whether Christ be he, that such a one as God should send and we need, or whether we may look for another.

Many indeed are filled with glorious visions of the blessedness and beauty of what society might be, if the spirit of which they may have tasted were only the ruling one in all hearts, and they are earnest and eager in their endeavors to have the world give in its allegiance to that spirit; and the very clearness of their vision, and the earnestness of their natures, make them impatient at anything like delay.

A great deal of the impatience of good men with the slow progress of truth, and especially with the church as the avowed and providentially appointed instrument for the spread of truth, is very natural; and their complaints against the inefficiency of the church are not always without foundation.

How is it possible at times to be otherwise than impatient, when we think how sadly the world needs the restraining, the purifying, and comforting spirit of God — when we think how the heart of humanity, in its best mood, yearns for the universal sway of such a God, and how an all-perfect and good God must yearn to have all his creatures enjoy to the fullest the bliss of constant communion with him? When we think of this, and then look around and within, and realize how far this perfect kingdom is from being established, it is not strange that a feeling of impatience, perhaps of despondency and doubt, should steal over the soul. Many are thus led to doubt whether God has yet done his best — in other words, whether Christ Jesus is he that should come, is the one that can do for humanity all that humanity needs to bring it into vital and saving relations with God, or whether we are to look for another better fitted to meet the need.

Whatever may be the cause, or causes, of impatience, disappointment, and doubt, sure enough these exist to a painful extent, and among men not especially noted for their wickedness. But often men of comparatively pure lives and noble character are found asking the question to which their doubt gives rise, "Is Christ all that humanity needs?"

The church meanwhile, too often failing to fathom the depth of the difficulty, complacently attributes all such doubts and questions to the carnal, depraved nature of man. The world is getting beyond being satisfied with this explanation and method of meeting its doubts; and quietly slips out of sympathy with the church. It is not strange that we should hear and see many evidences that the world imagines itself to have outgrown, if not all need of God's help, yet all the help from him that can come through the church, or through Christ, whose representative the church is. Let the church take warning. Let her see to it that she be not recreant to

her divine office. Let her not hope to dispel honest doubt by attempting to stifle free thought, with that complacent reference of all doubt to moral depravity. It might satisfy, for the time being, in an age when all thinking on such themes was confined to the priest; but to-day, there must be "a change of base," if the church would gain the heart-felt allegiance of humanity. And on the other hand, let men who, if they would be true to themselves, cannot help asking the question, whether Christ has the ultimate word for humanity, not be unreasonable. Let them not demand perfection of the church, as a condition of her existence and of her working in the direction of perfection, any more than the church of them. Enough for the world that the church has a perfect ideal, and is anxiously and earnestly seeking to realize it. Let both, the world and the church, the honest doubter, and the rational Christian disciple or body of disciples, take note of John the Baptist of old, and Jesus the Christ. If the sentiments or feelings which troubled John still trouble like honest, earnest souls, the same way to remove them is still open, and the old answer is still a pertinent one.

Let no impatient, troubled doubter be satisfied to go merely to a disciple of Christ; let none stop short even with the church. If one disciple may be mistaken, misinterpret the word, or fail to fathom the spirit of Christ, any number may, even when they are most harmonious. Go direct to Christ himself. John did not send to the Apostles, he sent to Jesus himself, and in person he would have gone if he had not been in prison. Indeed, if he had not been in prison, he would not in all probability have been troubled with such doubts. And had not unwise and timid disciples made the church too much of a prison for free thought, thousands, instead of being doubters, would be loving believers, and earnest workers for the kingdom to-day. Let us go to Christ with our doubts. I do not mean with cavils, but honest doubts. And if our souls are really anxious to be assured, whether he be sufficient to fill up the highest and holiest ideal of the one whom God should send, we shall receive an answer, better and more satisfying than that which was returned to the brave, heroic,

honest-doubting John in the prison of Herod Antipas, the cunning, unscrupulous viceroy of Galilee.

We read that in the presence of John's messengers, Jesus worked many wonderful cures, and for an answer to John, they are requested simply to tell what they have seen and heard. How wise in Jesus! How much more satisfying to John, or to any one, than to say, "Yes, I am the one that should come." Jesus knew what the heart of John needed to satisfy it. "Here is my work, satisfy yourself," and for John it was enough. But if the soul of man to-day requires more and different evidence of Jesus' divine mission, and his adaptability to meet the utmost need of man, that evidence is not wanting. In the progress of spiritual thought, we have come to believe that the ills that *flesh* is heir to are not the greatest ills. In view of the glorious fact, that we are spiritual, immortal beings, the diseases and ills of the spirit are sadder ills than those of the flesh; and hence to cure the infirmities of the flesh is not so great a boon to humanity, as to cure the infirmities of the spirit. The spiritually blind are in thicker darkness than those who never saw the light of day. Those who limp and stumble by the moral highway of life, are more to be pitied than those whose lameness is only physical. Leprosy of the flesh is a loathsome disease, but they are in sadder plight whose souls are tainted with the leprosy of sin. To be deaf to the still, small voice of the Spirit is more damaging to the life of the soul, than complete deafness of the physical ear is to the life of the body; and to hear the divine music of the spheres is even better than the music of a mother's voice or the prattle of a sinless child. To be dead to all noble aspiration and interest in divine things is a ten thousand times sadder death, than the one which can only overtake the body. Now in my soul I believe, yea, I know, that Christ can, to-day, cure all these moral ills of the soul. To-day, his spirit can give sight to the spiritually blind, revealing to them the beauty, the glory, the surpassing blessedness of heavenly things. By his spirit, the morally halting and lame are strengthened to walk with the dignity of a new and spiritual manhood. His spirit can purify the heart from every

taint of sin. He who will drink in of his spirit will hear ravishing music, where once all was deadly silence, or jarring, discordant noise. Open your heart to his waiting spirit, and learn what life is. To-day, as of old, and by this same Jesus, this gospel, this good news, is preached to the poorest and meanest wretch of us all. No matter how indifferent we may have been in the past, no matter how far we may have banished God from our thoughts, no matter how corrupt our hearts may have been, — to us the good news comes that God, the infinitely tender and loving God and Father, is now anxiously seeking to have us come to him in penitence, and be forgiven, and be heirs with his well-beloved Son of all the blessedness that the Father hath.

This is the answer to the soul's honest doubts. Not, alas, the answer which the church always gives, — she sometimes gives scholastic theology, a stone for bread, — but the answer which Christ always gives. And what more can any soul require of any God-sent messenger? What more can any soul need than to be brought into vital, conscious communion with God? Do some raise the further doubt, whether Christ can do this, and do they tell us what they find he cannot do — what they have not seen, and not heard? The only thing I can say is, go and see, try Christ fairly: unreservedly place yourself in sympathy with him, and then let all know what you have seen and heard. Send your nearest friends — the dearest thoughts and feelings of your mind and heart, as John sent his friends of old, and then tell the whole world your success. No one cares about failure. The world is tired, spiritually sick, of hearing from men what they do *not* find in Christ. What you miss will help no one, what you see and hear will help all. But be sure you do not stop short of Christ, and take some man's or some church's representation of him, for his own blessed spirit. And then be sure you go to him with the right object, to seek that which it is reasonable to seek. If you go to him for some selfish purpose, you will hardly get any response: none, except it be a sharp but loving rebuke. Not even if it be the salvation of your own soul from the consequences of your evil passions. That

selfish object may carry you where you hope to find him, as it has carried thousands; but unless you change your purpose you will not be likely to get much satisfaction there. And it is of very little use to go to him with some curious question, which concerns the interest of our immortal souls about as much as the age of the world, or the perplexing development theory concerns the happiness of the little babe on its mother's knee. You will get no answer to such an inquiry, except it be, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

One grand reason why so many fail to tell us what they do find in Christ, while they tell so much of what they do not find, is, because they go to him for every thing rather than that for which it is reasonable to go to him. If he be he who should come, he whom the aspiring, God-seeking heart of humanity for long ages has been hungering and thirsting after, and in stammering speech of prophet and poet crying for,—if he be the one we need to bring God face to face with us, and we into vital communion with God, the rest we can afford to leave to the cunning wit of man's expanding intellect and the unfolding ages.

And who that has gone to Jesus with a hunger and thirst in his soul to find the living, sin-conquering, fear-dispelling, comforting, inspiring, and sanctifying spirit of God the Father, has been sent away utterly disappointed? We may not find Christ promising to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth in a day. Time with God is as nothing. We may not find him ready to lift off, at once, from the body or from the soul, all unpleasant consequences. We do not learn that he used his wonder-working power to release John from prison, unjustly though he was held there; but he did send what was to John a perfect assurance that the kingdom was verily at hand, that the living God, as a loving Father, was among men, that the spirit had become flesh, and was ready to become so in whatever heart was willing to receive it; and that was all John needed to enable him to die in peace. And what more want we?

If any of us do not find in Christ this assurance of God's nearness and sympathy and readiness to help, let us have no

word of condemnation. We read that Jesus added to the messengers of John, "Blessed is he who shall not be offended in me." If any do not find at once all that they expect in Christ, let them be true and faithful to what they do see and hear, and not be offensively impatient. The fault may be in themselves. They may be in greater haste than is consistent with their own and others' best interests, and they may have been expecting what it would not be well for them to find. Let every man trustingly go direct to Christ and faithfully try him, before setting him aside to look for another.

The world's noblest, truest, and best since his advent, have found their best help in faithfully trusting his spirit, and humbly seeking to follow in his footsteps.

Theodore Parker was never truer to his best consciousness than when he said: —

"O Thou great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe, —

"We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

"Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way which thou hast given."

"As to there being anything really trifling in act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man abroad in some worldly pursuit may carefully expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him are, perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording." — *Arthur Helps.*

FOR EVER AND EVER.

A LIGHT withdrawn is not therefore extinguished. A life opening sweetly and lovingly upon us, filling our hearts and our homes with its affections, feeling its way into this world by kind and thoughtful deeds, looking upward with a boundless trust, seeking to shape itself into conformity with its highest ideal, and then in the fullness of its early enthusiasm taken up out of our sight, while we strive to follow it with bereaved and yearning hearts, has not therefore failed to accomplish the work for which it was sent into this world. Most of the lives which live most tenderly in our affections, a perpetual joy and inspiration, are of this kind. They seemed to be taken away by a premature and untimely fate. But they are only continuing, under more auspicious influences, what they here began. Not only in their own higher sphere, amid the companionships of heaven, do they grow up into higher graces and virtues, but they live with us as no earthly friend ever can. No blight of age or disappointment can fall upon them now. *We* shall grow old. The burdens of our pilgrimage will bow us down. The companions by our side will also grow weary and old. But these friends of ours have entered on an eternity of perpetual youth. No anxieties or cares shall wear deepening furrows in their foreheads. Their immortal loves and longings shall not be brought down into bondage to the dull, unbelieving, unimpassioned round of daily toil. When the world goes hard with us, and we are tired and sad, and the low standard of faith and practice around us is beginning to obscure our spiritual perceptions and wean us from our brightest hopes, they will come to us in our thoughts, as heavenly visitants, with the glow and freshness of heavenly spirits, to revive our languishing hopes and make us young again in our religious faith and love. The air around us will be sweeter because it has been breathed by them. The walks through which our footsteps lead us are more sacred because once trodden by their saintly feet. Our Sabbath hymns will have for us a deeper melody because they have been sung by

them. Their present life reaches down to us, and our Christmas carols and New Year's greetings are filled with the richest harmonies which come to us from them in their celestial sphere.

So we live in them and they in us; and he who is the fountain of all life lives alike in them and us, and binds us all together in one great and holy communion of the saints, FOR EVER AND EVER.

MY CHRISTMAS.

To-night, I sit in the shadows,
  And muse on that legend old;
How Christ was born in a manger,
  To bring the lost to the fold.

But I keep not that far off Christmas,
  Whose years betwixt us roll:
The one that I keep is near me,—
  'Tis the Christmas of my soul.

I think of that morning twilight,
  The twilight of my soul,
When the Star-in-the-east's first glimmer
  Did o'er its darkness roll.

And I hear the chant of the angels,
  The angels that guard the soul;
"Immanuel, God is with thee,
  With thee to make thee whole."

And I feel the Lord Christ growing,
  Growing within my heart,
And the Life, into new Being,
  Does all within me start.

And I hear the devils shrieking,
  The devils of my heart,
As at the words of the Master
  They one by one depart.

But I fear I see a Judas,
  A Judas in my heart,
That would sell the Lord Christ Jesus,
  And act a traitor's part.

And oft comes the shout of the rabble,
  The rabble of my soul,
Crying, "Crucify this Jesus!
  We will not his control."

And then in a grave they lay him,—
  The Roman soldiers part,
And place o'er that grave securely
  The marble of my heart.

But though they watch and ward it,
  Those hirelings of my soul,
The angels come in the night-time,
  And away the stone they roll.

And when my Lord is risen,
  And the darkness doth depart,
The first that comes to greet him
  Is the Mary of my heart.

Thus ever I keep my Christmas,
  Keep it with tearful joy;
Not in cursing the Jewish blindness
  That did its Lord destroy.

But looking within my own heart,
  I see that again and again
I crucify and slay Him,
  The God that dwells with men.

CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE year ends with the week's end; and the first Lord's Day of a new year consecrates its fresh and unspotted hours to the holiest and best beginning of the time.

It is a serious moment, when a closing year ends the finished record of one chapter of life. The departing messenger, who came to us from God, bearing divine gifts of opportunity and privilege, for one moment looks back, aglow with his high and sacred message. There is no one, whose life has been so poor and empty in the twelve-month, as not to be fain to constrain him to remain, as the disciples did their Lord, when it was toward evening and the day was far spent, — "Abide with us." If the Christian loyalty and Christian faith dwell in the heart, that will abide which makes it matter little how the years come and go. Coming, they will be fraught with precious opportunity; and going, they will bear away trusts fulfilled and the increase of thankfulness and praise. And they will still leave the best treasures which were theirs, — faith made perfect in sorrow, joy in heavenly things, kindled to greater warmth by joy in things earthly, sacred privileges hereafter used to the ends for which they were given.

In this place the twilight of the year will descend, softly folding its curtains about the year which like a weary child so soon shall drop asleep; and the disciple's heart will be filled with serene trust, because in the evening of the year's fair-spent day it will see the abiding presence of him who "never slumbers nor sleeps" — the Shepherd of his church, — the Friend of the human soul.

THE PILGRIMS.

[illegible] two hundred and two and a half centuries since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. A quar-

ter of a thousand years since the founding of this Christian land! In that period, so short in a nation's life, what hath not God wrought! When the little Mayflower (well named, for she brought the first flower of a new spring of hope and life for mankind) cast anchor off this wintry shore, and those true-hearted men and women set foot on the memorable Rock which has been the corner-stone of a new empire, they might well have quailed at the prospect. Winter around them in the frozen ground and the snow-thick air, the infinite mystery of the forest before them, and behind it the unknown terrors of a savage foe; no shelter save what their hands should raise, no food save what their ship had brought, no home save the dear old land which they had left across three thousand miles of weltering waves of the salt and bitter sea! But they looked beyond the dim and doubtful present with unfaltering faith. Like Moses, they saw from afar the promised land, in which, through their self-sacrifice, their children should be blessed. But not their wildest visions could have told them the full greatness of what they did, or have measured the full gratitude of coming generations.

Among all who celebrated the great anniversary of their landing, none had a better historic right than the body of Liberal Christians, who inherit the ancient churches which the Prilgrims and the Puritans founded, and who have entered into the meaning of Robinson's famous words of farewell to the Pilgrims: "I look for more light to break forth from God's holy word." If we do not wholly abide by their doctrine in its letter, we claim to retain their faith in its spirit; and we build on the Bible which they read and the Christ in whom they trusted. The sons of the Pilgrims have their best heritage in the memory of the Pilgrims.

The one enduring thing in human affairs is the power of great *character*. And that these great men had. They were strong enough to turn their backs on their country, and fare across stormy seas for truth's sake. They were steadfast enough to send their ships back without them, after that first dreadful winter. It was the heroism of true natures perfected by struggle and victory. They drew their strength out of the

wells within their own souls. With wrestlings and cries unto God they battled against temptation, and the echo of their prayers and the fruit of their struggles is in the New England character to-day. And so they have left their children the best fruit of all grand character, namely, a quickening impulse for future generations. They have *toned up* the moral ideal of this land to the loftiest and purest pitch, and have shown not merely what is possible for exceptional men, but what is possible for common men, kindled by the inspiration of a great idea. "Let it not be grievous to you," said Bradford, "that you break the ice for those that are to come after you. That honor will be yours until the world's end." What an ice it was that they broke! The frozen crust of the social prejudice of ages, the hard and chilling circumstance of the New World, the bitter pinch of poverty, with bleeding hands they broke, that we might get at the water of life! Only great characters could do that. It is said that "the birthplace of St. Columba was a rock; but that rock became a refuge for all who, like him, should be doomed to the bitter lot of exile. For those who slept on that hard stone, banishment would lose something of its misery; and the memory of their native land would come back, not with the gnawing agony of homesickness, but with the peaceful glow of a tender and consoling beauty." It well illustrates the high comforts which there are for us in returning to the memory of the Puritans. Solid and rocky though they were, as Plymouth Rock itself, — granitic men, — they will inspire their children with loftier visions and brighter hopes than softer, more indulgent memories would do. They were not *perfect*. None would put that idea away so soon or so far as they. But they point the way to the sweeter virtues, "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." We still need their iron in the blood; but with a broader and more sunny faith the present generation should be able to go on from their strength, to a yet higher strength.

Modern scientists have a theory that there is what is called "a survival of instincts,"— that the qualities of ancestors remain latent in the system for generations, and then crop out

again. We can well accept it as concerns the moral nature, so far as this, — that the *capacities* which were in the fathers are in the sons. The stress of the civil war brought out again the spirit of the Revolution, and of the Puritans. But they will not come out *of themselves.* They must be exercised as the fathers exercised them, in faith and prayer. They must be brought near to the everliving Christ, in whom they dwell in all their fullness.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

The beautiful memorial which has been placed in the hall of the Boston Latin Shool is the most satisfactory monument thus far erected to the memory of the heroic sons of America who fell in the recent war for their country. The part of the hall in which the statue is placed is really transformed into an impressive memorial chapel, and the influence of these high examples, constantly present to the eyes of future scholars, must be greater than can be measured. On the walls hang portraits of several of the commemorated soldiers, and on either side of the statue are long tablets inscribed with the names of the graduates of the school who entered the service and returned in safety, whom "Alma Mater gratatur reduces." The statue, wrought from American marble by the masterhand of Mr. Greenough, is full of beauty, dignity, and pathos, It represents the *alma mater* in a sitting position, the left hand on a shield on which the roll of names of those who fell, "Pro Patria," is divided by an inverted torch. The right hand is stretched forth as if to crown them with the laurel wreath which the hand holds. In the solemn beauty of the face, the artist has given the expression befitting such an "emblematic mother," "full of exultation at the glories of her sons, full of grief at their sacrifice, full of serene joy that other sons yet survive, and that the noble lineage shall never fail." The far-searching, yearning look in the eyes, the tender emotion in the mouth, are blended with a chastened exultation and pride; and there is more soul in the marble face than is often put into stone. On the day of public exhibition, it was very striking to see how those who entered the room

were quieted by the silent influence of the place and the thoughts which belonged there. Mr. Evart's oration at the dedication services was a weighty statement of the great questions which were involved in the war. We extract some thoughtful words: —

"But be sure that a war such as we know our civil war to have been is the severest and honestest, and the most intelligible lesson that a people ever had occasion to learn; that, in the language of Scripture, 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war;' that for a nation to espouse the cause of liberty and justice at the cost of war is a very different thing from a nation's disposition to espouse the cause of war at the cost of liberty and justice."

A PAINFUL CONTRAST to the foregoing was afforded by an address delivered in Boston during Thanksgiving week, in which the idea of a war with England was seriously broached. The Hebrew people were commanded to mingle bitter herbs with their feast; and so it may be wholesome for us to have had the nauseous flavors of such unchristian clamors mingled with the sweet home festival, which seems to require only thankfulness and good will. Unless it answered this purpose, it would be difficult to see anything but shame and wrong in such utterances from any public man. The folly of supposing that a proud and sensitive nation would surrender Canada, because we demanded it, is only equalled by the wickedness of talking coolly about another war, to this generation of Americans, who have known all that the word means.

When we think of the future work for the kingdom of Christ which the two English speaking nations have to do together, if they will join hands in peace, — when we remember how gigantic the wrong is, which is proposed, in order to right, forsooth, an infinitely lesser wrong, — the proposer of it seems guilty of a public crime. The only consolation is, that the plan met with so chilling a reception, that it must have mingled bitter herbs in the Thanksgiving dinner of its originator. It is still true that political hardihood is not accepted by the people of this land as a substitute for Christian conscience.

But yet it must be admitted to be one of our dangers that

men of a bad, bold nature speak to a large multitude, who accept them as ideal representatives of the unscrupulousness, the want of conscience, the overbearing insolence which characterize unregulated ambition. If the world should really go about to substitute this spirit for Christian faith and love, it would be given over to beasts of prey. The worst of despotisms would be the many-headed despotism of a multitudinous tyrant. "The voice of the people is the voice of God" only when the voice of God speaks through it. There is no divine infallibility even in majorities. It is one of the most dangerous signs of the times, that men are so ready to surrender their individual conscience to the caucus of the majority vote. On the strength of this, shameless demagogues are not wanting in any party, who boldly tell the people that no nation ever obeys a higher law than its own self-interest, — that it will never be honest, "if it can possibly" avoid an onerous tax, which it can do by the majority's vote, — that the only question to consider in regard to a war is, whether war will enable us to steal a province from a sister nation. But all the forces of the universe weigh against a majority without God, and fortunately for the country the conscience of the land is on His side of the scale.

In this connection, an article entitled, "THE ERA OF THE TONGUE," from the Baltimore "Episcopal Methodist," contains food for reflection: —

"After nearly twenty centuries of enforced silence, the bottled-up verbosity of all that time seems to have burst upon this unhappy generation. We have the Tongue Political, the Tongue Polemical, the Tongue Philanthropical, with a strong impression in one and all of the Tongue Diabolical. The very convict on the scaffold does not die content unless he makes a platform display, a last dying speech to a refined and intelligent audience, in which he exhorts them to beware of his eccentric example, consoles them for his loss by the assurance that from the scaffold to the skies there is but a step, caps the climax of murder by killing the King's English, and is very likely to assure the sheriff that he does not know of any one he would rather have hang him, while the sheriff, not willing to let even a dying man have the last word, informs him that he does not know of another man whom it would give him as much pleasure to hang. The peril in all our profuse public loquacity is the running into cant, the stereotyped phraseology of virtue, that passes current as the thing it

counterfeits. In the name of Liberty, what horrors have been perpetrated! In the name of Religion, what persecutions! In the guise of Philanthropy, what demons of hate, greed, and vindictiveness have been let loose upon the earth! Even amongst the most sincere, how rarely do we find straightforwardness and unselfishness, combined with an unconsciousness of those qualities. In the majority of cases, the liquid utterances of noble sentiments furnish almost *prima facie* evidence that they will be left to others besides the speaker to illustrate in action. Upon the Roman stage, on some occasions, the speaking and acting parts were divided; one player spoke the words in the proper tones, while another performed the corresponding motions and gestures. Absurd as we may think this exhibition, there is pretty much the same division of labor in the patriotic and philanthropic performers of the present day. One man does the talking and others illustrate by action. When war orators, for example, talk of dying in the last ditch, it is the laborer and the mechanic who are expected to make the appropriate gesticulations, by lying with their heads in the mud and their heels in the air. The silver tongues are, in general, so exhausted by the escape of all their energy in speech, that they are incapable of aught except passively receiving the plaudits and pensions of a grateful country. There is hardly any department in which Speech and Action hunt in couples."

OBJURGATORY PRAYER.

It is bad enough for men to call each other hard names in their personal controversies; but what shall we say when they do it in their prayers to the Almighty? Jesus Christ has taught us how he estimates such a proceeding, in the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. We are sorry to find that the "Zion's Herald" prints without comment a Prayer for the Afflicted in Europe, which asks:—

"Let not the peoples be put to the sword who have always been deprived of Thy Word. . . . Save them to a farther probation, till Thy messengers can visit them with the bread of life, that a wicked priesthood have so long denied them of."

Did the author of this really mean to inform the Infinite Mercy that eighty millions of German and French-speaking souls, almost all baptized into the Christian Church, had never heard of Christianity? that their religious teachers, among whom have been such men as Lacordaire and Ravignan, and saints like the Curé d'Ars, on the Catholic side, such men as Coquerel or Tholuck, on the Protestant, are a "wicked priesthood?"

SUNDAY LECTURES.

The movement to introduce Sunday evening lectures on common lyceum topics is greatly to be deprecated. We cannot believe that men of the character of some who have taken part in it would allow themselves to do so if they realized that it is one phase of a movement which is pushing steadily toward the secularization of the New England day of rest. It is the opening wedge to the introduction of purely secular amusements into time that has been kept holy since the foundation of this Christian Commonwealth. From the lecture to the "sacred" concert, from the "dramatic reading" to the "moral play," is not an enormous step. We have no doubt that it will be ventured on if the course of things this winter passes without serious protest. After Charles Dickens had been vilified from one side on a Sunday morning, it seemed hard that on the other side his honored memory should not be allowed to rest on the day of rest, but should be sainted in a way which no one would have sooner been troubled at than he. There never was a community which needed more than this of New England to keep the moral and religious benefits of the consecrated Sunday, — never a community which would lose more of its best characteristics, in losing this.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

In the last days of the closing year comes to us an appeal from the unhappy victims of the desolating war between Germany and France. The suffering peasantry of Alsace and Lorraine are in a state of destitution which almost surpasses belief. Their provinces ravaged by war, their territory the prize for which the two battle giants are wrestling, their villages burned, their crops and cattle eaten up, winter and starvation are upon them. During the potato famine in Ireland, America sent supplies of food, and was repaid by the gratitude of a people. The opportunity for generous aid is even larger now, and the need not less urgent. No holier Christmas offering can be made, than to contribute to the fund now raising for this purpose, and we commend it to our

readers' speedy charity. Contributions to be sent to Miss Mary Gray Chapman, No. 32 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass., or to Miss Caroline Weston, Weymouth, Mass.

A STRANGE RESULT of the war has been the circulation of the Scriptures in France and Germany.

"Before the investment of Paris, M. de Pressense had succeeded in placing one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the New Testament and separate Gospels in circulation amongst the French soldiers, and in the hospitals of Alsace and Lorraine. The Rev. G. P. Davis, of Berlin, makes an estimate that from the head-quarters there two hundred and fifteen thousand copies have been sold, and forty-five thousand given away. At present, a daily delivery of six thousand copies does not meet the demand. Very recently, eighty thousand French Gospels left the Society's own presses at Berlin. Taking the French issues into account, there has been a total Bible circulation, either complete or in detached portions, up to the first of November, of nearly half a million since the declaration of war. Of the Prussian agents, who have lately disposed of between one thousand and two thousand whole Bibles, the following story is told: While the colporteur at Bromberg, in the province of Posen, was selling his Testaments at one groschen a copy, to a battalion of infantry, a soldier said that although he could not carry so large a volume as the complete Bible, he should yet like to send one to his wife and children, as a last token of remembrance in case he should die. It was given to him for two-thirds of the selling price. Before the bargain could be completed, about a dozen voices cried out, 'I should like one too;' and the result was, that in a short time the agent sold more than one hundred copies, all of which have been forwarded to wives and families."

A BIT OF CRITICISM.

The following curiosity of literary criticism on Rev. Edward E. Hale's inspiring story of "Ten times one is Ten" is from one of our religious contemporaries: —

"Mr. Hale's creed for the Church of the Future is of four articles, which will hardly bear sifting. 'To look up and not down' is not safe always when one treads strange paths. 'To look ahead, and not backward' will not do when one walks on a railway track. 'To look out and not in' may be the quintessence of selfishness, and 'to lend a helping hand' depends very much upon what one lends it to."

It is interesting to compare this with the abstract of the sermon of Rev. Dr. Philpott's, given in the last chapter of Mr. Hale's own book: —

"The old gentleman gave out his text, 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' and proceeded, in the most systematic way, to 'pitch in' to the four Detroit mottoes! First, he should show that it was impossible for a regenerate men to look up, and that his duty was to look down. 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' Second, he should show that every regenerate man must look backward rather than forward. 'Remember the days of darkness.' Third, he should show that every regenerate man must commune first with his own soul. 'While I was musing the fire burned.' Fourth and lastly, that all the dangers at which he had hinted were slight indeed compared with that Covenant of Works in which men were tempted to suppose that they could advance or hinder the Creator's plans. 'A fox shall break down their stone walls.'"

PROFESSOR THOLUCK.

A pleasant recognition of Prof. Tholuck's "Jubiläum," or fifty-year anniversary, is to be recorded here. This year completes the half century since the now venerable Professor began as a young man his distinguished career as a teacher of theology in Halle, and during that time perhaps no man living has done more for the cause of devout, earnest Christian faith. Not only in thousands of pulpits in Germany, but in every Protestant country, his pupils will rise up to call him blessed, on the day when, according to German usage, his university celebrates his feast of jubilee. Some of his pupils and friends in this country will fittingly mark their sympathy in their event by sending an American contribution for a fund to aid poor students in theology in Dr. Tholuck's University.

An article in the "Galaxy," by Mr. J. J. Jarves, entitled "New Phase of Druidism," has been received by our Methodist brethren with much satisfaction. The worship in the sacred grove of which it treats is no other than that carried on in the summer camp-meetings on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

The "Protestant Churchman" always contains many bits of intelligence which we do not meet elsewhere. We copy the following:—

"The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, and the Indian papers describe the difficulties which prevented a proposed interview be-

tween the Bishop and the King of Burmah. His Majesty insisted on the Bishop squatting cross-legged before him, a small carpet being the only concession he would make. Dr. Milman asked to be allowed to stand; but the King was firm: he could not allow any man to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his, his Majesty invaribly reclining on a very low couch on these occasions. The Bishop was likewise firm: he declined to suffer the indignity of sittting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and, as the chief Buddhist priest is allowed a seat on a level with the King's, he urged that similar courtesy might be shown to one of corresponding rank. The result was that the Bishop left Mandalay without having met the King, although both were very desirous that an interview should take place."

"The image of Buddha, known as the Statue of Daiboots, stands in a wilderness about fifteen miles from Yokohama, far removed from all the great cities. It is of colossal size, in a sitting posture, measuring about forty feet in height. It is of the purest bronze, and admirably executed as a work of art. Its origin is unknown; but it has sat in the same spot, on an elevated platform, at least six hundred years. This remarkable relic of the past is about to be destroyed. The late persecution against native Christians in Japan seems not to have been directed against that faith alone, but against Buddhism also, or, in other words, against image-worship in general. Buddhists and Roman Catholics alike have images in their temples of worship, and the iconoclastic zeal of the Japanese faith, as by law established (Shintooism), which is seeking to break up all image-worship, has found expression in an edict dooming to destruction this great image of Buddha. The statue is offered for sale, not to be retained in its present position, but to be broken up for old bronze."

The Evangelical portion of the Church of England are much disturbed because when Dr. Blackwood, the Vicar of Middleton Tyas, in the Diocese of Ripon, invited a Dissenter, the Rev. Dr. Steane, to preach in his church, at an evening service, he was admonished for this act by the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Bickersteth. Dr. Steane, a Baptist clergyman, was visiting at Dr. Blackwood's, had attended his church all day, and was asked to preach after the evening prayers had been read, and had been concluded with the blessing. The Bishop argues from the canons of the Church of England, directed against Nonconformists, that the preacher committed an unlawful act, and that his host is legally responsible for it, and therefore admonishes Dr. Blackwood "not in future to permit any one to preach in your Church who has not a

Bishop's license." The "Protestant Churchman" thus comments on this:—

"We could have borne it more calmly, if Bishop Bickersteth had given utterance to the warm sympathy which we trust he feels for Christian life outside the Church of England, and had expressed his sorrow that what he believed to be the laww as such and must be enforced. But there is nothing of the kind. How much more noble and Christian, in this respect, is the attitude of the Dean of Westminster, who says, 'Larger community of preaching, the permission to our Nonconforming brethren of England, and our Presbyterian brethren of the Scottish Church, to preach in our pulpits, under whatever restrictions they or we might desire, would be an unmixed good!'

"There is something inexplicable in the feeling of many evangelical men in England on this subject. With the strongest reasons for strengthening their affiliations with evangelical dissenters, and with the grand opportunity open to them which the doubtfulness, to say the least, of the law affords, they deliberately repel the very alliance which they most imperatively need. The result is an intense dislike, on the part of Nonconformists, toward all classes in the Established Church, unless it be the class represented by such men as Dean Stanley. And while the evangelical party has had it in its power to win dissent, in large measure, and with its co-operation to shape the whole religious policy of England; dissent alienated from evangelical religion, in the Established Church, will ere long see to it that there is no State Church to subject them to so humiliating a position. The tenacity with which the evangelical party in England hold on to the Establishment, and yet their blindness to those means which are indispensable to its preservation, is one of the most extraordinary infatuations in the history of mankind.

"There is something of the same infatuation on this side of the water. Those who do not yet see clearly begin to have a glimmering idea that we may reason against Romanism in our Church to but little purpose; we may even pass canons against it without success; but that if in the most solemn services of religion, we use only such language as we believe to be true, and show by our acts that we regard this whole claim of peculiar powers in an Episcopal Ministry as a delusion, we shall have made the Church so Protestant and truly evangelical that Romanizers will have no further wish to remain."

The Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn was settled as Mr. Hepworth's successor in September, and on December 1st Rev. C. C. Carpenter as successor to our lamented brother Bowen. We have great pleasure in welcoming them both to the work to which they bring positive Christian convictions, and experience in the ministry within another branch of the church universal.

TRIUMPHANT.

Good night, I am going, the hour is at hand
That bears me away to the beautiful land!
Dear friends, in my chamber no more ye can greet me,
But once at the last ye will silently meet me,
To lay me beneath the young aspens that flutter,
While prayers for the dead ye will solemnly utter.

Good nurse, didst thou say that to-night I should leave thee?
Or will it be morning before they receive me?
Forgive, but thou knowest how long I've been willing,
And thou too art weary; yet thine eyes are filling
To see me so eager to part from thy keeping,
And meet the cold waves in the dark river leaping.

But when I am lying so peaceful to-morrow,
With flowers on my bosom, ah, thou wilt not sorrow;
I know they'll bring May-flowers, the young feet that wander
So oft in the green-woods which I can see yonder;
For if they have softened the pain of my breathing,
Around my repose they will love to be wreathing.

They said 'twould be darker when death came anear me,
But I see your faces, and plainly I hear ye,
And be not afraid when I go, if ye love me,
Nor stand all apart, as if ye were not of me.
What matter if thinner the garment is growing?
They'll clothe me anew in the land where I'm going.

My Father, and am I too bold in my trust
To enter thy heaven, and walk with the just?
Ah, no: thou hast infinite love and compassion,
For all of the children of earth thou dost fashion:
How soft the ineffable glories that hide thee
Do melt around Jesus who sitteth beside thee!

Where am I? Is not the night dew on me falling?
Hark, now through the music my name they are calling!
Nurse, was I not sleeping? How sweet was the waking!
See'st the angels ascend where the gold morn is breaking?
Oh, beautiful ladder! Dear ones, I have found it!
Now 'tis gone, and the gray clouds are floating around it!

Oh, reach a hand hither, some glorified one,
Who walkest above in the light of the sun!
What calm eyes are those that are gazing upon me?
Dear Jesus, my Master, 'tis thou looking on me,
So tender, benignant, now see I the way
That leadeth me up to the gates of the day!

And brighter and brighter the pathway is gleaming —
Look! Is it the angels who smile in their dreaming?
Wake not blessed spirits, the Lord calls me nigher,
And bids me not rest yet until I go higher.
What songs they are singing — this sweet — weariness —
Oh pain! — Now 'tis gone — it is fading in bliss!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

ANGRY WORDS.

POISON drops of care and sorrow,
  Bitter poison drops are they!
Weaving for the coming morrow
  Sad memorials of to-day.
Angry words, — oh! let them never
  From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
  Check them ere they soil the lip.

— E. COOK.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

1870—1871.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD, AND ALL-HAIL TO THE NEW YEAR! A happy New Year will it be, if we can forget and leave behind old mistakes, old sins, old enmities, old injuries, old sorrows, and, without dragging a dead past after us, lay hold of the best things which are before. Our Magazine, as its readers have been informed, has passed into other editorial hands, and we hope its future will be prosperous and bright. We need not bespeak for the new editor the confidence of its subscribers, as his good thoughts and words have long been known in all the churches. May it defend the faith once delivered to the saints, and apply it to our condition as it finds us in our churches, in our homes, in our business and in our closets; apply it with greater power and unction than it has ever done. And may it awaken in the hearts of its readers more fervent aspirations, breathings after holiness, high resolves, a more bright and earnest faith. And may the opening year find you, reader, growing younger with the lapse of years; not asleep in Zion, as many are, but up and doing with thy might what thy hand findeth to do. Here, at the years' extremes, if you have not already had the repentance unto life, put off the old man and put on the new, through the power of prayer and the inworking Spirit of the Lord, and you shall have, as never before, a happy New Year.

ECHOES OF THE CONFERENCE.

UNITARIANS must be patient. Notwithstanding the discussions and controversies of fifty years, orthodoxy is very slow to understand the position of liberal Christianity. The orthodox denominations are compact, held more or less by fixed creeds, and measure success by their rates of numerical increase. The liberal churches are independent, not only in name but in fact, refuse to be made responsible for each other's opinions, measure success by the amount of spiritual growth and increase in Christian knowledge and life, and look upon numerical increase as secondary and incidental. Hardly any one of our orthodox exchanges shows that it understands the significance or spirit of the late National Conference. The "Independent," thinks

the discussion a waste of time. The "New York Observer" has a long editorial, in which it shows that the new article affirming allegiance to the Gospel of Jesus Christ means little or nothing; was a compromise with the radicals, was adroitly worded so as not to exclude them, was softened down to a minimum, else it would have been rejected. Through the whole article it confounds the Conference with the American Unitarian Association. This is excusable. But it is not excusable to cite a few of the speeches, some of them in bad taste and worse logic, and make the Conference responsible for them. It should know that the article as it passed was amended to make it stronger, not weaker, and was so regarded by its friends; and that for the Conference to "rebuke" any of its speakers for saying what they were prompted to say would have exposed the Conference itself to rebuke and repudiation from every liberal church in the denomination, who hold to free thought and free speech, as essential for the evolution of truth. But here is an item from the Baptist "Watchman and Reflector," which always means to be truthful, and which is a curious specimen of mistakes honestly made: —

"Mr. Frothingham preached a sermon during the recent session of the National Unitarian Convention in New York. One may judge what 'liberal Christianity' is by the following utterance of his on the occasion: —

"'A refined age rejects the coarseness of the Bible. A knowing age rejects the ignorance of it. A moral age discards its immoralities. A spiritual age turns its raw statements into allegory, or turns away from them altogether.'

"It is proper to say, however, that Mr. Frothingham belongs to the radical, or infidel wing of Unitarianism."

It is proper to say, moreover, that Mr. Frothingham does not belong to any wing of the National Conference, but denounces it; that his "preaching a sermon during the recent session" represents it just as much as the "Watchman and Reflector" does; no, not so much, for that, like the Conference, affirms allegiance to Jesus Christ, whereas Mr. Frothingham does not.

CARLYLE ON "MUSLIN THEOLOGY."

Harper's Magazine reports an anecdote of Carlyle showing his simple and straightforward way of talking, unlike his gnarled and involved way of writing. He has a very direct way of puncturing shams. He certainly ought to understand them; for, as pertains to all hearty and genuine philanthropy and faith in man, he is the great sham of the age.

"One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her 'muslin theology,' was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time. 'How delighted,' said she, 'we should all be to throw our doors open to him, and listen to his divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?'

"The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, 'No, madam, I don't. I think that, had he come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching of doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, "To MEET OUR SAVIOUR;" but if he had come uttering his sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating orders with the publicans and lower orders, as he did, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, "Take him to Newgate and hang him!'"

HOW LONG IT TAKES.

Rev. Mr. A. was complaining that he could not get time to write his sermons. "Why," said Dr. Kirkland, "there is Rev. Mr. B. who will write a sermon in two hours, *and make nothing of it!*" Dr. Skinner was heard to say that the sermon of Lyman Beecher on the government of God was the most tremendous discourse he ever listened to. At the end of that sermon, on coming down from the pulpit, the preacher was asked how long it took him to prepare it. "About forty years," was the answer.

HYMN TO FRANK'S MEMORY.

Frank Eustis is one of the characters in "Double Play," the late work of William Everett, exceedingly popular among the boys, because the boy character is so admirably displayed in it. Frank died early, greatly loved and lamented for his noble qualities, and the following very touching hymn was sung to his memory, to "the dear old tune of Dundee." At his own special request, made in a whisper, those who knew him and loved him were not invited to look upon his lifeless face to gratify a morbid curiosity, that they might be left to think of him as they had lately seen him, in robust health, or in the delicate beauty of illness.

Within thy house, O gracious Lord,
We lay these relics down,
That thou this pure, completed life
Mayst with thy blessing crown.

We give to earth the form endowed
  With every strength and grace;
To thee that mind whose precious stores
  Inspired that noble face.

That spotless soul, whose every thought
  To us and thee was given,
For work divine on earth well done
  Now finds reward in heaven.

We mourn not for our friend removed,
  But for ourselves alone,
To whom on earth his tender love
  In countless acts was shown.

Since, Father, thou hast need of him
  Thy heavenly work to do,
Oh, send to us a soul like his,
  Like him to serve thee too!

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Gen. Butler's atrocious speech, advocating a policy calculated to bring on a war with England, has found no response that we have observed except one of indignant remonstrance. War with England would be a war only of the politicians on the one hand, and the English aristocracy on the other. The American people and the intelligent working masses of England are one in heart and purpose; and those working masses were our best friends through all our recent struggle. On these masses the heaviest calamities of war would fall if war we should have. We hope the time is near when the man who advocates war as a means of balancing accounts between two nations, or settling difficulties which can be settled by arbitration, will be looked upon not as a statesman, but a murderer, deserving the maledictions of widows and orphans on his guilty head.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

This hymn has probably touched more hearts than any other among the more modern hymns of our collections. It is founded on Jacob's dream recorded in Genesis; and its strain has borne up many a wounded and afflicted spirit into the arms of its God. There has been some mistake as to the authorship of the hymn, and some misapprehensions as to the religious affiliations of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, the real author. Rev. Elias Nason, in "The

Congregationalist," gives some interesting reminiscences of this gifted lady. Whoever has sung a song which through a whole century is to bear up the spirits of millions to the heart of the Divine Love deserves a monument as richly as the soldier who has won a battle for humanity.

"But who is the author of this sacred song? In whose sorrow-stricken but aspiring soul did it originate? The question has been many times proposed, and variously answered. In our hymn-books it is ascribed to 'Sarah F. Adams;' but who is she? Some have said an American lady of New York City; others, as Dr. Belcher, in his carelessly written "Sketches of Hymns," the author of several works collected under the title of 'Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief;' but these were written by her sister. But who wrote 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'? It first appeared in a collection of 'Hymns and Anthems,' published by Mr. Charles Fox, in England, in 1841, and was contributed to that work by Mrs. Sarah F. (Flower) Adams, the accomplished wife of Mr. William Bridges Adams, a distinguished civil engineer, born in London, 1797, who has made improvements in railroad mechanism, and written several works upon subjects connected with his profession. The maiden name of Mrs. Adams was Sarah Fuller Flower, and she was the younger of the two daughters of Mr. Benjamin Flower, editor of the 'Cambridge Intelligencer, and a noted politician of the liberal school of his day. He married a lady of superior culture, whose name was Gould, and had, first, Eliza, who wrote the work which Dr. Belcher ascribes to her sister, and then Sarah Fuller, who was born on the 22d day of February, 1805. The two sisters were endowed with fine poetic sensibility, and early evinced a taste for literary pursuits, in which they had the counsel and encouragement of intelligent and loving parents. On becoming orphans, they went to reside at Upper Clapton, where they devoted themselves entirely to intellectual culture and to composition.

In 1834 Miss Sarah Fuller Flower was married, and found in her distinguished husband a person of congenial tastes and sympathies. Her sister Eliza died in 1847, and Mrs. Adams, who was naturally of a delicate constitution, followed her to the grave Aug. 29, 1849, at the age of forty-four years. She was buried in the Foster-Street Cemetery, near Harlow, Essex; and there, as to the grave of her who wrote, —

'I love to steal awhile away
From every trifling care,'

will pilgrims come from many ways to wreathe the votive chaplet, and to shed the tributary tear.

"Mrs. Adams was a successful contributor to the periodical press, and wrote also the 'Flock at the Fountain,' for children, which contains several of her beautiful hymns. Her drama in five acts, founded on the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua, was published in 1841, and is very touchingly dedicated to her sister Eliza. It is a work of merit, exhibiting, as it does, the liveliest sympathy between the author and the lofty spirit of her subject, together with an elegance of language which is truly charming.

The piety of this gifted lady was earnest, ardent, and enlightened. She lived to beautify and bless the world by the angelic ministrations of a great, friendly, and Christ-loving hand and heart. Though a gentle daughter of music and of song, she manifested the truest and most touching heroism in attentions to the sick and sorrowful, especially to her beloved sister Eliza, who lingered long in pale consumption's dread embrace; and she herself, soon touched by the same unpitying disease, 'worn away, almost to her last breath, bursting into unconscious song as the gentle spirit glided from its beautiful frame,' away into the arms of that loving One of whom she so sweetly sang, —

'Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
Nearer to Thee!'"

THE SERMON AND THE SONG.

The former will generally fail without the latter. The preacher himself needs the music at the other end of the church quite as much as the congregation; and we have known the same sermon fall lifeless upon a congregation which elsewhere had been very effective, because life had been put into it by a choir inspired by the hymns they sung. Alas for the church or society which expects to live on preaching alone. If they have not preaching and communion, they will freeze and die; and they cannot have worship and communion without the inspiration of sacred music.

We find credited to the "Religious Herald" the following narrative, showing the power of sacred song: —

"A Hungarian nobleman lost a daughter whom he most tenderly loved. The circumstances of her death aggravated his grief, and he became quite inconsolable. Two years passed, and brought no relief. His grief settled down into a fixed and most distressing melancholy, tending to a permanent mental derangement. Every means were tried which wealth or influence could secure, or an earnest friendship devise, but without effect. Lying on his couch, in a room draped with black, from which the light was excluded, he neither smiled nor wept, and joy seemed forever fled from his breast. At that time Mara was the delight of the Prussian Court, and of the musical world, for her vocal performances in oratorio and opera. It was proposed that she should sing within hearing of the afflicted father, whose grief had now nearly worn him into the grave. Handel's 'Messiah' was chosen for the experiment; and in an adjoining room that sweet and marvelous voice began its almost more than human strains. At first it had no apparent effect on the nobleman. As she proceeded he slowly raised himself from his couch to listen, and the heart that had been dead to emotion began to swell with the rising tide. When she came to the passage, 'Look and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow,' which was rendered with a subdued pathos which brought tears in the eyes of those present, sighs escaped the suffering father, tears flowed from his eyes, and, rising from his couch, he prostrated himself before a crucifix. But when the full choir struck the hallelujah chorus, his voice mingled with theirs, and his spirit was free. Henceforth he, too, could 'sing of mercy and of judgment,' calmly submissive to the hand that had smitten him.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.

Whether Darwin's theory of development be true or not, whether plants grow from anything but seeds of plants, whether generation be in any case spontaneous, — are questions on the decision of which the interests of revealed religion are absurdly supposed to depend. "The Tribune" grows merry over the apprehensions of timid religionists touching these questions, and the pretensions and expectations of scientists who undertake to decide them by their experiments.

"Not only Christianity, but all revealed religion, according to some of the English papers, has been on trial lately in Liverpool. Prof. Huxley has had a bit of beef in an air-pump, testing the theories of spontaneous or non-spontaneous generation. The trial is

over. The reporters, who have been standing on tiptoe over the beef, solemnly announce that 'the result is satisfactory, and the Professor is at one with the prevalent and united force of traditional orthodoxy.' The maggots did not make their appearance without eggs. Ergo, life is not spontaneous. Ergo, there is a God. The world now draws its breath freely, and, by leave of the Professor and the beef, goes back to its Bible again.

THE SPARTANS were a hardy and heroic race; for they abandoned all the weak and sickly babies to death, and raised only the healthy ones. Some one says, with a touch of sarcasm, that tight-lacing is doing a like beneficent service in improving the stock of American women. It kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the sensible ones.

MR. D. A. WASSON AND REV. E. C. TOWNE have recently had some controversy respecting Christ. Mr. Towne thinks the Bible a bad book for this age, and Christ an inferior person. He undertook to show in the "Christian Examiner," some time since, that Jesus claimed to be what he was not, and in asserting this claim came to grief, and was only a true son of God after the repentance to which he was brought in Gethsemane. Mr. Wasson has the highest view of Jesus Christ, viewed merely on his human side and as illustrating the possibilities of human nature. Mr. Wasson is as magnanimous a controversialist as one could desire to have; and in reply to a charge made by Mr. Towne, that he had overestimated Christ, he makes the only reply which, so far as we can see, the nature of the case admits of. He says, —

"Now it may be difficult, if not quite impossible, to satisfy my critic. De Quincey avowed his contempt for Socrates and Plato, pronouncing them a pair of charlatans, or little better. I am quite sure that Plato was a man of profound and profoundly sincere intelligence, but would not have known how to set about persuading De Quincey to think so. He had read the books; all the evidence attainable was before him, and with it in view he had come to his conclusion. What could it avail to quote the books and repeat the evidence? My opinion is that *he offered an effectual and convincing criticism only upon himself*, betraying the extent to which his judgments may be dictated by his humors; but how could one reason with his humors? *Disease is to be controverted with medicines, not with logic and testimony.*"

THE WAR IN EUROPE still rages, and very likely before what we are writing gets into print Paris will have fallen. How there can be any peace while France has no government to treat with that is not bogus and treacherous does not appear; and how Prussia is to be blamed for prosecuting the war to such a result as to make another one impossible, we cannot see. The grand lesson to come of it is this, — that any nation which appeals to arms, and wages aggressive war to settle national disputes, has no claim to the sympathy of mankind, and ought to suffer till she will not care to commit the crime again. No war like the one now going on was ever waged before. Not even our own was so horribly destructive. The art of killing has been carried to such a pitch as to work its own remedies. Henceforth what people will dare to call into action all this enginery of murder and death? That passage in Mr. Sumner's lecture describing the details of carnage on one of the late battlefields is too horrible to be repeated, and yet every one ought to read it till it makes him sick. One reading, we should think, would be enough.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

Two of the best books of devotional poetry, either for private reading or family worship, are "The Changed Cross," and "The Shadow of the Rock." Those who have not seen them may have a taste of them in the following lyric, which we think perfect in its way.

WE STOOD BESIDE THE RIVER.

We stood beside the river
  Whence all our souls must go,
Bearing a loved one in our arms,
Our hearts repeating the alarms
That come across the river;
And saw the sun decline in mist
That rose until her brow it kissed,
  And left it cold as snow.

Watching beside the river,
  With every ebb and flow,
Fond hopes within our hearts would spring,
Until another warning ring
Came o'er the fearful river.
We saw the flash, the brightness fade,
The loving lips look grieved and sad,
  The white hands whiter grow.

Watching beside the river,
  With anguish none can tell,
And trembling hearts and hands, we strove
To save the darling of our love
From going down the river!
Oh, powerless but to weep and pray,
And grieve for one who, far away,
  Had said his last farewell!

Weeping by the river,
  There came a blessed time:
A solemn calm spread all around,
Making it seem like holy ground
Beside the silent river.
The world receding from our eyes
Caught gleams of that dear land which lies
  In Canaan's happy clime.

And there beside the river
  Came lessons strange and sweet. —
The perfect work of patience done,
The warfare finished, victory won
With weak hands by the river!
The childlike fears, the clinging love,
The darkness brightened from above,
  The peace at Jesus' feet!

Waiting by the river,
  Through mingled night and day,
Sweet memories round our hearts we bring,
Of Jesus' love and Heaven we sing,
To soothe her by the river,
And wept for one whose heart would break.
Be pitiful for Jesus' sake,
  Father in heaven, we pray!

Standing by the river,
  We closed the weary eyes;
In Jesus' arms we laid her down,
A lovely jewel for his crown.
He bore her through the river,
And clothed her in a robe so white,
Too beautiful for mortal sight,
  And took her to the skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERESTS OF BUSINESS. To which is added an Esssay on Organization in Daily Life. By Arthur Helps. Boston, Roberts Brothers. 1871.

Mr. Helps has earned his name in this busy world, and has contributed not a few helpful suggestions and wise, practical thoughts to the reflection of the men of his generation. His two series of "Friends in Council," and his "Companions of my Solitude," talk over with their readers the countless questions of permanent interest that underlie modern life and concern the well-being of society and the deepest welfare of the individual, with a calm, kindly wisdom such as we hardly know where to find elsewhere. His "History of the Spanish Conquest in America" is a work of large and permanent value,—a great theme worthily treated; and his "Realmah," a very successful re-creation of the times of the lake-dwellers, which reminds us in its way of Cuvier's famous reconstruction of a fossil animal from a single bone. For in like manner the author of "Realmah" has taken the dim and scattered traces of the primitive epoch of the human race, gathered up by recent researches in the antiquity of man, and has woven together a story which touches our human interest and makes us feel kinship with those long forgotten ages.

The volume now before us contains seventeen essays, full of the sententious, aphoristic, suggestive thoughts with which Mr. Helps won his readers in the beginning, and marked by the same high purpose, true conscience and delicate moral perceptions. It is a book to read, and then to turn to for companionship at many odd moments. One or two allusions to America show a little of that want of perfect understanding which we so often meet in even the best English books, as when, mentioning the retirement of Chancellor Kent at sixty years old, he states that it was due to the limit "placed *in America* to legal services;" whereas the "foolish limit" was mearly a local one in the State of New York. We can trace, however, his strong friendship to us in the time of our trouble, which may have helped to enlighten the Queen, whose private secretary Mr. Helps is.

The essays on Self-Discipline, the Exercise of Benevolence, Party Spirit, the Education of a Man of Business, and the Tran-

saction of Business, and on Organization in Daily Life, interest us especially, and we shall give our readers some taste of their quality hereafter.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, etc. By J. MacGregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1870.

Perhaps none of our readers, while looking on the strong, steady stroke of amateur boatmen in their cockle-shell craft, have considered that the sport couid be made anything more than sport. But the writer of the book before us has shown that it may be a real means to increasing the geographical knowledge of the world, and by its help written one of the most agreeable books of travel with which we are acquainted. It does not need that one should ever have known the delight of grasping the oars in his own hands, and feeling the thrill of life with which the shell bounds away, in order to watch the course of the Rob Roy with interest. Travel is a very different thing on foot from what it is on horseback. In a canoe it is different still; and on the Nile, and at Damascus, and in carrying his diminutive craft through the snows of Lebanon, Mr. MacGregor casts many new lights on places already often described. But his voyage on the Jordan rises to the dignity of real discovery. A portion of that river had never been visited by any European, and was an unknown aud undescribed region, until the Rob Roy pushed through its unexplored wastes. The perils which Mr. MacGregor underwent at the hands of the savage Arabs who capturəd him make the expedition one of real adventure. The maps are a contribution to Biblical geography; and the volume is full of value and instruction, aiding toward a fresh understanding of not a few passages of the Bible, in the same way as Thompson's "Land and the Book,"—beside which this record of the six months' cruise of the little oak and cedar voyager, fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and one foot deep, should be placed in Sunday school and students' libraries.

Happy are the children of this generation who have a bookish mind! With Charles Dickens and Mrs. Stowe to tell them stories, and Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. to publish them, they must have dull minds if they do not read in spite of themselves.

In its kind, THE CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR is as perfect as anything which the great master of fiction ever wrote; so simple in

its idea that the veriest child can understand it; so pure and tender in its religious teaching that the most childlike faith can be comforted by it. It makes the thought of death and of immortality kindly and gracious to the youngest mind, and freshens the best thoughts in the oldest, and touches grateful memories of the hand that wrote it, now forever still. In the exquisite form in which it ts now published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., it has eleven illustrations by Hammatt Billings, whose angels are very spiritual and his children very human. It is a very charming gift-book.

So also is Mrs. Stowe's story of LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW. This also is charmingly illustrated, and is a sweet, wholesome story for girls, full of the best flavor of the New-England country-life, which no one describes so well as Mrs. Stowe. The little maid who is born in the back-country among the hills, to whom Mother Fern and little Mistress Liverwort and Pussy Willow give their gifts like the fairies of old, — the last the *gift of always seeing the bright side of everything*, — grows up with helpful hands and sunny heart, a cheery example of the best thing that grows in this happy corner of the earth. Meantime, little Emily Proudie in New York is fighting the losing battle for health and happiness, under the disadvantage of too many so-called advantages. It is a good day for the wilted city damsel when she is sent for recovery to the country farm-house, where she learns from little Pussy Willow how to make butter and to look at nature, and to live for other people and not for herself alone. And when the great shadow of our war rests over their young womanhood, they are able to write their names in the long roll of noble women who served in one way as truly as the men in another. We commend "Pussy Willow" to the welcome of readers little and large.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA is another volume of the excellent series of books now publishing by Charles Scribner & Co., under the title of "The Library of Wonders." They describe what is curious and interesting in nature, art, and scientific discovery, and furnish some of the best matter for both entertaining and useful reading. The present volume is copiously illustrated, and exhibits the wonders of submarine life, their exploration by human enterprize and skill, the changes going on in the mysterious ocean-deeps, the action of rivers and currents on the bottom of the sea. It is sure to interest all classes of readers by introducing them to a new field of discovery. S.

It is undeniable that there is a vast deal of aimless and unprofitable reading tending in no way to mental growth and vigor, but rather to mental and moral deterioration. An e cellent guide may be found in a work just issued by Charles Scribner & Co., it being a lecture expanded into a treatise, written by Professor Porter of Yale College, entitled BOOKS AND READING, OR WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ, AND HOW SHALL I READ THEM? It embodies much sound criticism and wise discretion and advice pertaining to works of history, novels, newspapers and religious books, and for young men and young women it would be of excellent service, in making out a course of reading which should minister to strength and intelligence and not weakness and confusion. S.

MAX AND MAURICE, a juvenile history in seven tricks, by William Busch, is another book for the edification of youngsters, and the reformation of such as are given over to juvenile mischief, "teasing creatures, climbing fences, stealing apples, pears, and quinces." It is a translation from the German, by Charles T. Brooks; and we need not say that the German humor and exquisite drollery are preserved in the translation. Both the narratives and the pictures are capital in their way, and if one has any appreciation of the ludicrous will shake him for a while out of any fit of the blues which may have overtaken him. — Roberts Brothers. S.

MY SUNDAY IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

The interesting letter with which Henry Ward Beecher prefaces this volume, though not bad, is not to be compared with the racy, witty papers which follow. First written for the "Hartford Courant," they were well worth collecting in this form, and are capital reading. "Eternal gardening is the price of liberty," the author soon made his motto; and in the endless contest with with potatoes and weeds and birds, the quaint and humorous fancies which spring up in the garden of his mind are the best part of his crop. As the introductory letter well says: though "one may not learn from this little book either divinity or horticulture, if he gets a pure happiness and a tendency to repeat the happiness from the simple stores of nature, he will gain from our friend's garden what Adam lost in his, and what neither philosophy nor divinity has always been able to restore."

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT, is a book of

much interest, written in a style somewhat profuse, but always picturesque. It gives much information about a people who are little known, and shows in some of its horrible details the character of eastern despotisms. The life-pictures are drawn skillfully, — the description, for instance, of the prime minister's harem is a perfect photograph. The pluck and heroism of Mrs. Leonowens appear incidentally, and are admirable. S.

As we go to press, we receive the noble edition of PLUTARCH'S MORALS, in five volumes, published by Little, Brown & Co. Every scholar will welcome this worthy edition of such a treasury of ancient wisdom, now for the first time given to English readers in an accurate form, by the careful scholarship and unwearied pains of Prof. Goodwin. We are compelled to postpone a notice of the work until our next number. F.

Notices of the following books received from publishers, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next: —

From Roberts Brothers. POSIES FOR CHILDREN, a Book of Verse, selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. 1871. PERICLES AND ASPASIA, by Walter Savage Landor. ASPENDALE, by Harriet W. Preston. THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, and Poems of Love and Childhood, by Jean Ingelow. SONGS OF SEVEN, by Jean Ingelow.

From Harper & Brothers. CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY, by B. F. Crocker, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the discovery of America to 1870. MY APINGI KINGDOM, by Paul Du Chaillu. ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST, by Lucien Biart.

From Hurd & Houghton, New York, through Noyes, Holmes & Co. SUBURBAN SKETCHES, by W. D. Howells. SAM SHIRK, a Tale of the Woods of Maine, by George H. Devereux.

From Scribner & Co., New York. WONDERS OF BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL, from the French of Guillaume Depping, by Charles Russell.

From Lee & Sheppard. THE TONE MASTERS, BACH AND BEETHOVEN, by Charles Barnard. GOLD AND NAME, by Maria Sophie Schwartz. PLANE AND PLANK; or, The Mishaps of a Mechanic, by Oliver Optic.

From Fields, Osgood & Co.; WE GIRLS, a home story, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

From the American Unitarian Association; IN THE CLEARINGS, by K. G. Wells. FAITHFUL TO THE LIGHT, by Ednah D. Cheney.

From Noyes, Holmes & Co. EVERY DAY, by the Author of "Katharine Morris," "Striving and Gaining," &c., pp. 282.

From the Universalist Publishing House. PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CORRUPTIONS, by Adin Ballou.

THE

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D.

I HAVE in my library, under the date of 1677, a compend of geography, by one Peter Bertius, in which are given seven conclusive reasons why France and the French nation are worth more than all other lands and nations in the civilized world, taken collectively, and in which America is despatched in less than two pages. Suppose that a body of immigrant Frenchmen in New England, honestly agreeing with Bertius in his notions of comparative geography, had claimed the use of his geography or none in our common schools, would our fathers have even listened to a demand so preposterous? Would they not have maintained that they had no right to garble, distort, or suppress geography in deference to the ignorance or prejudice of their imported fellow-citizens; that it was their duty to provide for the teaching of what they supposed to be the truth as to the condition of the world, and of as much of that truth as the instructors could inpart and the children profitably receive?

A demand, not unlike this in some of its aspects, is now

made with regard to history, which is a prominent branch of study in our common-school system. We are asked to exclude from our schools the Bible, and, by parity of reason, all instruction drawn from or relating to the Bible. What is this, in the first place, but garbling and truncating history? There are important, momentous portions of the world's history, of which the Bible is the only manual. The Jewish people has exercised an influence on mankind far exceeding that of all other ancient nations; and, outside of the Bible, how scanty and fragmentary is all that can be known or taught concerning this people! Christianity is the most important factor in the history of mankind. It has been the inspiration and the mould of modern civilization, and has supplied all the elements that distinguish it from the culture of the ancient world. It has modified all political and social institutions. It has given birth to philanthropy in its Protean forms. It has created home, with its unnumbered amenities and charities, while the classic languages have not a word that corresponds to our idea of home. It has reversed the scale of the virtues, attaching supreme importance to some that had not even a name, and throwing into the background others that arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of virtue. Shall our children be forbidden to learn what Christianity is in its own universally acknowledged manual? Jesus Christ, whatever be his actual character, — whether he be or not, as I believe him to be, all that his biographers claim for him, — is, by far, the most influential personage that has ever appeared in the history of the world. To exclude his life and character from the narrative of human existence for the last nineteen centuries is an immeasurably more gross, foolish, and stupid mutilation of history, than it would be to omit the names and doings of Washington, Franklin, and Adams from American history. Shall not our children be permitted to learn what he was from the only authentic records of his person, words, and works? If history is to be one of our school studies, I know not how it is to be taught, if the Bible and its contents be excluded.

There are other departments of education in which the

Bible is no less essential than in history. If moral philosophy is to be taught at all, I suppose that none would deny that it is distinctively Christian ethics in which our children are to be trained. I doubt whether the morals of Plato, or of Aristotle, or of Cicero, or even of Seneca, would come up to the demands of our time so far as the theory of morals is concerned, though, unfortunately, the practical standard on change, among public officials, and in our halls of legislation, is below that of respectable heathenism. But if Christian ethics be taught, shall they be taught as they are interpreted, and, it may be, distorted and misrepresented by modern theorists, or as they fell from the lips and are embodied in the life of the divine Teacher?

Again, in our school education we are laying a constantly increasing stress on the culture of the taste and imagination in literature. We deem it of no little importance that our children and youth should become conversant with the best models of composition, should learn to admire what is truly grand, and to love what is truly beautiful, and should thus, both in their choice of books, and in their choice of words in speaking and writing, be under the guidance of a pure, refined, and cultivated taste. In this department who will dare dispense with the Bible? Leaving their religious worth out of the account, in a purely literary point of view, I should feel myself bereaved of the choicest productions of human genius, of my highest inspiration and my most finished models, were you to blot out of my knowledge the psalms of David, the parables of our Saviour, St. Paul's description of charity, his sublime chapter on the resurrection, the glorious visions of the Apocalypse, and many portions of sacred writ which transcend all other literature equally in the glow and fervor of their God-breathed thoughts, and in the sweetness, majesty, and grandeur of their diction.

This leads me to speak of a most important service that has been rendered by our English Bible. It is the chief reason why we can understand it now. It has been an anchor to the language, which, since it was published, has sustained less change than it previously sustained every fifty

years. It arrested at the happiest stage the Normanizing or Latinizing process that had been going on for centuries before, and preserved for us the rugged force of those Anglo-Saxon words which were fast vanishing from popular use. Our Bible is still the key to the best English diction; and by conversance with it our children are made familiar with their own language, in a purer form than any other which can be placed before them. There can be no doubt that better English is spoken by the people at large in New England than anywhere else in the world; and there can be equally little doubt that this is due to the fact that until now the Bible has helped form the diction of almost every child that has been educated at a New-England school.

In fine, the Bible enters in some way or other into nearly every department of education except the mathematical branches; and were we to admit that religion forms no proper part of school instruction, we cannot afford to dispense with the sacred volume in merely secular education.

But I am not prepared to admit that religious instruction and influence should be excluded from our schools. We are by profession a Christian people. We recognize the great principles of religion, of Christianity, in the devotional services in our legislatures and our courts of justice, and in the use of oaths in every department of public administration. Shall our children be trained as citizens without the inculcation of those fundamental religious ideas, which will impress upon them the significance of prayer, and the dread solemnity of an oath?

Sectarian teaching should, indeed, be carefully excluded. But I know of only two ways of excluding it. You must either choose none but irreligious or non-religious teachers; or you must give your teachers a manual of religion that is not sectarian. No sincerely religious man or woman will consent to take the charge of immortal beings at the forming period of character, without attempting in some way to exercise a religious influence upon them. If you deprive such teachers of the use of the Bible, they will as a matter of conscience impart their own religious ideas; that is, they will

present religious truths in sectarian moulds. If you leave them the use of our Saviour's prayer and of his words of truth and love, they will readily keep their own peculiar notions in the background, in the confident hope that the sacred words will mean to their pupils what they themselves have derived from them.

The objection to the use of the Bible in our schools comes from infidels and Roman Catholics. Let us consider their case. As regards avowed infidels, they are a very small minority; and it is well known that many who do not believe in Christianity would gladly have their children educated as Christians, admit the purity and excellence of our Saviour's spirit and life, and regard the morality of the New Testament as the only system of ethics on which individual character can be worthily formed, and on which public order and virtue can rest securely. Entire unanimity of opinion cannot be expected with regard to any department of instruction other than mathematical. None would exclude moral philosophy from our schools; yet it would be impossible to introduce any modern manual of ethics which would not find more dissentients than the ethics of the New Testament. There is not a school history that does not imply and teach political opinions adverse to the sincere beliefs of large portions of our citizens. The history of our late rebellion must necessarily have a place in our school-books in the lifetime of those who hold diametrically opposite opinions with regard to the conflict. If all subjects on which widely different beliefs are sincerely and earnestly maintained were excluded from our schools, we should reduce our school education to the bare elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The only possible course is to use manuals in accordance with the prevalent belief, and to leave dissentients to private, personal influence over their children to modify that belief, if they regard it as injurious.

Moreover, no intelligent infidel will want his children to grow up in ignorance of the prevailing religion; and as a man of this class, if consistent with himself, will send his children neither to church nor to Sunday-school, they will

need the biblical instruction of the common school for the outside knowledge of Christianity requisite in and for the ordinary intercourse of daily life in an ostensibly Christian community.

But it is hardly necessary to dwell longer on the objections of this class of our people, who, I think, are generally intelligent enough to recognize the need of some knowledge of the Bible, and too confident of their own ability to neutralize Christian influence to fear — if, indeed, they do not desire — such influence for their children. I cannot learn that they have in any instance taken the initiative in opposing the use of the Bible in schools, though in Cincinnati, and perhaps elsewhere, they have been invited into counsel and confederacy by the Roman Catholics.

It is with the objections of the Roman Catholics that we are chiefly concerned. It is alleged in the first place, that, as regards Romanists, ours is a sectarian version. This I deny. Our translation was not only made with no hostile reference to the dogmas of the Church of Rome, but was virtually made before any of these dogmas, except the Pope's supremacy, had been called in question by English ecclesiastics. The earlier versions, prior to the adoption of Anti-Romanist opinions, were the basis of our present translation, and were seldom modified, except to change phraseology that had become obsolete, or to conform the English text to the more accurate knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek. James the First was more than half a papist, and his translators were as far as possible from being representatives of rampant Puritanism. They were easy-going Erastians, who wanted to do their work honestly, but were inclined whenever they could, in accordance with the king's instructions, to retain the old ecclesiastical, that is, Romanist words, and of course ideas. So little had they of the leaven of Protestantism, that I doubt whether it would be possible to point out a single passage in which they can be accused of even an unconscious bias, still less of a voluntary wresting of the sacred text, against any Romanist dogma.

The only class of Christians that have any right to com-

plain of our translation are the descendants of the Puritans, as against Romanists, and Romeward-tending Anglicans. There are several instances and ways in which, by retaining the old ecclesiastical words, our translators have made their version favor the Romish and Anglican notions of church-government, as — to take a single example — by sometimes using the term "bishop" to represent a word which they elsewhere rightly translate "overseer," — thus leaving the unlearned to suppose that there was a distinct order of bishops at Ephesus and in Crete; while every biblical scholar knows that the persons called "bishops" in the epistles to Timothy and Titus are the same that in other parts of our translation are called "elders," that is, presbyters. But we, Congregationalists, deem the Bible so indispensable as a manual of instruction, and regard our common version as possessed of such preponderant merits, that we acquiesce in its use, while we are fully aware that it is unfair to us alone. Enlightened Roman Catholics admit that it is not unfair to them. Geddes, the most most learned biblical scholar among the English Romanists, speaks of it as of all versions the most excellent for accuracy, fidelity, and the closest attention to the letter of the text. An influential native American priest, who was long a member of the school committee in one of our great cities, and took the lead in the attempt to exclude the Bible from the schools of that city, explained his position in nearly these words: "I admit that the English Bible is a perfectly fair translation, and I think it far preferable to the Douay Bible; but our foreign ecclesiastics, and especially the authorities at Rome, cannot be induced to look upon it in this light, and could not fail to regard our acquiescence in its use as schismatic." Thus, in one case at least, we sustained a vehement assault on our institutions and a serious inroad upon the public peace, solely to preserve appearances at Rome.

It has been urged that, if we insist on the use of the Bible in our schools, we should at least suffer the children of Romanists to use the Douay Bible. To this demand we reply, in the first place, that such an arrangement would introduce inextricable confusion into the schools, and, farther, that it

would be inapplicable in the many instances in which it is advisable that the Bible be read by the teacher, not by the pupils. Moreover, if our version be read at all in school, the children of Romanists would hear, if they did not read, the forbidden words; and hearing is fully as bad as reading.

Yet were our Bible an Anti-Romanist translation, or did it lie open to the suspicion of being so, and were the Douay Bible fit for school use, I would advocate its introduction so far as it might be found practicable. But the Douay Bible is less admissible in its educational than in its religious uses. Its English is very poor. It often employs words and idioms that were never in good use, and are not easily understood. It is very deficient in its capacity to train the rhythmical ear and the rhetorical taste. Moreover, the Douay Bible does not even pretend to be a translation of the Scriptures. It is but a translation of a translation. It is simply a version of the Latin Vulgate, which all learned men admit to be itself a very poor and faulty translation, and of which one of the Popes has declared that it contains many dangerous errors. Probably there is not a Roman Catholic biblical scholar in England or America who would claim for the Douay Bible any value as a faithful representation of the original Hebrew and Greek of the Scriptures; and by introducing it into our schools we should only stultify ourselves in the minds of those whose favor we should seek to propitiate.

But even were we to adopt the Douay Bible to the exclusion of our own, it would not meet the wishes of our Roman Catholic citizens, but would only smooth the way for new demands. They do not want neutrality, nor even religious books of their own choosing, in our public schools. They do not want that we should concede their claims in the form in which they are now made. They are unwilling to have their children educated in our public schools; yet they want us to pay for their education. They are intensely unwilling to have their children under the tuition of any but Romanists. They desire none but religious teaching for their children and will not be contented with secular schools. Their aim is the division of school funds throughout the country, and

the appropriation, not of the small percentage which they contribute, but of the large percentage represented by their number, to the support of their own sectarian schools. Should this demand be granted, other sects stand ready to proffer similar claims, with equal show of right, and our whole common-school system will be broken up. The question virtually before us is not that of the use of the Bible in schools, but that of the permanence of our public schools as an institution. Several years ago I took the lead in the establishment of an evening school for ignorant adults, from which all religious instruction was carefully excluded. The Roman Catholics for whose benefit the school was established very early withdrew from it at the dictation of their priest, who said to me when I remonstrated with him, "Education is so great a boon that we are unwilling that our people should be indebted for it to heretics. We would rather have them utterly ignorant than that their gratitude to Protestant teachers should make them look with favor on the religion of their teachers." Traces of the feeling thus candidly expressed may be found everywhere in the attitude of Romanists toward our schools. In Cincinnati, it is a notorious fact that the infidel leaders and the free religionists on one hand, and the Romanists on the other, have acted together under the agreement that, if the latter would render their aid in excluding the Bible from the schools, the former would give their votes and influence in behalf of special appropriations for sectarian schools. A similar purpose has betrayed itself in every community in which Romanism is strong enough to give promise of success.

The question really presented for our decision is, whether our common-school system is worth retaining. To this it would seem that republicans could give but one answer. With our endless diversity of sects, nationalities and races, perpetually verging on antagonism and tending to dissilience, the only means of holding our people united by any common ties of opinion, feeling and interest must needs be sought in the education of each rising generation together, that thus by mutual association and attrition the impracticable,

non-coalescing elements in the characters of the fathers may be smoothed and mollified in the children. Sectarian schools can only prolong, transmit, and intensify the dislikes, jealousies, and enmities which even now perpetually endanger our peace and threaten the stability of our union. Some such schools will of course be sustained by extremists and zealots of various sects, and we cannot legally or rightfully interfere with them; nor under private munificence will a large proportion of any sect be thus trained. But the diversion of public funds for such an end is simply suicidal, — it is turning the arms of the state against itself, — drawing from its own treasury the means of its disintegration.

But it may be asked, in a free state will you compel children to pass through educational processes which their parents disapprove? Yes, I reply, unless their parents will give us ample indemnity against their becoming chargeable to the state as paupers or criminals, and will renounce in advance for them all claim to the rights of citizens. Many of these parents have a chronic hydrophobia for their children, and honestly believe washing a dangerous and hurtful operation; yet who will deny the right — exercised in many public schools — of requiring of the pupils a standard of cleanliness and decency to which the parents have conscientious objections? The priests, as I have said, regard reading and writing as dangerous gifts at the hand of heretics; but shall we therefore commit our public interests to the keeping of a generation of wholly unlettered citizens? Now, in insisting on the use of the Bible in common schools, we simply put it on the same footing with washing, and reading, and writing, as an essential part of the training of the citizen. Without it, the citizen cannot know how the world goes, and why it goes. He is ignorant of the causes of many common things, of the springs of events, of the foundations of modern society, of the sources and reasons of many usages, customs and laws, in fine, of much which it is imperatively necessary that he should know in order to vote and act intelligently in public affairs, trusts and duties. Our annual importations and our absurdly easy terms of naturalization give us as heavy a

weight of ignorance and blindness as our institutions, with all their elasticity, can sustain; and these institutions will surely and speedily succumb if the children of our imported citizens are left to their heritage of ignorance.

It may in this connection be worth our while to consider with how little show of right our Roman Catholic citizens can claim special appropriations from our school funds for their own sectarian uses; for this is manifestly the end at which they are aiming. They have, indeed, a population which might seem to proffer a strong claim, — a large minority in most of our towns and cities, — a small majority, perhaps, in a few. But, in equity, their contributions to the public treasury ought to be taken into the account. The amount of taxes paid by them is absolutely very small; it is relatively much less, as compared with their actual property and earnings, than the assessments laid upon Protestants; and they furnish so overwhelmingly large a proportion of the paupers and criminals as nearly to balance — when we take into the account both direct costs and forms of damage and detriment which admit of no precise estimate — the sums for which they might be credited. Their pecuniary claims for special appropriations are thus seen to be infinitesimally small.

But have they not, though a minority, positive rights as citizens? In one of our states there is a constitutional provision by which Roman Catholics are excluded from office, and that not on sectarian grounds, but because they owe and own allegiance to a foreign potentate. For the same valid reason they ought not to be permitted, without a solemn renunciation of such allegiance, to exercise the functions or enjoy the rights of citizens, especially now that the proclamation of the Pope's infallibility, with the admission that it extends to all things temporal which he may adjudge to have a bearing — however remote or incidental — on the Church or religion, makes implicit obedience to him more than ever the primal duty. The non-allegiance of the subject to an heretical government, and the paramount authority of the Church in any conflict of jurisdiction between church and state, have always been doctrines of Romanism, and have in many

instances been acted upon. There cannot be the slightest doubt that a peremptory order from Rome might at any moment unite all the Romanists in this country in opposition, and even in open rebellion, against the government. If we require of our Southern citizens an oath of loyalty as an abjuration of a government dead beyond all possibility of resurrection, there is immeasurably better reason for demanding of Roman Catholics, as a condition of citizenship, the abjuration of an authority still living, and holding a stronger grasp than ever on the consciences of its subjects.

I do not like to say it, but I doubt whether it is sufficiently considered that the demand for sectarian schools at the public expense — to which the demand for the exclusion of the Bible from public schools is but a preliminary step — comes chiefly from a class of our immigrant population that has shown itself insatiably encroaching, grasping and usurping. I feel no antipathy against the Irish. I acknowledge their capacity, their genius. I forget not how many eminent men in every department of literature and of active life they have contributed to British fame. I commiserate them for their centuries of misrule and oppression, and rejoice that we can afford to them a home and open to them a career. But tyranny and misgovernment would be comparatively innocent if they did not exercise a malign influence on national character. They always generate a spirit of retaliation, a disposition to make reprisals, an unappeasable hunger for what has been unjustly withholden. The Irish are determined to seize in the New World indemnity for their ages of depression and penury in the Old, and to rule with as strong a hand as they have suffered under. From whatever branch of industry they adopt they succeeded in driving off native American competitors, and they are equally successful in establishing and maintaining in all departments under their control an enhanced rate of compensation. They have swept our factories almost clear of native help. They have nearly the monopoly of boot and shoe making, the most important and lucrative industry of our state. They are supreme in our families, and are enslaving us in our own houses. They regard the whole field of

labor as their own, and stand ready to repel by force negroes Chinese, — any rivals who may dispute possession with them. They are planting their colonies in many of the best localities in our towns and cities; and when they once get foothold in a neighborhood, there springs up forthwith a populous and fragrant Hibernia, which puts all native inhabitants to flight, no matter though it have been a chosen site of wealth, taste and beauty. They are levying black mail upon us, and are fast taking to themselves the lion's share of the actual earnings of productive industry. They are sending immense sums to Ireland; the rapidly growing capitals of our savings' banks belong in very great part to them; they have very heavy deposits in the hands of their priests; and their ecclesiastical property is enormous, especially in our new western cities and on the Pacific coast, where the Church (generally under Irish auspices) has anticipated other purchasers, and obtained at the outset corner-lots and other real estate yielding the most ample revenue, so that the Romish Church often holds more property than all Protestant denominations, most of it on one pretext or another exempted from taxation, and a sure means of power, no less than of income.

The tendency of these things, constantly favored by the sycophancy of politicians and the subserviency of parties, is toward the establishment of an Irish empire in America; and we may yet have to wage for our Anglo-Saxon liberties a war of emancipation, with fearful possibilities of success on the Celtic side. The demand which we are discussing deserves especial regard as one of a series of measures designed and adapted to create a foreign supremacy on our own soil, and to bring us under a politico-religious despotism which would be none the less intolerable because under *quasi*-democratic auspices.

I have left myself little space to speak of the way in which the Bible should be used in schools. Of course, it should not be made a mere class-book, and should not be read indiscriminately. I would have it, in the first place, furnish the material for whatever devotional services there may be in the school. Such services are intrinsically proper, and, apart

from their religious worth, they aid materially in the discipline of the school, by the relations of a more tender and sacred character which they create between teacher and pupils, and among the pupils. But prayer in the teacher's own words may be sectarian, or, what is fully as bad, may be suspected of being so. Far better is it then that prayer be offered in the comprehensive form given by our Saviour. To this, where it is found practicable, may be added the responsive reading of psalms and other appropriate passages of Scripture by teacher and pupils alternately, or of such scriptural liturgies of praise as might be prepared for that use. Where sacred music can be added, nothing could be easier, more pleasant to the ear and taste, or more edifying to the spiritual receptivity than the chanting of psalms. Over and above such devotional exercises it should be left to the discretion of committees and teachers, and should depend on the grade and character of the school, whether additional direct use be made of the sacred volume.

Where all or the major part of a school are of an age to profit by such reading, I would have short lessons read by the teacher or one of the scholars, embracing the most instructive biographies and historical narratives of the Old Testament, the choicest specimens of Hebrew poetry, the principal parables and discourses of our Saviour, the leading incidents in his life, and some select portions of the apostolic epistles. For such purposes there are volumes of extracts for school use, well chosen and arranged, and easily accessible, or the teacher may exercise his own taste and judgment in the selection.

But what I would chiefly contend for and urge is, that the teacher be not only permitted, but expected, instructed and encouraged to make free use of the Bible for any and every purpose for which he may find it availing, — for instruction in history, literature, morals, and the fundamental truths of religion; that it be a reference book, a standard work, a recognized authority in the school; that as the teacher has recourse to all other books within his reach for such help as they may [illegible] in teaching, so should he have especial recourse

to that exhaustless manual of knowledge human and divine, for whatever knowledge and wisdom he can draw from it for the pupils under his charge.

The Bible has been civilized man's chief educator. Heaven forbid that under foreign dictation, and against the sound judgment of our people, we should take the retrograde steps now demanded of us toward the barbarism from which the Bible alone has rescued us.

THE REV. DR. FURNESS.

On New Year's day Dr. Furness commemorated the forty-sixth anniversary of his ministry in Philadelphia. We hear the services spoken of as exceedingly interesting and appropriate, — the genial, hopeful, loving spirit of the preacher finding a fitting response in the grateful, affectionate, and almost reverent emotions of his people. The ministerial profession has its trials and its drawbacks. Dr. Furness has had his painful and bitter experiences. But to the faithful minister there are great and solemn compensations. The contest may be long. The powers at work against him may have their hour of apparent ascendency. Personal friends may angrily or sorrowfully withdraw from him because of his fidelity to his sacred calling, and no one who has not gone through the trial can tell how sharp the anguish of such a separation is. But if, while faithful to his trust, he retains also the sweetness of his nature, and grows neither hard nor harsh, the confidence and respect of his people will at length gather round him. And he grows old amid a people, who, so far as he is concerned, make but one family, and look up to him with filial love and respect. The kindly affections which are turned towards him, the atmosphere of mutual confidence, and of filial and paternal love, may be such as can hardly be expected in any other sphere of life. How many homes are open to him! How many hearts welcome him! By how many blessings and prayers is he followed and comforted in his declining years. How poor compared with these things in our old age are the triumphs of ambition, the accumulations of wealth, and all the outward social distinctions that are most sought after and prized!

With singular guilelessness and simplicity, Dr. Furness has always been true to the ideal of his youth. As he was when his life's work began, so is he now, only with a nature strengthened and mellowed by his life's thought and experience. There is something touching in the title as well as in the contents of the books which he has published. Almost the same name, for thirty years or more, and always substantially the same subject and the same fundamental ideas, but adorned, diversified, enriched by all that careful study, a widely extended culture, a glowing fancy, a loving enthusiasm and reverence for his subject, could bring to his chosen theme. We do not accept his philosophy of the Christian miracles. His view of the nature of Jesus does not satisfy either our reason or our faith. And yet, how fresh and charming his presentation of the subject always is!

It is pleasant to hear of our friend in Philadelphia still going in and out before his people, hale and strong, with the cheerfulness which betokens a guileless heart, his youthful zeal still unabated, and in all the charm of his beautiful and loving spirit.

HOPE BENEATH THE WATERS.

"I CANNOT mount to heaven beneath this ban:
Can Christian hope survive so far below
The level of the happiness of man?
Can angels' wings in these dark waters grow?"
A spirit voice replied, "From bearing right
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light,
And quit the sunless depths for upper air:
Meek patience is as divers' breath to all
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day,
To guide us, re-ascending, from our fall.
The rocks have bruised thee sore, but angels' wings
Grow best from bruises, — hope from anguish springs."

— *Charles Turner.*

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reason why most of us accomplish so little for our own personal improvement or the good of others is, that we have no definite plan for each day as it comes up. In going out to do a dozen errands we lay out our morning's employment with a prudent regard to economy in time and space. Without some such plan there must be a great waste of labor, and after all our work is poorly done. In house-keeping, in managing a farm, in doing business, or in gaining knowledge, a great reason why one person will do twice or ten times as much as another is, that he has a distinct plan, an orderly habit of mind running through all his occupations, and the other has not. The one knows in the morning what he shall do first, and what he may defer to the best advantage; while to the other the employments of the coming day are a sort of chaos, and chance alone is to determine what is to be done first and what last.

"The day," says the greatest of German poets, "is extremely long if one knows how to appreciate and to employ it;" and in conformity with this maxim was the minute and orderly arrangement which ran through his life, husbanding to the best advantage all the moments of each day. It was said of John Wesley, who accomplished an almost incredible amount of labor, that "when you met him in the street of a crowded city, he attracted notice, not by his band and cassock, and his long hair, but by his face and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost." "Though I am always in haste," he said, "I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit." It is not he who works the hardest and the longest, but he who plans his work most wisely, and thus labors to the best advantage, that accomplishes the most. As all our time is measured out to us day by day, that plan of life is the most perfect

which includes within itself the most distinct and profitable employment of each day as it comes.

We propose to speak of the use that should be made of a single day, or rather to suggest a plan for spending a day.

And, first, we should have a distinct plan and purpose for the day on which we are entering. The question each morning is, not what shall I do to-morrow, or next week? what measures for my own personal improvement or the good of others shall I carry out next winter? but what shall I do to-day? How shall I employ its hours to the best advantage? We should always have on hand some regular employment; and before we enter on our work in the morning we should have some definite plan as to how each part of the day shall be spent. Our employments are for the most part arranged for us by the force of circumstances. But even then a wise forecast will help us greatly in our work. Whatever plan we form must, of course, be left open to the unforeseen variations and interruptions to which every day is liable. The specific plan must be formed for each new day, and it must be so formed as to yield easily and gracefully to the unexpected demands of each day in its progress. But the habit of always having such a plan, a map of duties and employments to meet the hours of the day as they come, will be an immense saving of time and labor. It will enable us to do more and do it better. And especially in the well-ordered habit of life which it leads us to form, it will have a happy influence on our minds and hearts and lives.

Of course, we cannot speak here of the specific plan which each one of our readers is to form for each specific day. But there are certain elements which should enter into every wise and Christian plan for the well-ordering of a day, and without which no day can properly accomplish its design.

And, first of all, no wise and Christian plan for the employment of a day can afford to leave out the appropriation of some specific portion of the day for religious worship, meditation and instruction. Our first waking thoughts should turn in this direction. Prayer should rise as silently and as spontaneously from our minds as the dews ascend with the

rising sun in unseen exhalations from the grass and flowers. A sense of gratitude and love, awakening in us with the first consciousness of the opening day, should prepare the way, and secure at least a little time for healthful spiritual recreation. "If," says Bishop Butler, "it took up only a minute or two, or even less time than that, it would be a recollection that we are in the divine presence, and contribute to our being in the fear of God all the day long." In the strength and under the guidance of this feeling we may ask ourselves how we this day can order our steps most wisely, and live most faithfully and purely in the sight of God. By this rule of conformity to his will we may judge of our intended actions, and bring our plan for the day into harmony with the judgment we then and there shall pass. Our first morning hour may thus be a refreshment and a monitor, an inspiration and a guide, nourishment and health to the soul, a corrective and a tonic to save us from the crushing cares and the misleading interests and passions of the day. Its premonitions now, if we heed them as we ought, will not return, as otherwise they must, with the shadows of evening, to haunt us in the shape of an unavailing remorse.

In the morning of the busiest day there ought to be always, in the privacy of the soul, moments set apart for exercises like these. And there should also be something done for our religious improvement; some few sentences, at least, from some religious book which we have taken as our chosen guide and companion. We may read a chapter or two in the Bible, and commit to memory, if it be only a single one of its weighty sentences, to carry it with us as a sort of password through the day. The most crowded life need not rob us of this privilege. Perhaps no public man of the last generation had his time more occupied with public and private labors than John Quincy Adams. But President Quincy, in his very interesting memoir of Mr. Adams, says of him: "Religion was also in his mind a predominating element. A practice which he prescribed to himself, *and never omitted*, of reading daily five chapters in the Bible, familiarized his mind with its pages." And not merely did he read, but he studied it pro-

foundly. Now if he, when he had the weighty affairs of the whole nation upon his mind, could yet find time every day to read five chpaters in the Bible, who of us can allege a want of time as an excuse for not storing his mind with its great and inspiring words?

Let then our earliest morning be given at least for a little season to such thoughts, and they will follow us as an unconscious but unfailing influence and motive through the day. In the words of Sir Matthew Hale, one of the purest men and greatest judges that England has ever produced, "Whatever you do, be very careful to retain in your heart *a habit of religion*, that may be always about you, and keep your heart and your life as in HIS presence, and tending towards HIM. . . . This habit of piety in your soul will not only not lie sleeping and inactive, but almost in every hour of the day will put forth exertings of itself in short, occasional prayers, thanksgivings, dependence and resort, unto that God who is always near you and lodgeth in a mansion in your heart. . . . By this means you do effectually, and in the best and readiest manner imaginable, redeem your time. This is the great art of Christian chymestry, whereby the whole course of this life becomes a service to Almighty God, an uninterrupted state of religion, the best and noblest and most universal redemption of time."

May we not in this connection recommend the good old habit of family worship? The father of the family is the priest of the family by an ordination earlier than that of any other priest. There is something very affecting in the account that is given of Job, who, when his sons had been feasting together, sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning to offer sacrifices and prayers in their behalf; for he said, "it may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts."

The second element which must enter, as an essential part, into the plan of every day, is labor. From the necessity of the case, this, with most of us, must be the principal occupation of the day. It should be carefully arranged so that we may accomplish the largest result with the least amount

of distraction or waste. The farmer who lays out his work to the best advantage may, sometimes, do twice as much in the day as he otherwise would. The young student who has his day's studies carfully arranged — such and such hours devoted to such and such pursuits — will, with the same amount of labor, make far greater progress, and be a far more ready and exact scholar, than he otherwise could be. With the man of business a strict method in the conduct of his affairs is absolutely essential to success. Labors thus looked forward to and provided for in the plan of each day will be cheerfully undertaken and patiently borne.

In the employment which enters into our daily plan, apart from our necessary cares and labors, there should be some little time assigned for one's own intellectual improvement. Every man should always have on hand for his leisure moments some subject which requires thought and investigation, and which has a tendency to enlarge and enlighten his mind.

We hear it said that merchants of the present generation do less of this than those of the generation that preceded them: that business now is so much more pressing, and its competitions so much keener, that they have less time than formerly for intellectual improvement. We question the fact. The business men of the last generation were men remarkable for their intelligence, and for their liberal and comprehensive views. We are slow to believe there is any falling off in these particulars. But if, in the progress of wealth, the increased luxuries, which are considered essential, impose such additional burdens upon our business men, that they are obliged to give up intellectual pursuits almost entirely in order to meet the factitious and extravagant demands of luxurious living, this is a state of things which every wise and Christian man will be slow to countenance or support. If it is allowed to go on with its merciless exactions, the whole race of men and women will deteriorate. The mind and character of the community will be enfeebled. Not only the intelligence, but the high-toned moral sentiments and manly virtues, which are the life and safeguards of society, will grow sickly and die. In the plan of life, therefore, which is

to be carried into the employments of every day, there should always be some space left for the cultivation and improvement of the mind. Men ignorant of everything beyond their own narrow sphere of business, whether on a farm, in a mechanic's shop, a counting-room, a lawyer's office, or a minister's study, should be ashamed to go about claiming for themselves a place among the respectable and intelligent members of society.

The next thing which should enter into the plan of every day is the consideration of usefulness to others. We are not placed here by the all-bountiful Father for ourselves alone. Life is not one unceasing struggle for our own personal advancement, even in intelligence and virtue, if such a thing were possible, without regarding the wants of our fellow-men. With every day the question should come up, What can I do to-day for the relief, the comfort, the well-being, or the happiness of others? Or, if the question is not distinctly asked, it should always enter as an unconscious, vital element into all the plans of life. It is not to be put off till we have gained some distant amount of wealth or leisure, which we may spend in doing good. Now, to-day, while we have life and health, and God's gifts and his blessings, to dispense according to our ability, in whatever way we can, by the use of our hands or our money, by kind words or thoughtful deeds, we are to do our part to support all good institutions, to promote all kind and neighborly feelings, to relieve the suffering, to encourage the desponding, reclaim and restore the fallen, to enlighten the ignorant, to save the exposed and defenseless. Sad, indeed, will be the closing shadows of that day which has failed to recognize our duties in this direction; and sadder still, infinitely mournful, will be the life whose closing shadows are lighted up by no thought of what we have done for others, and whose impending retributions shall be repeated to us in the awful words, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Dark, indeed, is that man's lot whose dying hour is

not soothed by the tears and prayers of some poor or suffering brother whose burden he has shared, whose wretchedness he has at least tried to relieve. Let no day pass without some thought of this.

Another essential ingredient in the plan of every day is relaxation. Recreation of body and mind, in some form or other, should make a part of our daily experience. It is essential to our bodily and spiritual health. The great scholar and profound thinker, as well as admirable poet, Dr. Henry Moore, after a long period of exhausting study, once said, "Now, for these three months, I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, or do an ill thing." As few of us go through such long and exhausting processes of intellectual labor as he had done, it is seldom, in the course of a lifetime, that we need so long a period of relaxation from care and thought. But there should be a portion of every day given up ungrudgingly to amusement and recreation. Our meals should be marked by something more than a silent, solemn satisfaction in the animal enjoymemt of eating and drinking; they should be pervaded by an air of festivity and social gladness, and thus made to contribute alike to the refreshment of body and mind. "The fear of the Lord maketh a merry heart," and a merry heart venting its spirits in words of innocent hilarity and mirth, at our family meals, will do a great deal to promote digestion, to elevate the mind, to give a bright and wholesome stimulus to our thoughts, while it will drive away a morbid, misanthropical gloominess of soul more effectually than a moral precept or a virtuous resolution. Let, then, our recreation, like our religion, not only have its own appropriate moments, but also, as a finer essence, diffuse itself through the whole day, lightening its cares, and throwing its brightness into every little interval of rest, as the sun throws its cheering rays into every little crevice and opening that it finds in the overshadowing wilderness.

I have time only to hint at one thing more; and that is, that we should lay in, every day, an extra supply of patience, good nature, and Christian submissiveness, so as to be pro-

vided beforehand for the disturbances and disappointments which are always liable to interfere at any moment with the best-ordered plan. With all that we can do we shall have enough to try our tempers, and to prove the strength and the serenity of our faith.

And is not a day thus spent better than a thousand? As at its close we lay down its burden of care and labor, and review its incidents, and lift up our hearts in thankfulness for all that it has brought, is it not a beautiful type and epitome of life itself? There are its morning hours of many-colored radiance, lighted up with the sun of God's love, and pointing, even by its shadows, forward towards the meridian brightness. There are the heat and burden of the day, betokening the weightier cares and toils of life. There are the lengthening shadows which show that our day is far spent; its even-song of religious gratitude, its closing evening prayers, and its night of rest, to be followed by its resurrection from sleep, an image and foreshadowing of that more glorious resurrection, and that brighter day which at last shall dawn upon us.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

We were out upon the water, the ocean before us, and the mountains behind. It had been a showery afternoon, with alternations of sunshine and shadows on the hills and valleys. A slight shower passed over us just as the sun was going down and filling the whole atmosphere with its golden light; when, all at once, with colors more radiant than I had ever seen before, there appeared before us a rainbow, perfect and entire, standing, like the angel in the Apocalypse, with one foot on the sea and the other on the earth. It seemed as if we had been suddenly transferred to a holier and diviner world. The vision soon melted away into the leaden hues of the approaching night. But the image of divine loveliness and peace which was there impressed upon us makes still a part of our inmost life, and will continue, at times, to cheer and comfort us till this mortal shall put on immortality.

LATTER-DAY UNBELIEF.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

THE subject of miracles is not a thing by itself, as is commonly thought. Nor are miracles as arbitrary as medals, which a monarch may strike on exceptional occasions, and distribute among his worshipers. And this is said, notwithstanding that absurd and ridiculously belauded notion, that a miracle is an impression, of which, on its being made, God breaks the seal. God pardon the man who first said that! For because of its being so silly, there have been persons, who have been betrayed into denying the possibility of a miracle.

As is implied by its very name, a miracle is connected with the unknown. By the capacity of one man from out of a thousand millions of persons, to be quickened miraculously, human nature is itself illustrated, as to its latent powers. And often miracles have been signs of the manner in which, hereafter, the soul will be acted upon, as a denizen of the spiritual universe.

Spiritually, miracles are like flashes of lightning in a dark night; and they are "signs" and glimpses of a world of certainty surrounding us, which would otherwise have been inconceivable almost, and utterly incredible. There is nothing truer than that *the philosophy of miracles is of the very essence of religion.* I have said this before, and I wish now that somebody else would say it, and keep saying it. For on the subject of miracles, the inertness of thought, which it is so desirable to have corrected, has been incurred mainly by the manner in which people, for the last hundred years, have kept on, and now even keep on saying senseless things, in a parrot-like way, some on one side and some on another, about a miracle being "an arbitrary interference with eternal laws," or "an act suspending the laws of nature." Is it then an interference with eternal laws, when a thunderbolt, notwithstanding the laws of cohesiveness, splits a tower mantled with ivy? Or is there an actual suspension of the law of

gravitation, by the hand of the Almighty, when, with a flash of lightning, an ox is flung, like a pebble, over a fence? Nor is there a miracle recorded in the Scriptures, by which, necessarily, any law of nature was broken.

"Oh!" but some one exclaims, "if that be so, — but then it cannot be so, and it is not, — but if it were so, then where should I be?" And to that I make answer, "You are at this moment, intellectually, where I was, when I sat in my place with my class at college; for you are in the long shadow of Dr. Middleton. But do not, for the sake of that shadow, love darkness or fear the light." And our modern skeptic says, "No, indeed, no! But miracles, can they really ever have happened, do you think? But miracles to-day, or now ever again — they cannot be believed in, or will not be for long, as the philosophers all know; and it is all because of science." There are persons who keep on crying in that helpless way, as though, almost, the denial of the wonderful were a form of prayer.

But what a singular thing, and before high heaven, for persistency, what an audacious thing is that anti-supernaturalism, which is of the school of David Hume, and which relies on his "Essay on Miracles"! And how many persons there are who are ready to defer to David Hume, as being more reliable than Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul, with Peter and James, while yet themselves they have never even seen that Essay, in the worth of which they put their trust! And that, indeed, would be an easy as well as a cheap way to popularity, which is achieved by sneering at miracles, as being the rod of Aaron and the gourd of Jonah, if only, under God, popularity did not have its responsibilities.

In illustration of his argument against the credibility of miracles, Hume derides two cures, which by the historian Tacitus are described as having been wrought through the Emperor Vespasian. One of these cures was in the case of a man whose paralyzed hand was restored by the emperor's putting his foot upon it. It was a magnetic cure, of course. "No evidence can well be supposed stronger for so gross and so palpable a falsehood," says Hume himself. But yet, hun-

dreds of such cures, as what Hume accounted impossible, have occurred since his day. They are recorded as having happened in the Catholic Church; and they are reported from among the Esquimaux. And, indeed, so numerous and notorious have they been during the last few years, that there is no intelligent person but, with a little trouble, might see for himself Hume's argument on miracles explode. There is a fanaticism of unbelief, or there would not, at this day, be a disciple of Hume to open his mouth. But this persistency in ignoring facts which might prove to be "signs and wonders," and with the possibility of which the universe grows more hopeful, — there is nothing like it, unless it may be the materialism of Dr. Buchner, and that indeed would seem to be natural only as the nightmare-dream of a mole in his cold burrow.

Anciently, at Jerusalem, there were many persons, and Rabbis, even, who did not know Jesus Christ when they saw him. And, just so, there are people, at the present time, who can not conceive, as they say, that the subject of miracles can be of any practical importance. "Oh! we believe in revelation, and the necessity of that, of course. And the miracles we do not doubt about. Oh! not for a moment. But perhaps they need not be talked about much. Because, after all, a miracle is not doctrine. And when a miracle is done and over, what is there more about it?" Are there then men who cannot, intellectually, see further than that? Of course there are, and women, too: just as there short-sighted persons, who cannot see across the street. But yet most of the miracles of the Bible, and perhaps all of them, are practically very important after hundreds and thousands of years; for, if they are not so, what does the word "practice" mean, and what is there which is important?

At Dothan, when the prophet Elisha had been suddenly surrounded, during the night, by a Syrian army, his servant was terrified; but the prophet said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the

young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Angels of the Lord encamping about them that fear him, — the way wide open, through which mortals are accessible, sometimes, at least, to friends and opponents in the spiritual world, — is there nothing in all that practically important to think of? Certainly, to the authorities of Timbuctoo in Africa, it would be of no practical importance, at this moment, to learn simply that a young Israelite was comforted by his master one day, nearly three thousand years ago. And yet for me, individually, and for some millions of persons now living, the case of that young man is a great thing to know of; because that vision, which was quickened in him, really is latent in us all. That opening of the eyes, which was wrought for him by the prayer of the prophet, is what will be effected for us all, to some extent, by the mere act of dying. The eyes by which that servant of the prophet saw "horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" are what myself I shall see with, when I shall have become an immortal spirit: and therewith shall I recognize the angels Gabriel and Raphael, and my dear mother, and one friend and another, and hundreds and thousands of persons whom I have known of, by intercourse and by reading.

Practical! What in the world is there of more importance, practically and ultimately, than a miracle? For, indeed, it is a sign for us all from outside.

A miracle, as being "a sign and wonder," is, of itself, more or less of a revelation; because it manifests the certainty of spiritual powers, which intimately concern us, but which we do not know about; and because, also, it proves that we have susceptibilities and faculties which begin with us here, but of which, personally, we may never have experience till we shall have been "born again" from out of "the body of this death."

A miracle may be the work of an angel, as when, at Jerusalem, "An angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water," so that any one person, stepping into it, was cured of any disease whatever; or as when "the angel did wondrously," while Manoah and his wife

looked on. "For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground." Or a miracle may result from an organization surcharged with power; as would seem to have been the case when a poor woman in a crowd was cured through Jesus, without his will, apparently. "And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, "Who touched my clothes?" And that virtue which was in him may have been from the indwelling of the Father, or from the Spirit having been given him without measure. And both those expressions may have been the same thing as "heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." And all those three expressions may, perhaps, have been fulfilled by his having breathed the air of the highest heaven, while walking the ways of this planetary earth.

But some one will say, "A miracle, however, is a miracle, is it not?" Yes, certainly, a miracle is literally a wonder, and it is also "a sign and wonder;" and it is a wonder because it is connected with the unknown, and it is also a sign, because it signifies. "But if one man can be a prophet, why cannot every man be?" If Shakespeare could be a poet, why cannot any Englishman be a Shakespeare? "Ah, but if an angel can intervene among men, in one age, why cannot he every day?" Perhaps he can, but thinks that he had better not; and perhaps, also, the means of his approach may rarely admit him, because of the state of men themselves, individually; or because, perhaps, of the state of some subtile atmosphere, which is of such a nature as that, compared with it, the ether of the firmament is solid.

There is a semi-believer, who pares and shapes his Christianity so as to keep it, as he thinks, withinside of his science. And he cries out, "Oh! but does not science show that there is no way by which angels can get into this earth? And are not the laws of nature against them? And is it impossible for a man to believe in Christ, without being wiser than

astronomers and geologists?" Not necessarily! For a man can believe in Christ, even if he knows no more than Newton did; for Newton was a good Christian, and was thoroughly persuaded as to the reality of prophecy. But a man cannot be a Christian without knowing more than both astronomy and geology put together. And, indeed, how can a man properly be a man, unless he be more than all the sciences in one? For man is soul as well as science. And there are instincts in human nature which really are prophetic of its outside universe, plainly so as to this present world, and, therefore, certainly so as to the next. Faith is the result of our having been divinely constituted; and it is a predisposition, from nature, for believing in life outside of the range, wonderful as it is, of both telescope and microscope. We live by more laws of life than what went to the making of the sun, or than what the moon and the planets move by. And of these laws, there are some, which may serve as a highway for the purposes of our God, and for spirits, when he would make them his angels.

Here some modern member of Middleton's school exclaims, "Oh, then, you make much of miracles, don't you? And you believe of course in all the old style of theology, and that there is a day of judgment, don't you?" I believe, at this very time, conformably with earthly circumstances, that France is having a day of judgment. And more solemnly still, do I believe that, hereafter, with nice and special discrimination, there will be a day of judgment adjusted for such clergymen, poets, and philosophers, as have thought more of pleasing people with "itching ears," than of being themselves what they ought to be as "stewards of the mysteries of God." There are still offenses, which are akin to the sin against the Holy Ghost; and one of them is, when a Christian minister, as to some points, would rather be blind than know more than his people do, for fear of losing his useful popularity; and another is, when a man, against his own feelings, is flippant on subjects of faith with a view to the vulgar. These are sins which are sometimes committed; and they are great crimes, unless, indeed, on this earth, as a

stage, we are all of us mere puppets in a farce, for devils to laugh at.

That miracles are minor matters, and hardly worth an argument, is what a man may feel, and what, indeed, some Christians may think excusably, because of their ignorance. But what is the gospel which can be eliminated from the books of the evangelists, if all the miraculous narratives are false? Or what is the gospel, and where is it, which can be preached as though miracles were nothing? What is it? And where really is it to be found?

Thou minister of Christ, who art indifferent as to miracles! Take any one of the four Gospels and mark out of it every word which is connected with the miraculous, through the claims and actions of Jesus Christ; and what would you find remaining, do you think? But that is not all; for you have got yet to consider something more; and for reading and thought what would there be left of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, if every word connected with miracles were omitted, and if, also, every remaining sentence were fully discharged of that spirit, which never could have been in it but for a belief in miracles, and in angels, and in sympathy and communication between heaven and earth as to man? There would be nothing left; or what little there might be you would do better to be preaching from out of the multifarious Seneca.

Minister of Christ Jesus! Do you not know that the very word "Christ" does itself imply the miraculous, the anointing of the Spirit, the intervention of angels, and "the dispensation of the fullness of times?" A gospel which disowns inspiration and which denies the prophets, — what is that as good news? Good news coming from nowhere, what is that? A gospel of earthly origin — that is a self-contradiction in terms. Minister of Jesus Christ! It is no gospel for you to be preaching.

Certainly a church may be well morally without any belief in the Spirit, or in miracles, and without any other belief as to Jesus, than that he was a good man in the East, who came to a violent end, after having made a deep

impression on the minds of some people. And such a church also can be as beneficent as some remarkable heathen societies have been. But what it can be as to faith and as to joy in the Holy Ghost, when the leaders thereof do not know how to believe in miracles as being "signs" of a higher, wider world than what suffices us as to food, clothes, and breath? And that question is answered by things as they are at present, the bewildered, joyless state of the Christian Church, in every sect and section of it.

For Scriptural ends, how possibly can miracles be believed in aright, unless man be thought of as to his constitution, after the manner of Moses, Elijah, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, and John the Divine? Otherwise, how can a person believe in a prophet sensibly? Man is not merely a piece of clay in a superior state of organization; for still more fully and truly he is a spirit, akin for a time to that highly organized clay, and informing it. But as a spirit there belong to him faculties, and also a sharpness of faculty, which the clay does not allow of commonly as to exercise. And the prophet is the exceptional person with whom some spiritual power has a special opening now and then. Paul would have been a prophet, only that he was more than a prophet, and as such he had eyes for the sun and for this world of daily work, and eyes also within, which could open on "a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun." And Samuel was a prophet, because of his peculiarity as to hearing, and because he could hear, as a child even, a voice addressing him which was not of this world. And Abraham was a prophet because, besides being a good man, he also was susceptible of that deep sleep, trance, or state of vision, wherein angels can talk with the human soul, as though it were unclothed of the body, and more or less after their own pictorial way.

In the ministry of angels, whether as connected with an errand of mercy sometimes for an individual, or with influence as affecting the world, how little belief there is! In one church morality may be preached thoroughly and successfully; and in another that estimate of human nature may be realized which is so desperate, sometimes, as an article of faith;

while yet in another church theology may utter itself in such a metaphysical manner as that though anybody can acquiesce, nobody but an adept can believe. And yet throughout some great cities, it would perhaps be impossible to find a single person, who has understood the philosophy of revelation, as it is implied from Genesis to the Apocalypse, and as it is distinctly stated in the words of Stephen, the protomartyr, when he reproached the Jews as you "who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it;" and as also Paul wrote of it to the Galatians, where he says about the law, that "it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator." Angels may be the names of churches, and they may be garniture for poetry; but there is not a Protestant Church which thinks of angels as the early Christians did.

But here anybody of Dr. Middleton's school would exclaim, "Oh! but if you believe in angels, you must believe in ghosts, for the Jews did." And how, really, can any candid, thoughtful, fairly informed person doubt about spirits. And indeed, rightly, how can anybody doubt, unless he be also such a doubter about many things, as that really he ought to avoid human intercourse and keep to the house? And actually is it such an incredible thing, that, at the moment of death, a spirit, by some law of attraction, should cross the sight of a distant friend, and linger for a moment on its way into the invisible and eternal? Or for anything that anybody knows, is it right to deny the possibility of a spirit being caught by some earthly entanglement, for a time, so as even to be kept haunting a house? For, indeed, all round the world, how fast human beings always are becoming spirits; and in what crowds, every hour, they are ceasing from the body!

"But oh! Such a vulgar belief, as that in ghosts!" And so was Christianity itself a vulgar belief when it was the faith mainly of fishermen and publicans. And does not the Pope himself own that when he uses what he calls the seal of the fisherman? And vulgar enough, too, have been many of the sources of that natural science, which some of its professors idolize now, and exalt "above all that is called God, or that is worshiped." Precious are all the facts which illustrate the

nature and the connections and the susceptibilities of the soul And ghost-stories have their worth and their place, however lowly. And they certainly should not be disowned for a mere taunt.

It is all true! And spiritual apparitions cannot be scouted as a belief; but soon angels will begin to seem incredible; and where there is no belief in angels, it must soon be as though the Holy Ghost were merely a figure of speech, or as though, philosophically understood, the Holy Spirit must be an objective expression for a subjective experience. Questions disputed in theology are mostly the controversies of blind men about colors; and of such questions as are not of that nature, nearly all, at the end, are about simply the sensitiveness of a spirit in the flesh, and as to whether praying really is prayer, and really is that effectual, fervent and availing something, which St. James wrote of; and as to whether on this earth a man can possibly be known of, and be distinguished, and be pitied, and be helped by the Most High, or by any angel from off any one of the steps below his throne.

"Oh! but," it is cried, "how can an angel see my spirit or affect it, while it is in my body? For matter and spirit are so different!" But then there is no knowing what really matter is, either in itself or in its properties or limitations. And indeed in the animal economy, there is such a play of imponderable forces, as if considered, would easily persuade a man that already his way of life is more ghost-like than he could have thought. And indeed it is not at all a question of possibility, but only of testimony as to whether ever voices have been heard calling out of heaven, or figures been seen glistening with a light, which the sun never shone with. There must be a belief in "the inward man" and his affinities before there can be an intelligent faith as to all that which is called Christianity.

How can a man pray like a Christian, and ask for daily bread as a heavenly gift, unless, despite scientific and sensuous murkiness, he can believe in laws concerning himself, higher than those simply by which loaves are baked, and passed from hand to hand?

Not, however, that the light of science is murkiness for faith, because it is really the reverse. Nor is there ever any opposition between science and religion, except as between two heads, both of which together would only be large enough for one whole-souled man. Science in opposition to religion — what a notion! It might as well be fancied that the straight, tight wires of a harp are inconsistent with mellifluence of sound. Brass strings and laws of nature are all capable of being played upon by men, and by spirits too, who really are men, disembodied. Some of the laws of nature men compel to work in their kitchens and factories, as everybody knows; and therefore ought it not to be a credible thing that angels, with a science of their own, may be able to get at us poor mortals, on their errands from above, and be even able now and then to give "a sign," or as people say, work a miracle?

A man is not, at any time, merely or mainly, an Asiatic or a European, a preacher or a pew-holder: because fully and truly he is a child of God, and by birth, therefore, is in affinity with all the laws, by which the sun, moon and stars "are members one of another," and by which Christ Jesus is the elder brother of the soul. And there is not a law of nature, which a man can recognize, but is a sign of his being himself one of the "heirs of God," as regards eternity and the treasure-house of the infinite. Nor is there a thought or feeling of a saint in glory, with which a sinner can sympathize, but is a means, by which the saint and the sinner are in a way to meet.

The theology of the day, however, has grown so wise and weak, as actually from some high places to plead for faith in a hereafter, mainly as being useful after the manner of a constable with his staff. Yet in the autumn there is not a thistle but is prophetic of a summer to come, by the way in which its blossoms turn to seed; and concerning us mortals, as children of nature, there are things enough, which are prophetic of a supernatural state, if only we could regard them and believe.

Fashion affects one thing in one age, and another thing in

another, — ferocious independence at one time, and abject self-humiliation at another time, — faith for a while, and then skepticism. At present, it affects unbelief as to spirit. And even there are persons who fancy themselves members of some intellectual aristocracy, because of their doubting more than their grandfathers did, as they suppose. As though really doubting were the end of life; and as though it were the perfection of sight, to be sure about nothing! But as a matter of fact and wide observation, it may be asserted, that vulgarity, or the populace as such, is no more inclined to credulity, than are doctorships, earldoms, and royalty. And as a manifestation of human nature, for study spiritually, a good, unsophisticated English peasant is worth more than any aristocracy or any university at the present day; and the poor man would readily show himself wiser than scores of doctors in divinity and law, only that he cannot talk readily.

Is not the universe all alive? And materially at least, is it not sympathetic throughout, one grain of sand with another grain, one planet with another, and every sun, individually, with all other solar centres? Can I then, or reasonably can anybody know anything about the star Algol, and doubt as to whether possibly there can be ways or means through which mortals may be known of from heaven; or through which spiritually, for Daniel, "a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven?" There are men with their instruments, who could sit at Rome, in the dome of St. Peter's, and tell in a moment of a great thunder-storm, though it were happening even in the Andes, or on the Himalayas. Let any man think of it well and willingly, and that scientific fact will soon begin to be prophetic for him in the spirit.

The latent electricity of a cloud is probably more than half-way between our human dust and those powers, by which the angels flash with light, and are young and fresh forever.

What philosopher, anciently, ever thought that his body might perhaps be alive with the quality of the thunderbolt? But yet it was.

And what may be called the latent powers of man, spiritually, Plato knew of, and so more distinctly, perhaps, than he himself, did the Neo-Platonists. Yet those old philosophers, as to their faith spiritually, would have been rejoiced by those facts of natural science which are announced from time to time, at present, even though they are what some Christian leaders quail at, and some others dishonestly pretend to despise.

Religion kneels and prostrates herself for worship in churches and closets; but the angels, who know of her, and who hold the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints," also witness that in academies, and alongside of great telescopes, science, not without a sense of blindness, cries, "Lord, teach me, also, how to pray."

Our bodies are sensitive, in every particle, to every wind that blows, and to the sun and moon; and cannot, then, our souls be credited for sensibilities as to the Infinite and as to angels, and as to those outgoings of power from the Highest, by which worlds take form, and prophets speak.

For a monkey, science is nothing; but for reason at its highest, science with the whole earth in view, is a prophetess, and like faith is "the evidence of things not seen," such as spirit and heaven. And because of what particles of matter are to one another, chemically, we may well believe in there being in man affinities, latent mostly, but yet by some one of which, individuals may be connected unconsciously, through God, with one or other of "the seven spirits which are before his throne." And because of things, which are true and even familiar, it is possible, that from Christian descent, a soul may be so sensitive, as even to feel, at times, the glance of Christ from heaven, as certainly and tenderly as Peter felt that look of Jesus at him, when he went out from the house of the high priest, and wept bitterly. Are angels, any of them, sensible in heaven of the repentance of a sinner on our earth; then, no doubt, there are ways and means, by which the dwellers of earth may possibly, and at least occasionally, be rejoiced and helped by the angels of heaven.

It is not necessary, because of the Bible, to think that men

are all affected alike through their spiritual susceptibility. Men of one century and another differ from one another, more distinctly than people do who are contemporaries. And since Adam, perhaps, no two persons have ever been alike for sensitiveness as to the world of spirit, or as to the quality of their faith, any more than any two persons have ever been exactly alike in face since the time of Adam and Eve. And, therefore, to be genuine, the piety of the present day should be free to express itself in words and ways of its own. And therefore, also, at present, as to the spiritual world, faith ought not to be restricting its expectations to such signs from above, as were given to Gideon, or as were vouchsafed through Samuel and Elijah, or as transpired in connection with Paul and Peter.

By the sun our earth is warmed and lighted, but not to the same effect, probably, over any two separate miles anywhere. And that effluence of God, or quickening from on high, which is the Holy Ghost, is like the shining of the sun; for while it is the same in itself, it is yet for effect, not the same for any two souls, that have ever been. Perhaps this statement may seem novel, but it is not made lightly, nor without the full consent of ecclesiastical history, from the beginning of the book of Genesis to the present age.

Regeneration may be as various, almost, as the subjects of it. And a man may be regenerate without ever having heard of the new birth; and with him the spiritualization of nature may have been simply growth in grace. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And if these words mean anything at all, they imply that man in his spirit is receptive of the Spirit of God, and through organs, susceptibilities, and connections, of which perhaps he himself knows not, and cannot tell anything. The little child knows nothing about it, but he steps and runs by the same law as what the moon moves by, over the earth, and what keeps the earth hanging on the sun. And certainly as to our spirits, also, we must be living more sublimely than we know of, and by connections

reaching out very often, we know not whither. One man may say that it was, along with agonies of prayer, that there was formed in him Christ, the hope of glory; and another may be confident that his becoming a new man was through angelic agency; while still another may fancy that it was because of his suddenly bethinking himself of hell. But all these ways, and others innumerable, have one beginning, the Godhead, in which we live and move. It all, at last, means the living God, — the divine, vitalizing power, by which we live and work, and by which we think to live forever, notwithstanding the funereal formalities, which await us.

But there are Doctors of Divinity, calling themselves, in a sectarian way, by very different names, and there are dullards in multitudes, who are their fellow-thinkers; and they are all of them capable of saying here, with one voice, "But those explanations I do not understand about, and I do not acknowledge their being necessary. Let divinity keep to itself." But really anything which has here been written, is what can be understood by any one, who has the least possible right to dispute anything with anybody, intellectually. "Thou fool!" said St. Paul once; and would not he probably say the same thing to "some man," to-day. For actually and often, a man will jeer at the notion of the soul's having spiritual relations, because of their being, as he says, what he does not understand; while yet he is content to live, bodily, by the chemistry of the stomach, without knowing any more about it than does a pig in the straw, or a cow recumbent and ruminating.

But as a last cry from the school of Dr. Middleton, some theological dignitarian may exclaim, "What a mixture of science and religion!" And to that, the answer is very simple, and it is still what Paul might make. "But what a mixture is man himself of spirit and soul and body! And I pray God as to them all, that you may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

HUMBOLDT COLLEGE.

THERE are three colleges in the West which we, as friends of a liberal culture, ought especially to assist: Antioch College in Ohio, Washington University in Missouri, and Humboldt College in Iowa, seven or eight hundred miles from each of the others. Antioch and Washington are both well established and doing a great work, though the usefulness of each might be greatly extended by additional funds.

Humboldt College is just struggling into existence. It has lands valued at $60,000. It has an edifice, nearly half built, but needs $20,000 more to complete it. Two professorships are provided for, and a third nearly so. It is expected that the college will be opened in the course of the present year with a hundred scholars. But just at this time, they are in great need of $20,000 to complete their building. The college is under the control of men who are to be entirely relied upon, both on account of their unquestionable integrity of character and their practical good sense.

Rev. S. H. Taft, who has had this enterprise at heart for many years, and who is making it the work of his life, seems to us admirably fitted for the office which he has undertaken, uniting the religious faith, without which no such work can succeed, with the steadfastness which never wavers, and the practical judgment which knows how to adapt itself to existing circumstances and wisely adjust means to ends. We earnestly commend him and his work to those who look to the highest good of society in what is to be the heart of this great nation. We have entered into the labors of wise and good men, who often denied themselves the comforts of life that they might secure the blessings of education and of a higher civilization to us who should come after them. As we have received from them, shall we not also give, to extend the influences of a benign Christianity, and of science and literature through the regions where our descendants are much more likely to live than here in New England? "We must educate this people." In those great fertile valleys which lie in the geographical centre of the land, and which are capable of supporting hundreds of millions of people, the best institutions of religion and learning ought now to be [illegible]ed. There is no way in which a little money, wisely [illegible] can do a greater amount of good for future generations.

As Christians, as patriots, as philanthropists, as lovers of good learning and all humanizing and refined influences, we can hardly imagine a grander sphere of influence than is opening to us through these western colleges.

"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM."

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
  E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
  And walk upon the sea!

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
  Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path will find
  The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost, —
  Drear moment of delay!
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tossed, —"
  And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
  And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself, where'er he hears
  The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine!
  Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
  The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel,
  And wipe our tears away;
'Tis thine to order all things well,
  And ours to bless the sway.

ANON.

SECRET THINGS, GOD'S: REVEALED DUTIES, OURS.

A SERMON. BY THE LATE REV. S. G. BULFINCH, D.D.*

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law. — DEUT. xxix. 29.

THE great lawgiver of the Hebrews was on the banks of Jordan, near the close of his long guidance of his people through their desert wanderings. He had arrived with them at the fated river, which he must not pass; his destiny being, ere they should cross it, to go through a darker flood to a more glorious Land of Promise. But, before he leaves them, he would enumerate for their use, once more, the blessings they have received, the deliverances they have experienced, the lessons they have been taught, and the warnings with which those lessons have been accompanied. These are given in the Book of Deuteronomy, whether written by him or by another; a succession of addresses partly narrative, partly of precept, and partly of exhortation. To the first class belong the words before us, occurring at the end of a chapter in which he had warned them of the punishment they would incur should they wander from the obedience they owed to the law of God, and forsake his worship for that of idols. The disposition thus to wander arose, in great part, from a spirit of curious speculation. Men fancied to themselves what qualities distinguished the Deity they worshiped, and in order to realize these, represented them under the emblem of some animal or other object, natural or imaginary. Hence, the bull, the emblem of strength, was worshiped in Egypt. Hence, the monster gods of India, — statues with many arms and hands, representing superhuman power. Hence,

* This sermon was preached in the First Parish Church, Cambridge, on Sunday, Sept. 11, the last time Dr. Bulfinch addressed a congregation, and just one month before his decease.

the sun-worship of Persia, the created source of light and heat being first made the emblem, and then the substitute, of the God whose glory he reflects. From the idle speculation that led to such results, the Hebrew lawgiver bids his people turn away, and worship in humble but rational obedience the God of whom he had taught them. "Secret things," he says, "belong unto God:" the nature of his person, the visible attributes of his power, he has not made known; "but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

Idolatry is not the sin of our age; but the precept given to them of old time is still applicable, and may be found full of instruction to us. Different as are our habits of thought, we, too, are often inclined to wander from the plain path of the known and the essential, in curious speculation regarding what is unknown and of comparatively little importance.

We do this, sometimes, in regard to religious doctrine, and it is well for us here to heed the precept that was given long since to the chosen people. Not that the investigation of religious doctrine is to be censured. To "search the Scriptures" is a task which our Saviour enjoined upon the men of his time, and for which others, in the times of the apostles, were commended as acting nobly. We are accustomed to congratulate ourselves and name it as a cause of thankfulness to God, that we are not, like many in former ages, debarred from acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, — that they are before us in our own language, and that the education which enables us to read them is possessed by all; and, having been thus privileged, we know there is an answering duty and responsibility. So, too, with the Book of Nature, that still grander volume, in which the doctrines of God's existence, his power and justice, his wisdom and his love, are written in characters of celestial light; it is our duty to read that volume, — to behold how "the heavens declare his glory," and how "the firmament showeth forth his handiwork." But, alike in our study of the Book of Nature and that of Revelation, a distinction should be made between

what God has clearly revealed, and that which he has dimly indicated, or left to be inferred by allowable yet uncertain conjecture. "Secret things belong unto him," not in the sense that he forbids us reverently to aspire to understand anything in his works or in his word; not in the sense that we need fear discovering anything he designs to conceal; for that would suppose his wisdom and his power to be baffled of their purpose by our weak attempts. No; wherever he hath spoken, we may rightly listen; whatever he hath done, we may lawfully investigate. But after all our listening, after all our investigation, it will remain true as at the first, that some things are shrouded in mystery, while others are clear as the day. And with these two classes before us, we may be tempted, as many others have been, to disregard the plain and feel the fascinating influence of the undiscovered. Then let us recall, for our guidance, the direction of our text. Far more important to us are those things which God has revealed than those which he has hidden. It must be so, to maintain the justice and wisdom of his government. What earthly ruler would require of his subjects obedience to a code of laws which he had carefully hidden from their knowledge? What parent would blame his children for not conforming to his wishes, when he had not made known to them what those wishes were? We may be assured then, that in God's teaching, as in man's, what is clearest is of most importance; and while there is no law forbidding our acquisition of whatever knowledge comes within the grasp of our minds, those treasures of loftiest wisdom, as we deem them, which we may attain by studying the writings of the deepest thinkers, and by our own patient meditation for years together, will not be as practically important as the first plain principles which we learned in the early lessons of a mother's love. Not as practically important, and, strange as it may appear, not as sublime. What discovery of ancient or modern genius, what truth won from the Book of Nature, what mystery developed from the obscurer portions of Scripture, is as grand as that brief sentence, "God is Love?" What creed elaborated by council or synod, as comprehensive as the words, "This is

life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Chirst whom thou hast sent?"

We find then a source of comfort, if baffled in the attempt to master those difficulties with which the study of the most exalted themes is beset, if,

> "Reasoning high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> We find no end, in wandering mazes lost."

We may conclude, then, that what is so hard to understand cannot be among those things that are required of us as means for our salvation. We know not fully the Saviour's place in the universe; we may be comforted by remembering that he himself declared, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father." We do not precisely comprehend *how* he saves mankind; let us find relief in the thought that if he who saves us understands the method, and if we try to act according to his directions, the great work will be accomplished. Mysteries, abstruse and questionable doctrines, all about which men contend, partake of the nature of those secret things that belong unto God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and unto our children forever, that we may *do* all the words of this law."

And, as with respect to doctrines, so is it with regard to doubts. In our age, indeed, doubt seems to have taken the place of doctrine; and instead of being bewildered, as our fathers were, with the subtleties of a faith against which intellect and feeling rose in rebellion, we are tried by a spirit of questioning, which fulfills the duty of "proving all things," but renders it extremely difficult to "hold fast that which is good." The inspiration of prophets and apostles, the trustworthiness of the sacred writers, the miracles of the Saviour, the personal existence of God himself, are all subjected to a process of investigation, withheld by no scruple, and conducted with equal ingenuity and fearlessness. Amid this sea of uncertainty, when sometimes even the anchor of the Christian's faith gives way, what shall guide his course but the fixed, the unchanging, the polar star of practical duty, of unquestionable right?

The name of Frederick Robertson has become familiar to us Unitarians; for though belonging to the Church of England, there was much in his habits of thought and feeling to engage our sympathy, and he, being dead, yet speaketh in such words of rational piety, of deep spiritual insight, and especially of generous consideration for the laboring classes, as have seldom been uttered from a position like his. It was part of his experience to pass through a period of distressing doubt. Studying, with an ardent desire of knowledge, what had been written by the most eminent among the philosophers and skeptics of Germany, he had sounded the depths of unbelief, and had shuddered at their awful gloom before his heart found peace in a calm assurance of the gospel truth. In one of his addresses he speaks of the condition of a mind thus harrassed with doubts, in evident memory of what he himself had gone through. "It is an awful hour," he says, "when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit when everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still, — the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, or no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he, who, when all is cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed because his night shall pass into clear, bright day."

Yes, we may respond to these noble words, that night shall

pass away. The word which Jesus spoke has been verified times without number, — "If any man will do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be true or whether I speak of myself." Truths are of kindred with each other, and if any one has received and welcomed that which plainly came to him, this will be his guide to the discovery of those that yet hide themselves from his search. Thus it was with that true and brave spirit whose words I have quoted. He describes the peace which he had found at length, in speaking of what had come to others. "I appeal," he says, "to the recollection of any one who has passed through that hour of agony and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but of his own, — a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

Is it not, my friends, with regard to those things which are doubted now, as with those which were doubted in times past, that the subjects of controversy, important as they may be, are secondary in comparison with those respecting which there is no controversy? Philosophy may perplex itself with questions as to the *manner* of the Divine existence, and the method employed in the processes of creation; but the fact of the existence of a Divine Creator hardly any man with claims to sanity has ventured to deny. There are those who question the outward miracles recorded in the history of the Jewish people; but who can dispute the wonder of their whole national course, and of their present existence? Take away, if you please, the fact that God led them for forty years through the wilderness of Arabia; you cannot touch the fact that he has led them for three thousand years through the wilderness of human history, — the one chosen people who have borne witness to the great doctrine that the Lord our God is one Lord. Some, again, tell us that Jesus did not give sight to the blind, heal the leprosy by a word, and raise the dead to life. We will defend the truth we hold in these respects; but we will not feel that even these wondrous works

are of such importance to his glory or to our salvation, as it is that he has opened the eyes blinded by ignorance, healed the leprosy of the soul, and raised to a purer and a nobler life those who were dead in trespasses and sins. Amid the doubts and controversies of our day, if all else seems to us at times uncertain, we can still hold fast to the Fatherhood of God, to the holy character and the exalted teaching of Jesus, to the unalterable laws of duty, to the blessed hope of a life beyond the grave. And if in our heart of hearts we cherish what is thus, at least comparatively, undisputed, we may hope that the God we try to serve will cause yet more of light to break forth for us from his holy word.

To those, then, whose investigations, long pursued, have resulted only in confusion, I would say, leave for a time, at least, the uncertainties of speculation, and turn to the certainties of unquestioned truth, of grateful feeling, and practical obedience. Pause from your high search into the mysteries of the Divine plans, and listen to the voice of the Most High calling you to his service in the opportunities he presents to you. Inspect no longer with fruitless curiosity the credentials of your sacred Guide, but place yourself trustingly under his direction. Look up to him, not with the intellect to analyze the light upon his brow, and determine how far its radiance transcends mortality, but with the affections to recognize its heavenly beauty, and to own him who bears it as the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Then led by that model of perfected human nature, will you find the way before you cleared from the barriers which doubt had planted there; and, carrying the spirit of Jesus into the actions of your daily life, shall you realize in your consciousness another of his blessed promises: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

Thus, too, it is with the many thoughts that press upon us in the hour of bereavement, or when the shadow of the tomb we are approaching lies coldly upon our path. We would fain have an answer to that ancient question, "How are the

dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" and there are other questions, some which like that have been asked in turn by each successive age; others that have but lately found their expression. Shall the spirit sleep until a general resurrection, or shall the moment of each one's departure be the moment of birth into a higher life? Have the spirits of the departed knowledge of what occurs in the world from which they have gone? Can they aid by unknown influences those they have left behind? and is there truth in the accounts of older or of more recent date that they have manifested themselves to men? Does probation utterly cease at death, or is there still trial, responsibility, the possibility of improvement, or the risk of a deeper fall? Shall all at length be happy, or may any fail forever of the great object of their being? If among such thoughts the soul fails to find the rest it seeks; and especially if there be perceived a tendency to dwell upon these thoughts as if they were the great things of God's law; as forms indistinctly seen loom greater through the haze that surrounds them; then let it be remembered that "secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed, unto us;" and among such are the great principles of God's justice and of his mercy, of man's destiny to live again, and of accountability for deeds done in the body.

For these great and unquestionable truths let us give thanks to him who has bestowed the knowledge of them. Let us not like ungrateful children complain that we have not more, but appreciate rather the excellence, the full sufficiency, of what we do possess. It is lawful, indeed, for us to seek more knowledge; but it is impossible for us to attain to all. Whatever insight God might have granted us into those secret things that belong to him, yet, so long as heaven is above earth, we could not know the whole. And it may be that what he has concealed is to add delight by its discovery, whether gradual, or in one full burst of illumination, to our future state; a delight which what we here derive from acquisitions of knowledge can but faintly prefigure. Yes, we shall know as the angels know.

"On all they look on we shall look,
And to our eyes ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to learn."

Here, however, we walk by faith, not by sight; and let us thank God that he has made all that is most important in the objects of faith so distinct that in regard to them we scarcely miss the evidence of vision.

The principle laid down in the words before us is not, however, to be confined in its application to subjects of religious belief. It is true and valuable in relation to the common conduct of life. Here it points out to us the clear path of duty, and frees us at once from anxiety respecting the future, and from morbid regret for the past. How often, when we ought to be enjoying some interval of rest, whether that of the blessed Sabbath, or some longer time of recreation, do we lose all its pleasure and no small portion of the strength it should have afforded, by suffering our minds to go forward in vain musings to try to read the uncertain future! We would know whether this attempt shall succeed according to our hopes, whether that shall utterly fail, as we have cause to fear. The prospects and the lives of those dear to us, and our own, present unnumbered themes on which we may be easily led beyond the limits of a prudent care, to brood morbidly over what is utterly beyond our power to ascertain or to control. Let us, in such moments, find at once restraint and comfort in the thought of Him who governs all things mysteriously, indeed, but with perfect wisdom and love. Secret things belong unto him; the scroll of the future no eye but His can read; and we know that thus it is best for us, and for all, that it should be. They, who, according to the fancies of less enlightened times, were permitted, by some magic power, to gain an insight into the future, found the wonderful boon partial and deceptive. The shadow of a coming sorrow cast a gloom over their way, and excited them to anxious and unavailing precautions, instead of a calm enjoyment of the present, and the discharge of its duties; or they saw some tempting prize without perceiving the crime that led to it, or

the misery that would follow; like the Scottish chief, in the tragedy, led by such prophecies to murder his sovereign and benefactor, and usurp his throne; then to find, too late, that he had been serving a fiend, who showed him only enough of truth to lead him on to his own destruction. No, let us not have the bane, if we have not also the antidote; let the future still be hidden from us, if we know it not all; and who could endure to know it all, unless he had superhuman strength to bear the fearful burthen of superhuman knowledge? Let the "secret things" be still in the keeping of Omnipotence, but "the things which are revealed," let us remember, "belong unto us." As far as sound judgment can anticipate what is to come, as far as reasonable precaution can avert the evil, or manly effort bring about the good, so far the future is ours; its control is among the duties of the present. Let us diligently and cheerfully perform it, and leave the event to the disposal of the Almighty.

It is towards the future that anxious care is naturally directed, and yet we find it, in some instances, with reverted glance looking over the path that already has been trod, and with regretful sadness striving to discover not what will be, but what might have been. When we find our plans disappointed, we are apt, in musing over our loss, to think how all might have been changed, if, in some one moment, we had acted differently. Thoughts of this kind often deepen the affliction of the bereaved, as they see, or fancy they see, some deficiency in attention or in skill, on their own part or on that of others, and infer that if that had not been their friend would have been living still. Such reflections have their fitting place, indeed, where there is anything in the past that calls for repentance. When our own wrong conduct has occasioned suffering we ought to recognize the fact, and ought to image to ourselves the different result that might have taken place, in order that we may be deeply sensible of our fault, and guarded against committing it in future. But it is otherwise when our conduct was not wrong, but only unfortunate; our effort for the best being frustrated by causes whose action we could neither anticipate nor control.

In such instances it is mere idle self-torture to imagine how a different course might have led to different results. The results of either course were hidden from us; they were of the number of those "secret things" that belong unto God; and what we had to do with was "those things which were revealed," — our apparent duty according to the light we had. Still more should we do wrong to censure others for consequences of their conduct which they did not intend and could not foresee. And then, too, we are but incompetent judges in the case. We fancy what might have been in a given instance, had one or another pursued a different course; but our fancy has but slight materials on which to ground its decision. If one particular had been different, that change would have thrown all that followed into uncertainty, and who shall answer for it that no erroneous step would then have brought about the evil from which we fancied we had escaped? No; let us shun the self-torment of dwelling, for no useful purpose, on the past: —

> "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

No, that is among the secrets that belong to God. Our part is to do our best in circumstances as they are.

To this result, then, do we come; and it is one which bids us be grateful to Him, who has made the path of duty plain before us. "Duties are ours, events are God's." Alike in doctrine and in action, the plainest is the most important. Even when different duties seem to claim our choice, it will, with few exceptions, appear that those are worthy to be preferred which are not the most exceptional and striking to the eye of man, but which are the most common, plain, and obvious. It is not given to all to sustain trusts of prominent importance, to defend imperiled truth with sword, or tongue, or pen, or carry to distant lands the banner of the cross; but it is within the power of all to discharge life's ordinary tasks with steadfast, humble effort, and patiently to bear such forms of trial as thousands have borne before. If, while thus employed, He, to whom secret things belong, should call us

to more exalted duty or to heavier trial, we may trust that He will give us strength according to our need; and if not, we shall still find, in a grateful and contented spirit, the blessing of Him whom in humility we try to serve.

"Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed, at dawn, I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal, —
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
"Thanks be to heaven," in happy mood, I said;
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes,
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea.
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

— *Charles Turner.*

THE Jews were right about the matter in dispute between them and the Samaritans. "Salvation is with the Jews." But this is never held out to us as any justification of their behavior. — *Arthur Helps.*

REVISION OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.*

Of the books called forth by the present agitation for a revision of our English Bible, one of the most attractive for its good looks and for its brevity is Blunt's "Plain Account." But the fair promise of the outside is but poorly kept by the inside. Judging by this book, Mr. Blunt lacks decidedly the higher qualities of the critic and historian. "Proportionate judgment," just regard for the limits of his knowledge, power of organizing facts, penetrative insight into the character of persons and events, historical imagination, — such qualities as these which so highly distinguish Westcott's "History of the English Bible," are wanting in the book before us. Thus in the heroic Tyndale, whom Westcott portrays with such loving power, Mr. Blunt sees little except a man of "unamiable" temper, whose "manner of writing about sacred subjects is often inexpressibly shocking." "Commonplace" is the best substitute we can think of for "plain" in the title of this book. Its chief value lies in its quotations, which are many and interesting, and in the facts which it gives, though even as a compiler Mr. Blunt is wanting in thoroughness.

Mr. Blunt closes his book with an interesting but meagre account of the movement now in progress for revising our Authorized Version. He has little sympathy for this movement, and draws a distinction, and seems inclined to make an opposition, between a "critically correct version" and "a version adapted for spiritual purposes." A moment's thinking, however, will convince any one that no translation can be satisfactory which does not fulfill both of these conditions. A version not critically correct, that is false, may be a good book; but just in proportion as it is incorrect it ceases to be the Bible, and becomes the original work of those who make the version. A true and exact translation is not only a just,

* A plain account of the English Bible. By J. H. Blunt. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1870. Pp. xi. 114.

but a necessary demand on the part of all interested in the Bible, which never will and never ought to cease until, as far as practicable, it is satisfied. For two hundred and fifty years, while Biblical science has greatly advanced, no decided effort has been made until lately to apply its results to our household version. On the other hand, that version is, if we may use the word, a religious institution. By its own inherent virtues it has rooted itself deep in our hearts. It is interwoven with our religion. Any attempt to revise it must be a reformation, not a revolution. Whatever objections there may be to the present attempt at revision, it is certainly the most considerable attempt since 1611. The rules which guide it show a just regard for our venerable version, and the amount of learning associated in it gives us a fair hope of good result. When the work is finished, the great public, which cares more for results than processes, will doubtless give it its just place. If, on the whole, it excel our present version — of which after all it will be merely the revision, as our version was the revision of an older version — we may be sure that it will finally take the place of that version with the public; if not, it will at least be of great use to the clergy and to scholars.

This * is an able discussion of the propriety of revising our authorized version, and sets forth very fairly the *pro* side, besides doing justice, we think, to the other side. It is marked by the scholarship, the humanity, the fair regard for others, the discretion, and the quiet courage which characterize the best men among the liberal Anglicans. It contains incidentally a sketch of the history of our authorized version, and gives tentative specimens of a version revised on the principles advocated by the author, and adopted by the Convocation of Canterbury, whose committee, with associated scholars, are now engaged in the work of revision. Although an occasional work, and especially interesting to those engaged directly or indirectly with the revision, it will be useful

* Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament, by C. J. Ellicott, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1870. Pp. ix. 222.

to those interested in the general subject, and to those who wish to know upon what principles the revision at present in progress will probably be conducted.

F. T. WASHBURN.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

A FEELING of personal grief must have been excited in the hearts of the two or three thousand graduates of this time-honored institution of learning by the news of the destruction of the building which had become so endeared and sacred to them. The intelligence must have reminded them vividly of their old associates and teachers, their early studies and hopes, and the influences there begun, which have done so much to make life what it has been to them in all that is richest and best. The students of Exeter Academy have usually a peculiar affection for the place. In the simple and economical habits which have been cherished there, and which are essential to the highest well-being of such an institution, and in the larger liberty and the more generous confidence extended to them, they found there an atmosphere favorable to the best affections and habits of their youth. Many of them look back to it as the birth-place of their minds, where they awoke to the consciousness of intellectual and moral power, and first came into possession of their faculties.

Those who regard it with these feelings will rejoice to do what they can to turn into a blessing the apparent misfortune which has fallen upon it. We are glad to know that the Alumni have taken the matter in hand, and are hoping, with the aid of other friends of good learning, to raise a hundred thousand dollars, so as to rebuild the edifice and add to the permanent fund of the institution. It will be necessary for them to submit to some personal sacrifices in order to make a suitable return for the benefactions which they have received. If every graduate of the institution (for every graduate has been a beneficiary) will view the matter in this light, and make up his mind to give in some proportion, according to the value of what he has received and the amount which he is able to [illegible], this apparent calamity will make a new era in the prosperous [illegible] honorable career of Phillips Exeter Academy.

PRAYER.

BY AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

prayer I mean that communion of the human soul the Divine Spirit which brings in upon the soul the ' consciousness of the divine presence, the divine help, he divine guidance. It is a spiritual exercise. It may pressed in speech, or it may be the silent, meditative mplation of the perfections of Deity and the reaching the soul to union with God. It has different manifesta- in different persons. There are some in whom it is of turous character. It would seem as though the soul seized hold upon, and carried away beyond itself, — ris- on its wings and flying up to the "third heaven." It d with light and joy, as though the divine glory and the : love were shining into and through the depths of its

There are others, less demonstrative natures, that ore self-contained and more quiet in their devotions. find their God in the silence of their souls' profoundest Rather, they wait to be found of him.

: soul is always opening upward, that it may catch vhat of the sweet and holy influence of God's love as cends upon his children. There may be no outward of worship. There may be no perceptible interruption 's familiar duties. Yet the soul may keep undisturbed itself the image of God, and dwell continually in his ice. And between this silent communion and the de- rative expression, there are all varieties of devotional se, as there are all varieties of personal character and al disposition.

religions have taken it for granted that man is a being ays. The desire for prayer is constitutional. It is, so ak, entwined among the roots of human nature. Nay, self one of those roots. Man must pray, of necessity. iritual connections with God are such as to induce him for the divine converse and communion. One may

as well think of the child in its home as not desiring to communicate with its parents, as of man feeling no yearning of the heart to communicate with God.

It is true that this yearning may be suppressed and sometimes overborne. The child may be estranged from the parent and go so far away from home as to have no longing to return thither. So man may be so perverted in his heart by the evil influence of selfishness and sin as to have no wish to see, to know, to converse with God; as even to desire to expel the thought of God from his mind. But both these, I think, are extreme cases. We call the former an unnatural experience. Is not the latter equally so? It is useless to speak of human nature as so vile as never to feel the divine attractions. Whatever isolated instances there may be of this extraordinary distance from Deity, the general rule contemplates an entirely opposite character. We at once call such instances exceptional. It is painfully true, that the great sinners of the race belong as much to humanity as the shining saints — but certainly not more. If, in order to prove the degradation and depravity of human nature, the moralists adduce the deep iniquities into which man has fallen, we have an equal right to adduce the high excellence to which man has, in some cases, attained, to show that human nature is capable of approaching nearly to the divine life. Man can go down to the mouth of the pit. Yes: but he can also ascend to the gates of heaven. And we are glad to believe that, however deeply he descends, the divine love does not wholly let him go, but still seeks after him, that it may persuade him back. By this very act it calls him to prayer.

The nature and modes of prayer would be variously determined, according to the different grades of spiritual culture. There is a long interval between the offering which the Pagan makes to his idol and the prayer with which the enlightened Christian communes with the Father of spirits. In this are all the kinds of worship — formal and otherwise — which express the devotional feelings of the worshiper. But may we not say that the spirit is the same, more or less purely manifested in all. The Pagan may bow the head before his idol, the

Parsee prostrate himself before the sun, the Mohammedan turn towards Mecca, the Hebrew towards Jerusalem, the Christian kneel in the presence of an invisible Deity. But in each and all is the act of prayer. It may be in the spirit of fear, of submission, of adoration, or of love. But in whatever way it may have been expressed, if made sincerely, it is a genuine spiritual manifestation. And we may well believe that the infinite Deity, regarding, indeed, with pity the benighted worshiper, doth yet accept the worship.

Not always will the Pagan bow down to wood and stone. For God makes provision for an advance in spiritual knowledge and spiritual appreciation. It is not many centuries since our ancestors on the British moors, or in German forests, engaged in rites from which we should turn away with horror. Humanity outgrows its early superstitions, but it never outgrows its needs. The same necessity exists now as pressed upon the childhood of the race, — the necessity of communion with the Divine Father. The spirit is purer and higher, but the attraction and the impulse are the same. Believing, as I do, that the simplest methods are best, I still can charitably view the elaborate forms of a more ceremonial religion; because I look behind the form to that which it is intended to express, and endeavor to discern the spirit which there lies hid. If, however, the spirit has died out, and there be merely a form, it is an abomination. But who shall judge his neighbor in this matter? To his own conscience every man must stand or fall, and before the eye of God we all come into judgment.

Christ himself, we know, favored the simplest possible expression of devotion. To one who looked up to the supreme Deity as a son to a father, communion with his heavenly Parent was necessarily free and unreserved. It was as natural as the conversation which takes place daily in any one of our homes. Who would wish to have his children adddress him in a constrained and formal way, as though there were a great distance between him and them? What parent would have his children regard him with fear, as though they must in some measure propitiate the parental favor? There are, indeed,

some fathers whose presence in the household is not pleasing or welcome to their children. There is a certain shrinking or dread, a subsidence of spirits, a falling into silence, a sudden darkening of the sky of home, as when a cloud passes over the face of the sun. There are others whose coming is the signal for a new uprising of life, a fresh outpouring of affection, a fullness of joy. The home is filled with light, as when the sunshine streams into a room with its blessed warmth and beauty. The children cling to them and lean upon them, and show their trust in a thousand nameless ways. It is as though, when this strong, cheerful, and loving presence was in the house, there was no more cause for sadness, care, or fear. Now in some such way as this, but with a higher and fuller life, the presence of God was full of strengh and joy to Christ. And so it would be to ourselves, if we rightly comprehended and appreciated the relation which we have as children to the Almighty Father. As, also, the intercourse of children with a father is of the simplest and most trustful kind, so was the communion between Christ and God; and so would be our communion with our heavenly Parent, if our spiritual nature had been properly cultivated; and so will it be when we reach the heavenly state.

It seems almost needless now to say that the Lord's Prayer is the simplest and most comprehensive form which has ever been delivered to mankind. It expresses every thing: our sonship to God; the reverence due to him whom we worship; the hope of the triumph of the divine truth, and the coming in of the unspeakable blessings of the undisputed divine government of mankind; the submission and trust, the obedience and fidelity which belong to the doing of the divine will; the need of being fed with that bread from on high, of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger; the sense of penitence, the desire for forgiveness, even as one wishes to be forgiven and would forgive; the consciousness of weakness in the presence of temptation and evil, and the sublime confidence in the all-sufficient help of God! What more can we ask in prayer? What more would we express? Jesus also recognized the need of the soul for per-

sonal communion. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret." When he desired to enjoy the truest communion with God, he went away into the solitude of a mountain, or some secluded place apart by himself, to pray. Why was this? It was because, as it seems to me, Christ would impress upon his disciples the fact that, in the deepest spiritual exercise, there can be present only the two souls that are intimately bound together in this confidential communion. A multitude would be distraction. Even a third person would be an interruption.

This is the great objection to public prayer, that there must always be the consciousness of the presence of others to disturb the freedom with which the individual soul communes with itself and God. There is the temptation to make the prayer an exhibition of one's self — to be seen of men. The great advantage of public prayer is in the spiritual sympathy which it engenders, and the community of feeling and purpose in which all in the congregation, with one heart and voice, raise their praises and supplications to the universal Father.

There are some persons who desire an elaborate ceremonial worship, like that of the Romish Church, a greater richness and fullness of form than the plain and unadorned language of the soul, which feels its need and cries out unto God for supply. I think that it is a departure from the simplicity which was in Christ and his church of the early times, and in the gospel that has come down to us. There was but little form in the action of the publican who smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But whether there be form or not, — and this is a matter which each one must decide in his or her own conscience and according to one's own spiritual aptitudes, — the great requisite is, that we should all observe the rule of Christ and remember his words: "The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and

in truth." There is no question that even in the culture of the Roman church — with its pageantry of prayer, which, to our plain eyes, seems to foster spiritual pride and vain glory — there have been many humble and saintly souls, that have approached very near to God, and found God very near to them. The Spirit has many voices and many modes of manifestation. It only suffices that it be the Spirit that speaks and shows itself to man!

There are some persons who object to all prayer, formal or otherwise. In their view, the Supreme God does not need the thanksgiving, the praises or the worship of men, obscure and insignificant creatures as they are. Nor would his will or purpose be turned by any petition which they might raise. Moreover, his infinite wisdom already knows and has provided for the wants of his children, and it is superflous for them to make any expression of their indigence or necessity. Did not Christ himself say, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him"? Why then pray at all? Besides, man is so limited in his knowledge of the true nature of his life, and even of his own wants, as to be in great danger of asking for many things which he does not really need, and the possession of which would be an injury. The good which he ought to have, he knows not of. The specious ill, which he desires, blinds and deceives him with its glare and glitter. So he knows not what to pray for as he ought. Moreover, is it not the essence of trust to confide entirely in the judgment of one's friend and benefactor, believing that he will always do what is for one's best good? Is it not the essence of our trust in God, to be entirely content with the designs and decrees of his providence, and to feel that his ways are always the best for us? Why, then, not yield implicitly to the provisions which he has made for our welfare? In this view prayer seems useless, — an expenditure of feeling which has no practical or beneficial results.

To this I make reply, that, although it may be true that the praise of his creatures may not be absolutely needed by the Creator, yet there is no question that it is acceptable. He has implanted within us the desire and the impulse to

praise his name, and these must have their opportunity of exercise. God does not need that the flowers should blossom, or the trees clothe themselves in their garniture of green, or the birds should sing in the morning and the evening, or the sun and stars should fill the world with their glory. Yet all these find a voice to speak forth the praise of Him who gave them life. The Psalmist was not extravagant when he expressed the wish, "Let the heaven and the earth praise Him, the seas and everything that moveth therein." God does not need that we should express our gratitude for the blessings that have come to us from his infinite love. But when our hearts are touched by the sense of his goodness to us, how can we keep back the utterance of our thanksgiving? To a devout and grateful heart the praise of God is as much a necessity as the singing of the birds or the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. It may, also, be true, that if our prayers were composed entirely of petitions they might seem needless. For God gives unto us all needful things without our asking. But perpetually to ask of God, as a querulous or acquisitive child asks of its parent, is not to pray. A selfish importunity is not prayer. Prayer, in the instance of petition, is the expression of the conscious need of divine help and love. It is the recognition of our own weakness,—our own inability to supply the want which oppresses us. It is the confession of our hearts that they do not, in themselves, suffice for the attainment of life's greatest good, and that they must seek in God, where alone it can be found, their chief supply. This recognition of need, this confession of weakness, is made to ourselves as well as unto God, and we are impelled by it to go out of ourselves that we may obtain the strength and support that we require. It is true, also, that prayer cannot turn the Deity from his purpose, or change the decrees of his will. But it will have the effect of making ourselves better acquainted with the divine purpose, and more ready to come into accord with the divine will. By this reverent communion we shall come nearer to the divine love, that we may know more of its workings and feel more of its influence. Then, too, it must be borne in mind that

our best blessing in life is not so much in finding God, as of being found of him, — our souls coming into such a frame of spiritual life as to contain within them and to reflect from their depths the divine image. When the sunlight strikes upon the prepared plate of metal or glass, the perfect image is photographed thereon. So when the divine love falls upon the sensitive soul, the Divine Being seems to impress himself upon it in lines of lasting beauty. And it is prayer that thus prepares the soul for the reception of the divine life and light!

It may not be a divine need, but it is certainly a human need, to pray. Here is the reason why we should pray, and here also is the efficacy of the exercise. It is a chief means of training the soul to a comprehension of its relationship to God, and an appreciation of the divine nearness to it. It may not be that in praying for temporal blessings we always receive them. Even spiritual blessings are sometimes withheld. The heavens are not opened to send down rain upon the thirsty earth because we pray for it. The rain would come whether we prayed or not. Sickness and death are not necessarily averted because we pray for such relief. Did not Christ pray, with agonized spirit, that the cup might pass from him? Yet the bitter draught was not taken from his lips. Do we not sometimes pray that a beloved friend, who is nigh unto death, may be spared to us? Yet is the friend taken, notwithstanding our earnest beseeching. How fervidly have shipwrecked men and women prayed for deliverance, yet found it not! What cries for help have been put up by souls in mortal peril, yet without receiving the aid they desired in the way they looked for it! What efficacy, then, in prayer? In such cases the efficacy lies in the increased strength which the soul receives to bear the ordainings of the divine will; in the deeper trust into which the soul enters, as it confides more completely in the dispositions which the divine providence has made for it. This strength and trust do certainly come in answer to prayer. They came to Christ, and his word was: "Thy will, Father, not mine, be done!" They come to every one who prays. The soul grows strong in prayer,

for the divine strength enters into it. Though we may not receive what we have asked for, we are taught that it is better for us not to receive it. We are convinced that there is some good reason why it does not come. We trust more in the divine judgment, and to that we submit our own.

One can easily perceive in what spirit different persons bear disappointments and troubles. Some are hard and unforgiving, full of murmuring and complaint, as though some special injustice had been done to them. Others are calm, serene, enduring with sweet composure the ills that spring up in their path, or befall them on the way. How hard some men fight their troubles through! With what a bitter spirit they meet the difficulties that arise before them! How buoyantly do others carry themselves amid the trying circumstances of their lives! The secret of the difference lies in the fact that those on whom trouble sits so lightly are accustomed to open their souls, to let the divine help come in; while those on whom the conflict presses so severely brood over the hardness of their lot, and cherish a spirit of discontent, and even of rebellion, against the divine will.

If, therefore, we would live calmly and at peace both with ourselves and God, we must learn to pray. If we would be lifted above the petty meannesses and strifes of this earthly life, which vex and try us, we must enter into communion with the lofty souls that live above the world, — most of all, with Him in whom is everlasting peace, and strength, and rest! If we would live nobly, justly, truly, we must seek our inspiration and impulse in the infinite nobleness, justice, truth, that are in the life of God!

The relation of prayer to duty is a point which deserves a special consideration. Hooker says that "Prayer is the potent inner supplement of noble outward life." Prayer has its relations to the practical duties of life, and these are close and intimate. For the spirit of prayer, going up to the Father, descends again with consecrating power upon all the familiar scenes of life. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small." Certainly, if he love, he will work well and faithfully in the direction of his love. The

spirit of his devotion is like the evening dew, which rises invisibly from the earth, only to fall again on bud and leaf and flower, for their refreshing, and when the morning comes, to sparkle over all the fields in the glad sunlight. So doth prayer refresh and brighten all the humble walks and labors of our lives. And again, the spirit of prayer is a consecration of our daily, active life, particularly as regards our intercourse with one another. For we pray not for ourselves alone — we pray for others. And certainly we cannot pray for others without being more kindly disposed towards them. If they become the object of our supplications, and if for them our praises and thanksgiving are raised on high, we certainly are the better prepared to be faithful in our duties toward them, and toward them we can only cherish a spirit of good will. We certainly can have no strife with those for whom we pray. When, therefore, Jesus tells his disciples to pray for them that despitefully use them and persecute them, he is pronouncing a precept of the utmost practical value. It is the spirit of that dominion over which he is Prince of Peace! We must also remember that we are ignorant of many of those laws by which the spiritual forces of our life are set in motion. It is possible that our prayers for others may convey to them blessings of which neither they nor we can know the source. Who shall say that a mother's or a father's prayers may not save a child from danger or destruction? We do not always know how or by whom we are influenced, or how we influence others. But we may well believe that the love and trust which are in our hearts, and which thus breathe themselves forth, will go with blessing to many lives around us.

The Apostle Paul declares that we should "pray without ceasing." That is, we should cherish the spirit of prayer, — the acknowledgment, the recognition, the consciousness of the divine presence with us, everywhere and at all times. There may be no formal, outward expression, but the spirit in the heart shall bring down a blessing upon the life. Therefore, should we carry this spirit into all our familiar life, into the hour of our success and joy, when the great prizes of life have fallen into our hands, when the precious gifts of recip-

rocal affection and parental love have been bestowed upon us, when our being is filled with light and our path strewn with flowers, that we may be kept from pride and selfish forgetfulness of God! We need it in the hour when difficulties and disappointments rise before us; when temptations assail us and we feel inclined to yield; when duties press and we are moved to swerve from the right way; when sorrows come, and life seems dark; when friends fail and betray and foes are active; when troubles of any kind afflict the soul! Yes, and there comes an hour of loneliness and solitude, when the journey which we all have to make is to be made from this life to the next. In that hour there will be no support like that rod and staff which the good shepherd, the Almighty Father, holds beneath the expiring soul.

> "Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast:
> And when thy veil is drawn at last,
> Let us depart where shadows cease,
> With words of blessing and of peace!"

A FEBRUARY SUNSET.

One of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever beheld occurred here several years since, towards the last of February. At such times, a warmer sun than usual draws from the yielding snow a mild mist, which softens the dark hills, and, rising to the sky, lies there in long, light, cloudy folds. The choicest tints of the heavens are seen at such moments; tender shades of rose, lilac, and warm gold, opening to show beyond a sky filled with delicate green light. These calm sunsets are much less fleeting than others; from the moment when the clouds flush into color at the approach of the sun, one may watch them, perhaps for more than an hour, growing brighter and warmer as he passes slowly on his way through their midst, still varying, in ever-changing beauty, while he sinks slowly to rest, and at last, long after he has dropped beyond the farther hills, fading sweetly and imperceptibly, as the shadows of night gather upon the snow. — *Rural Hours.*

A FIRST DAY IN ROME.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

I PROMISED to-night to introduce you to that most affecting and suggestive of all the specimens of *Old Jewry* the earth contains, — the Ghetto, — but I must break or rather stretch my elastic promise, and keep you one more evening outside those venerable precincts; for the ground we went over in the former lecture awoke recollections, as I trod it again in fancy, which I feel that you may experience some faint degree of the pleasure in hearing that I take in expressing them.

And so, for another evening, we are at large in old Rome; we have still the freedom of the Eternal City.

Three, I may say four, great disappointments fell to my lot and would have dampened my pleasure (if anything could sensibly diminish such an infinite pleasure), in visiting Italy: first and least, in not seeing Genoa; second, in not seeing Venice, which the great war prevented my doing; third, in not seeing the Colosseum by moonlight: to leave Italy and not have seen that, is like leaving America without having seen Niagara; and yet I have to confess that the only moonlight in which I have ever seen the Colosseum is the moonlight of *memory*, — I may refer again to this, — and the remaining disappointment was in not entering Rome by daylight. From childhood the only possible, or, at least, the only proper approach to the Eternal City had seemed to me the way in which the novels all conduct you thither. As thus:

The shades of evening were slowly falling, the sun had already sunk below the horizon, when, just as we climbed the brow of an eminence, an object that flashed far and wide his farewell splendors caught our attention, and with one general outcry of presentiment we almost anticipated the *vetturino*, who rose from his seat, waved his cap, and cried, "Ecco Roma!" for the object we had seen was no other than the dome of St. Peter's.

This, I think, is about the style in which the old stories used to bring us along, and I had always dreamed that if

ever such a wild idea as that of visiting Rome should be realized in my experience, *that*, of course, would be the manner of my approach to the mistress of the earth. But this would have involved the crossing of the Alps in mid-winter, with a day's journey in a diligence over the summit (in the then uncompleted state of the railroad), and, as a slight compensation for the disturbance of that youthful vision, there was the passage across the Mediterranean, — the tideless, treacherous Mediterranean, — which this time was as calm and kindly as a summer lake, and charmed the vision with its mountainous shores, dotted with nestling villages, and its blue bays running far inland, and the graceful green islands reposing on its bosom, and the snowy peaks looking over from their clear distance upon the scene of silent beauty.

Even if it had been daylight when we reached Rome, our mode of approach would have been a sufficiently serious shock to my childhood's visions. Imagine a conductor standing on the platform, waving his cap, and crying, "Behold Rome!" — add to this the wet blanket of a dark, rainy night, and the damper upon our lovely vision is complete.

And so I cannot say how it might have been with the first *exterior* view of the august old city, as one swept across the Campagna all round along the southern and eastern walks to the Station on the Esquiline near the Baths of Dioclesian and the Pretorian Camp. But I suppose the first *interior* glance at the city, as one enters its narrow streets, and thinks, "This is the Rome I have life-long been yearning to see and to feel," is a sense of disappointment. The dingy, decayed and dilapidated look of the modern Rome in which he finds himself, the sombre and dismal fronts of the frescoed palaces and ugly churches that shut in and darken the Corso, form a sad contrast to the idea of majestic Rome which had prepossessed his mind; and, if it is at night that he takes his round, the echo of common voices seems to dissipate and mock the romance imagination had woven.

The truth is, with Rome in general, as with St. Peter's in particular, the mind has gradually to grow up to a sense of the real majesty and interest of the scene, which at first

disappoints, because it confuses. "I can't see for the life of me, what brings so many people to Rome," said a Western fellow-countryman to me innocently, as we walked out together on the evening of our arrival. The truth is, one has yet seen nothing of ancient Rome as he threads those close and gloomy streets of the mediæval and modern city which crowds the plain along the Tiber that was once the Campus Martius. One needs time to let his imagination remake the ancient Rome out of the remains of its original grandeur and glory that lie around on the seven hills and on the vast Campagna, or peep out from the ground, in the cellars of modern edifices, or crop out (in geological phrase) in successive layers of history, or show through a thin disguise of stucco the outlines of their old grandeur and grace, as the front of the modern Dogana, or custom-house, half hides and half discloses the majestic colonnade of the ancient temple of Neptune.

Besides, one must lie down to rest and rise again, some days and nights, and wander round the mighty city, and look upon its giant form, from one and another of the many surrounding hills, and breathe the air and behold the lovely sky that bathes and the gracefully undulating horizon that bounds it, and so, by degrees, come to realize that he is in Rome, or *upon* it, and that the spell of Roman nature, art, and power is upon *him*. "Heroes have trod this spot; 'tis on their dust ye tread." We may, without irreverence, apply here a saying of the gospel: it is as if a man should sleep and rise night and day, and the love for Rome should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

But that question of my Western fellow-traveler, "What is it that draws such crowds so many thousands of miles over land and sea to Rome," occurred to me before I had been in the place many days, as not so very unreasonable, after all. And it must be confessed that, after allowing for the invalids, the scholars, the devotees, and the antiquarians, — those who go in search of health, those who are eager to be near the historical fountains, Papal, Pagan, or Christian, — there are multitudes who flock thither for fashion and for pleasure, whose jaded desires seek a *new sensation*, even in the

oldest places; who, in a figure, play dice and sharpen their appetites on the tombstones of that graveyard of nations. When they would fain flee from themselves, too, "then longen folk," as old Chaucer says, "to gon on pilgrimages," — not in the spring of hope, only, but also in the winter of their discontent. But too often, they find, I doubt not, the truth of what Horace says: "Their sky, but not their spirit they change, who run across the sea." And as to those who repair to the city named of St. Peter for a confirmation or renewal of their Christianity, I fear many a one has had a more unhappy experience than the honest and earnest Luther; namely, that expressed by an Italian proverb, —

"Qui Roma vede
Perde la fede," *

Which we may English freely: —

"Who goes for faith to Rome
Comes faithless home."

That is, of course, unless he is either a life-bound enthusiast or a philosophic freeman in Christ; in the one case he is proof against reason or ridicule; in the other he ascends to a fountain whose waters no stain of earthly ambition or passion can touch.

But I can well conceive of any one's being drawn to Rome not merely by the scholarly, or the classic, or the Catholic, or the Christian motive, but simply by the human interest, the *human Catholic* spirit, in which spirit whoso sojourns in Rome and meditates there will find, I think, on the whole, as much, at least, in the memories of Pagan as in those of Papal Rome to verify his ideal, and will come to the conclusion that the *Romish* religion has adopted from the *Roman* too many of its vices and too few of its virtues.

But my simple object for the present, and as a preparation for future remarks and reflections, was to present things in a way that should make you feel yourselves somewhat at home with me in the old city we are studying or contemplating.

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* Contrast the couplet of some old scholar: —

"Quid ni Roma vides?
Ibi vera fides."

It is a faint impression of the fact to call it a *peculiar sensation* one experiences the first morning he wakes in Rome, with Roman birds and bells together singing their matins round the chamber door, through the cracks of which a Roman sun is blazing, and a Roman breeze, —

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

insinuating itself. It is a very peculiar sensation he feels as he sits down to his *collazione* (as the modern Romans call breakfast), and wonders whether *one* alone can partake of a *collation*, and only justifies the word in his case by sharing his meat with some of Pliny's doves congregated on the tiled and grass-grown roof of the old church, his near neighbor across the narrow lane, Jesu è Maria.

When he has drunk in the strange spectacle of the tiled roofs and bell-towers and domes and singularly lovely hills of the city, all sparkling in the pure beauty of an Italian sunlight, he goes down the hundred or more stone stairs to begin his day's walk; and probably the four things that will press into the front-ground to strike his attention at this early moment of his residence, before he has had time to begin to take in the grand contour of this strange composite old city, and the relations of its different elements — modern, antique, and ancient, — will be, first, the bells; second, the beggars; third, the street procession of friars, nuns and scholars; and finally the entertaining and enchanting spectacle of evening, the gaieties of the people, and the glories of nature on the Pincian Hill.

Cowper's "Alexander Selkirk," who pined so for "the sound of the church-going bell," could he suddenly have been transplanted to Rome, if his ecstacy had let him live long enough in that sea of music, might at last have longed for a little of the blessed silence of his solitary island. It is, indeed, an unwonted delight to a stranger who chances to have his chamber perched up on some high roof, to wake up in midwinter in a flood of bird and bell music. "How they seemed to fill the air and sky with their sweet jargoning!" But after that, perhaps he would be contented not to hear them again

till they steal upon his ear in the evening chimes heard on the Pincian. They strike an American at first as if they were ringing-in a constant Fourth of July — but it is not *in*-dependence they proclaim to the inhabitants, yet! The visitation of bell-strokes in Rome may be faintly conceived, when you are told that, as the clocks strike the quarters and repeat the hour after each, a single clock, from eleven to twelve inclusive, sends out no less than seventy of its heavy tones. What must the mere clock-striking be from all the bells through all the hours? Then think of the daily services and the Festas! (Only on Good Friday no bell rings and no clock strikes all day long.) If I could have had a *bell-grammar* to have understood the language going on overhead there, and the meaning of the different rates of speed and emphatic pauses and successive grouping of the tones at matins or nones or vespers, it would have been some relief. I often thought of an expression of that Turkish historian, in his exultation over the capture of Constantinople from the Christians: "We have taken the city, and put an end forever to the ringing of bells."

But we have gone down into the thronged thoroughfare.

And the first practical lesson the stranger will learn, very likely, is, that, if he would retain any peace of mind, he must as soon as possible divest his countenance of two sentiments, *curiosity and benevolence.* The former will bring upon him the coachman and cicerone; the latter will open the masked batteries of all the beggars.

Rome is the paradise of beggars; but beggars are one of the pests of Rome. Charles Lamb, who so quaintly mourns over "The decay of beggars in the metropolis," should have been transported to Rome for a little while. He would have had a good chance to try his own advice: "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the *seven small children* in whose name he implores thy assistance have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny. It is good to be-

lieve him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleaseth) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell, whether they are feigned or not."

But the habit of begging has become so inveterate and infectious in the Roman population, that it often seemed to me as if many a man were suddenly seized with the thought of playing the beggar by the irresistibly inviting opportunity of seeing some benevolent stranger pass him. I prepared myself to have any respectably dressed person thrust out his hand for an alms, as, one day, a venerable Roman matron did, who was walking slowly across the Forum, apparently intent on her knitting-work, and who startled me as I passed her by spasmodically and silently holding out her hand with the genuine beggar's attitude. I learned after some time that the true way was to shake your fore-finger at them three times, which is as much as to say, "Silver and gold have I none, — I have only my blessing to give you, — in the name of the blessed Virgin go in peace." Certainly Rome is a hard place to obey literally the precept, "Give to him that asketh of thee."

Perhaps the most exhaustive description of the Roman beggar is given by the Roman Catholic author of the French work called "The Three Romes." "The monotonous litany of indigence common with beggars of other nations ("Give me change") the Roman mendicant varies with a collection of formulas adapted to the age, condition, face and disposition of the person he addresses. Now, he begins by putting beyond question your generosity, and, before knowing whether you will respond to his wishes, he calls you *benefattore mio;* again, he begins by rendering homage to your virtues, and makes his *debut* [this is from the French, remember] by calling you *anima benedetta;* another time he seeks to touch the delicate fibre of your self-love and lavishes upon you the titles of *Seigneur illustrissime, reverendissime.* Has he already

experienced your kindness? His request takes the form of a benediction. He says to you, "Blessed be the noble Seigneur, who every day walks with a lighter step through the renowned streets of the city. My devout prayers have, then, proved useful to this incomparable gentleman. How feebly and with what languor he passed by me the first time! Should I not be self-reproached, if the joy I testify for his health had for its only object to obtain a present? No, worthy man, virtuous gentleman, pass on without regarding the poorest of your servants, who, nevertheless, will always pray for you; although I am a beggar, I am not sordid."

After having attacked you on the side of the humane sentiments, he appeals to your Christian heart: "Blessed soul," he says, "have a prayer said for you, a mass sung in your behalf," — and for that what does he ask? The Italian language comes to his aid, and supplies his modesty with the most charming diminutives; or at least he dares not name the favor he implores: "Blessed soul, *una piccola moneta*," or if he ventures to express his thoughts, he will ask, not like our bold ones, a petty sou, but only the half of that minute coin: "*anima benedetta, un mezzo baioccho;*" then, with an admirable rhetoric he contrasts with the slenderness of his demand the magnitude of his motives. "*Per l'amor di Dio, di Maria Santissma, di Gesu sacramentato, delle anime del purgatorio!*" But what gives you the *coup de grace* is the poetic pantomime with which he accompanies his prayer. May I be permitted to say it? [How French this is!] Many a time we affected to remain unmoved by the importunity, in order to assist in the complete repetition of the scene.

Noonday has come, and possibly at that hour the stranger may have fortunately found his way through the somewhat squalid and squeezed up surroundings of the sacred spot, into what he will be likely to feel is the very heart of old Rome. He is in the Pantheon! And what a step he has taken, out of that jam and jabber of market life into the silence of this august scene! Standing on that venerable marble pavement (that has been so often washed by the overflowing Tiber), and looking up one hundred and fifty feet into

the great socket through which the blue eye of day looks down upon the floor, as it has so many centuries, he feels that the magic circle of the mighty past indeed holds him.

As the day wanes, the stranger begins to meet those singular processions of the different orders of friars and sisters, and schools of different nations, in uniform of manifold costliness, cut, and color, streaming forth to breathe the air which, Heaven knows, they need so much, and incidentally (one could hardly help thinking), for the purpose of impressively displaying Rome's spiritual power, somewhat as in Paris the French Emperor, I noticed, kept bodies of troops constantly on the move, to and fro from their different quarters, to produce apparently a wholesome awe in the public mind.

At one corner you encounter a troop of bareheaded and barefooted friars in their coarse serge, so many of them with faces from which the juice of humanity seems to have been wrung out; at another turn a company of Propaganda scholars, with their long strings flying behind them that seem as if meant for mother church to draw them back by if they wandered; or, again, a stiff row of English school-boys, all in tight black from head to foot, ranged according to size, the little ones looking strangely enough in their black beavers, cloaks, and boots; and then the sight would be relieved by a group of abbés, with faces sweet, intelligent, and refined.

But now the sun admonishes us to follow the multitude; not to do evil, but to see the evening gaieties and glories of Monte Pincio. For this is the hour when all the world throng thither. Most will ascend by the gentle slope the carriages take, which passes the inscription in Latin at the foot of a statue, —

> "Thou who, worn with study or with business,
> Wouldst not sink beneath excessive labor,
> Hither come, and in perambulation
> Recreate thy mind, or with the prospect
> Opening wide out o'er the queenly city —
> Such the counsel of thy friend Hygea!"

[illegible], however, will climb at once the one hundred and fifty [illegible] of the Spanish stairway to the place of Trinita di

Monte and the level of the Pincian Promenade. And one who goes up this way may not improbably meet two remarkable persons. The first will be the irrepressible beggar, and this time the king of the beggars, the millionaire of the mendicants, the world-renowned Beppo. I had been reading a not flattering account of this veteran in Andersen's "Improvisatore," — as you may read a faithful one in Story's "Roba di Roma," — and I was on the lookout for him; but I had passed without discovering him, as he sat in the angle of the stairway, when I heard behind and below the strange clatter of those *hand-shoes* (the name the Germans give to gloves was more appropriate here), and there was the legless old gray-beard shuffling out to attract my attention. To make sure of his identity I said to another beggar, one of the common rank and file, "Is that Beppo?" — "Si, Signor," he answered; and then, instead of saying, as one might have expected, "*He* needs nothing in comparison with us poor devils!" the chivalrous fellow added in a plaintive tone, "Povero!" (poor fellow!) — a striking instance of native politeness and spasmodic or dramatic disinterestedness, or else (not unlikely) a proof of the awe in which they hold the monarch; for this *poor fellow* has amassed a fortune, and actually lends money to poor artists!

The other distinguished personage we might meet on the Pincian walk (I did) is the Pope, on foot; for he is allowed that liberty in the country, though in the city neither the head nor a member of the sacred college is permitted to walk across the street. On the occasion I refer to, the old man was walking in front of his carriage, looking as happy as an uncaged bird; but in St. Peter's, when he is borne in state on men's shoulders, swaying about like a great doll or idol over the sea of heads, he looks sea-sick and very miserable.

But we have passed the singular cortege of people almost literally running on their knees to catch the Holy Father's blessing, and we are at the palm-tree of the Medicean Garden, whose great leaves, unable to change the habit of slow and graceful motion they had in their native Orient, vainly try to keep time to the lively airs of the French band. As

we wind along the grounds, the marble faces of poets and philosophers, orators and statesmen, salute us. We look off westward and St. Peter's, seated upon its Vatican village, seems only a stone's throw across; and the sentinel pines and cypresses on the graceful hills over against the horizon are outlined in sweet and tender majesty on the evening glow. The sun sinks, and the whole Italian throng takes that as a signal of departure (sunset being regarded as an unhealthy hour), but a few linger, who would fain nourish their soul's life with one of the rarest spectacles of natural beauty and historic interest. Perchance some pilgrim at this hour will walk to the northeast corner of the grounds, and there an old piece of leaning brick wall, that looks every moment as if it must topple over, will call up the image of one more beggar, a blind beggar, whom history has, alas! removed (but romance retains him for us), — I mean old Belisarius. Could we have turned over to the shadow-land of fiction the beggars of to-day, and kept for us instead that one old beggar of immortal memory! But what has this beggar to do with the *muro torto* (the twisted wall)? This piece of wall, then, it seems was just in that dangerous-looking state in the sixth century, and Gen. Belisarius wanted to shore it up; but the government said, No, that would be an insult to St. Peter, who was pledged to its perpetual preservation. And that venerable bit of brick wall is still standing, — that is one fact; and the historical existence of Belisarius is another; but the blind beggar Belisarius must be surrendered as a fiction. Still, in Rome — and where, if not there, should *romance* be allowed a refuge? — I was as yet an ignorant victim of the legend, and my obstinate faith will continue to see that aged form seated by the city gate and imploring, "Give an obolus to Belisarius!" As dusk brought on the ghostly hour, I turned away from the *muro torto*, with an awakened desire some day to follow round those old walls, and try to form some conception of the dimensions and distribution of the chaotic city.

As I turn to take my farewell look at the darkling mass of palaces, churches, domes, towers, and spires, suddenly "a soft

and soul-like sound" undulates in a mysterious manner through all the air. You know not which way to turn in quest of its source. It seems to come not so much out of the realm of space, as out of the realm of spirit. If architecture is, as it has been called, *frozen music*, one might fancy this strange melody to be the stones of old Rome melting into music beneath the touch of time, and in the evening's glow. It was the Ave Maria booming from St. Peter's.

THE MESSENGER.

ONCE suddenly to me there came
The Thing that men with terror name;
And as I lay with shortening breath
I saw, and knew, the face of Death.

Oh! solemn, sweet, the smile he wore,
As if a gleam from heaven it bore;
And tenderly to me there stole
The message strange, "God calls thy soul."

Then stirred my soul to quit this clay;
But lo! not yet — my Lord said "Stay;"
And from my couch receding slow
I saw, half grieved, the angel go.

But as Life's clouds between us drew,
That radiant smile still glimmered through,
And touched the earth with mystic light,
And turned my doubting faith to sight.

Then thronged the shining forms of sin,
Seeking mine earth-born soul to win;
But afar off with waiting feet
Stood the death-angel, calm and sweet.

Oh soul! yield not! thy Father's strength
Shall bid the tempters flee at length;
And God's own Messenger of peace,
Shall, smiling, bring thee glad release.

L. J. H.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.

BY H. A. MILES, D.D.

WE propose to give a general view of this book, omitting all critical minutiæ, and suggesting that broad interpretation which some of the best modern scholars defend.

They tell us that it was a belief of the Jews that every great transaction which takes place in this lower world was first symbolically represented before the inhabitants of heaven. The omnipotent Father, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, saw the scenes of earth pass before their eyes ere those scenes were known among men; and this dramatic representation of coming events, it was supposed, formed a chief part of the employment of the spiritual world. They believed, further, that even mortal eyes could at times have a glimpse of those signs and symbols which foreshadowed the events of earth. To the prophet or poet was such a vision sometimes vouchsafed. In a time of high-wrought mental excitement, when his soul was absorbed and carried away in the contemplation of coming events, his spirit, as was believed, for a little while left the body, was caught up into heaven, and had a momentary view of its prophetic scenes.

We need not look upon this supposed fact as a violation of all the known experiences of life. It is easy to bring it within the sphere of what every good man has felt. In moments of devout thought and spiritual fervor, we are all confident that we know something of the intentions and purposes of God. If this knowledge and confidence were stronger in the case of the inspired prophets, we may yet believe that their inspiration was according to the same psychological laws by which anticipations and convictions are revealed to us.

The greater difference between them and us lies in the manner of expression. We think in words because we are familiarly used to written and printed words. But with them the earlier method of expressing thoughts by pictures had

not gone entirely into desuetude. Hieroglyphics and picture-writing still had a deep influence over te mihnd, and would keep it longer in all matters connected with religion than anywhere else. With them, therefore, religious anticipations uttered themselves more naturally by signs than by words. The prophets thought by signs, and represented their ideas by signs, and such signs were as certainly and readily understood as words are now.

We may illustrate the difference between our mode of expression and that used by the Hebrew prophets, by a case like the following.

Before our Revolutionary War, and while the Declaration of Independence was yet under discussion, one of the patriots who took part in that high debate expressed his strong confidence in their final success. The well-known words of John Adams were, "I see clearly through the events of this day. Our poor names may perish, but our cause will succeed. God will raise up for us friends. The Declaration will give us respectability in the eyes of the world; and the day on which we make it shall in after ages be celebrated by bonfires and illuminations, and the shouts of a great and free people."

Now let us suppose a Hebrew prophet, foreseeing the result of our War of Independence in the same way that Adams foresaw it, — how would he express his prediction? Not by abstract words, but by signs and symbols. Taking the animals on the national coat of arms to represent the two countries, the Hebrew prophet might set forth his prediction of American success in such a way as the following: —

"Then the spirit caught me and shewed me in a vision what must shortly come to pass. Lo, a door was opened in heaven, and behold, a lion fierce and terrible. And he saw afar off the young eagle, to whom he sprung for a prey. I looked again, and lo, the lion returned bleeding to his den, and the eagle soared in triumph. Then the hills clapped their hands, and all the trees of the wood rejoiced."

When we open the Book of Revelation, what a multitude of strange and bewildering images do we behold! Thrones, and elders, and beasts, and spirits, and harps, and vials, and

horses, and horsemen, and burning mountains, and falling stars, and flying dragons, and celestial cities, and pearly gates, — how can we find any plan or any meaning in these wild and confused scenes?

A little careful study, however, reduces this seeming chaos to some degree of order. We find the great drama divided into three acts: first, the destruction of Judaism under the symbol of Jerusalem; second, the overthrow of Paganism under the symbol of Rome, here called Babylon; third, the general establishment of Christianity under the symbol of the descent of the New Jerusalem. Around these three great events, the first of which, when St. John wrote, had already taken place, all the interest in this book is made to revolve, while subordinate symbols are chosen to shadow forth the prominent circumstances by which each of these events was attended.

It is not our object to offer a commentary. Once, at the funeral of an old minister, it was said, in the lack probably of other things to say in his praise, that he never attempted to explain the Revelations. We should be unwise to cut ourselves off from the chance of a similar praise. We have no private interpretation to offer. Our sole object is to state the theory of this book which scholars have defended.

And that theory in substance we have already presented. The poet and apostle John, writing when he was nearly one hundred years old, on that island of Patmos to which he had been banished, might have said in plain and simple words, "It is decreed in heaven, and the decree has been revealed to me by Jesus Christ, that after wars, and famine, and pestilence, and troubles from seditious Jews and Roman armies, — Judaism as a national religion shall be overthrown."

But the apostle had been a Jew. He was writing to those who had been Jews. To him and to them the imagery of the old Hebrew prophets had a charm, vivacity, and power which no abstract words could equal: and therefore he clothed these ideas in that imagery: and we will now mark the manner in which he does it.

Through the open door which gave him a glimpse of heaven

he saw the great throne, and the book of decrees which none but the Lamb could unseal; and then there passed before his eyes the white horse of war, and the red horse of victory, and the pale horse of famine; and when the number of those who are sealed is known, he saw the swarms of locusts that represented devouring armies, and flying horsemen, that is, the Roman cavalry, till at length Jerusalem was cast down, and the temple of God was removed from thence into heaven.

It is impossible for us to imagine what singular power over the imagination and sensibilities these pictorial representations of truth possessed. This book of Revelation produced a sensation at the time of its first appearance. It was more early and frequently named than other books of the New Testament; and truths, which, had they been described in the tame language which we use, would have fallen powerless upon the public ear, were eagerly read, and excited lively apprehensions, because they were put forth in the bold dramatic imagery of the Hebrew prophets.

In regard to the second great event, described from the twelfth to the nineteenth chapters, it would be according to our use of language to say that the infant church, while in great danger of being destroyed by paganism, would yet be preserved, and paganism itself, though allied to the civil power of Rome, would be overcome and subdued.

But how has St. John set forth these same truths? Caught up in spirit again into heaven, he saw a great dragon ready to devour a new-born child; but Michael and his angels, rescuing the child, banished the dragon to earth, where it united itself to the Beast that had the ten horns and ten crowns, that is, the Roman government and its numerous provinces. By a series of woes, both the Beast and the Dragon were destroyed, and all heaven sang praises to God.

We shall only allude to the third division of this great drama, which is a description of the reign of Christianity upon the earth, under the figure of a great and rich city coming down from heaven to earth, with its gates of pearl and streets of gold, and God its glory, and the Lamb its light, and nations walking in its peace. The whole picture in that

twenty-first chapter had an animated and lively power, in comparison with which all our more modern words are tame and spiritless.

And now let us ask, What is the use to us of this book of Revelation? Except in the first age of its appearance, it has not been of much value in times past it must be confessed. Men have seen in it nothing but their own fancies and foolish beliefs. The Pope, Cromwell, the First Napoleon, the Reformation, the French Revolution, the Second Advent of Christ, predicted by crazy heads in our day, — all these have been found in the Apocalypse. There has never been a religious opinion so absurd and monstrous, but that, if no other parts of Scripture yielded it support, it might be kept in countenance by some text picked out from the strange scenes and visions of the Revelation. The well settled and rational principles of interpretation which have been suggested cast a clear light upon this book, and enable us to read it with interest and instruction.

It is especially interesting as carrying our minds back to the earliest attempts at writing. Its imagery was not originated by St. John. He found it all in the writings of the prophets, in those of Ezekiel and Daniel especially, and they found it in Assyria. A careful study of this book shows that John's chief merit was the skillful adaptation to his use of materials already at hand. He originated but little, either in ideas or style. The *thought* he got from the words of his master, his *imagery* from the Hebrew prophets; for his predictions of the coming fortunes of Christianity are only those recorded by Matthew and Luke as given by Christ; and these predictions the apostle clothes in the old Hebrew drapery.

Thus the description, in the first chapter, of the Son of Man may be found in its chief elements in the books of Ezekiel and Daniel. "I saw one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters, and out

of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword, and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength."

No one can doubt that this is a description in words of a hieroglyphical picture, representing a royal personage of great power. Thus the long garment and golden girdle were emblems of kings; the white hair denoted venerated age; the eyes of flame signified his piercing knowledge; the brazen feet intimated his power to crush his foes; the voice as of many waters described his command, heard above everything else; the two-edged sword out of his mouth denoted his power to slay merely by a word; his countenance as the sun in his strength signified his surpassing splendor and majesty. If we make a picture of a person as thus described, we have doubtless a writing which was well understood long before the invention of letters, before the patriarchs, and Pharaohs, and pyramids of Egypt.

A book has lately been published to show the influence of hieroglyphics upon the formation of Biblical phrases, a large number of which disclose to us their meaning when we apply to them this key.*

But the Apocalypse has an interest above all this. We cannot read its description of the great multitude of people, who were redeemed out of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, the thousand and ten thousand and thousand times thousand, without seeing at once that the Apostle John was no believer in a stern Deity, who dooms the larger portion of his children to remediless woe Amid all the conflicts between good and evil, there is ever a cheerful and hopeful air pervading his pages. Bunsen, in one of his books contrasts the triumphant tone of the early Christian writers with the tone of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which is sad and almost despairing, sees no triumph of virtue here on earth, and transfers all its glories to the future world. But the Apostle John saw a New Jerusalem come down from heaven *to earth*, and the victory of goodness here universal and enduring.

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*See "Traces of Picture-Writing in the Bible," published by Little, Brown & Co., a book from the pen of the writer of this article.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

STATEMENT OF BELIEF.

The sermon preached by Dr. Peabody at the installation of Rev. A. Judson Rich, at Brookfield, Mass., has been printed, together with a Statement of Religious Belief, by Mr. Rich. The sermon is on "Progress in Christ, not Beyond Christ," and is characterized by Dr. Peabody's usual strength and earnestness. The Statement of Belief is noteworthy as a very careful and thorough theological survey by one who has been trained in the Calvinistic school of thought, from which he has come forth without leaving behind him his faith or his common sense. It repays careful perusal; and many a theologian would experience a wholesome clearing up of some fogs in his mind, if he would undertake to set down for himself a similar statement of the great controversy between the Liberal and the Orthodox schools.

On another ground this Statement of Belief demands notice. It meets in a manly way a difficulty which is felt by any one who has ever attended an ordination or installation council. Surely a parish has a right to know beyond question the opinions of the minister whom they settle on the great matters of belief; surely the ministers who are asked to be present, and help to settle him, have a moral right to know whether he is one whom they can invite to their own pulpits, whether he is one whom they can conscientiously consider a Christian teacher at all. Too often, the proceedings at councils are a farce which ought not to be endured, for the sake of the self-respect of the candidates themselves, and seem as if only intended to shuffle them in a hurry into their places, — from which, not seldom, they hurry out again — Mr. Rich met the case as it ought to be met, by a frank, voluntary statement, which must have commanded respect and sympathy by its intellectual force and by the Christian tenderness with which he speaks of those whom he had le

as well as of those to whom he came. We quote one of the sections of his statement, — that in which he speaks of JESUS CHRIST.

"Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of men. He is preëminently *the* Saviour, not one of many Saviours. Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus, or any other philosopher or teacher, holds no comparison with Jesus. 'His name is above every name.' Other religions have flourished, and gained converts; other men have lived noble lives, and taught sublime truths; but Christ and Christianity stand to-day as the Saviour and the religion whose dominion is everlasting, and whose heritage will yet be the whole earth. God had revealed himself to man through law and prophet, through type and shadow for four thousand years; but his revelation through Christ was the high noon of the world's day of history. While without Christ for four thousand years, the world was not, however, without God; and when Jesus came, it was the fit time to favor Zion; the world by a series of providences was then, and not before then, prepared to receive and appreciate the welcome light whose burning, healing, fruit-bearing radiance the ages should not dim.

"Whether natural or supernatural in his birth, Jesus was, in his inner life and spirit, Divinely inspired to reveal to men the character and will of God; and to be the way, the truth, and the life to the race. He came 'to save us from our sins,' and thus to save us eternally. He is not God, the Deity, nor one of three equal Gods, nor yet a mysterious factor of three Gods in one; but he is 'God manifest in the flesh;' at least as much of God thus manifested as is sufficient for our knowledge, our joy, and our salvation. He came to us to teach us what we ought to be, and how we ought to live, and by what means. In him humanity was clothed with the attributes of Deity; and to the race, and to us all, practically, not absolutely, as a representative, was God. In Christ, humanity was pure and perfect; and yet the Divine mind so pervaded and inspired his entire being, that he was 'Immanuel,' God with us. Yet in this sense, it does not deny or affect the absolute Unity of God. There is but one God; and Jesus, when his mediatorial work is accomplished, as the Redeemer of men, and the Head of the Church, will bring all his trophies and render them back to God, that the Father may be 'all in all.' We worship God, through Christ, as the medium through which we apprehend the Father, not the goal beyond which the Father may not be found, and Son and Spirit are

subordinate, and the outflow of the One Infinite mind. And while the Father is greater than the Son, both are one in spirit and love and action, not in spiritual essence; nevertheless, while taking an intelligent, rational view of the matter, we should avoid the extremes which emphasize God as though there were no Christ, or centre all in Christ as though there were no God."

"WORKMEN THAT NEED NOT BE ASHAMED."

THE great need in theological education to-day is not a multiplication of second-rate schools, where a superficial training for the ministry may be scrambled through, but a concentration of money and force on institutions already endowed and partially equipped with teaching power. On this ground the needless creation of such institutions would be worse than a mere mistake, as it would tend to affect the quality of the material of which the ministry was composed. The problem pressing on all religious denominations, how to increase the number of really efficient ministers, is well dealt with in "The Universalist." We extract a portion of the article entitled, —

"WORKMEN THAT NEED NOT BE ASHAMED. — We anticipate no objection to the assertion that *we cannot afford to experiment in this business*. Possibly, however, all may not be fully persuaded what it is to experiment. Let us say, then, that we cannot undertake to provide for the education of any student for our ministry who does not furnish in his health, abilities, character, attainments, and well-considered intentions, reasonable assurances of spending many years in the successful administration of the gospel as understood by Universalists. Our proposition is purposely made inclusive of many particulars. Any deficiency that promises to destroy or seriously hinder his permanent usefulness should render any student ineligible to denominational aid. It will not do to go on the presumption that he 'may turn out all right.' In no other practical concern do men permit such an unfounded hope to control their judgment. We must have the probabilities on our side, not against us.

"Considerable has been said among us about the duty of exercising caution lest we educate men who will turn and trample upon what we expected them to venerate and uphold. The minds of

Universalists, we take it, are now pretty much made up as to this matter. We will not, consciously, give a dollar nor an impulse towards educating a minister to preach down the Christian religion. We demand that he shall be consecrated to the proclamation and defense of the gospel. Infidels, Rationalists, Naturalists, 'Radicals,' must seek other fields. There is no place for them in our communion. So much, we observe, has been settled. And all our people say, Amen. But it seems to us scarcely less a duty to guard our ministry against imbeciles, oddities, adventurers and Micawbers. We cannot afford to patent any articles warranted to kill parishes; and our experience, as well as that of every other denomination, shows that incapacity, eccentricity, not joined with uncommon talents, aimlessness, laziness and immorality, will as surely ruin parishes as the worst and most unbridled heresy. Not that our history in this respect has been peculiar, but that it has, in common with that of all our neighbors, been instructive.

"Much is said of the 'demand of the times' on the pulpit. No one familiar with the facts can doubt that this demand is exacting. But the Christian ministry is a great calling. In any 'times' it calls for all that the highest ability united to the most thorough consecretion can give. Every young man of amiable disposition is not equal to that demand. Especially is not every young man who happens to have nothing else to do, or who has failed in some vocation requiring only half the energy and resources demanded by the ministry, a fit candidate for this high office. It calls for the best, in every respect. And in our judgment it should be the policy of our pastors, churches, divinity-school professors, and all our people, to im el or attract into the ministry only the most capable; while they should not suffer tenderness for individuals to so far overrule duty to the cause as to allow them to hesitate, when the occasion demands, to discourage or exclude those whom they are morally certain can never become permanently beneficial to the church.

"It would be of very little advantage — we might even say it would be a positive disadvantage — to us to have the ranks of our ministry filled up with mediocre men. We need 'more ministers,' but we do not need more of the inferior grades. If we have no more of these already than other sects it is certain we have all we can put to any profitable use. In our eagerness to furnish destitute parishes with pastors, let us not be unmindful of the prime importance of getting men who will not merely occupy our pulpits, but honor them. Above all, let no one have any just ground for the

opinion that we secure a lower average efficiency with the help of our theological schools than was produced without them."

FAITH IN CHRIST.

The grim fathers who compelled the division of the New England churches half a century ago, in the memorable controversy whose root of bitterness is only now dying out, would doubtless have detected the germs of the heresies which they thought to cast out in the following article from "The Church Union," Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's paper. The article "On Atonement and Christ," breathes the spirit of those honored men who led the movement of Liberal Christianity, and is noteworthy as denoting the undogmatic drift of thought in all the churches toward that faith which will be the bond of union where elaborate creeds can only divide. It is as follows:—

"There is a set of religious phrases, such as Faith in the Atonement, in the merits of the Redeemer, in the work of Christ, and the like, dear by association to many Christians, yet in themselves adapted to obscure and weaken the simplicity and power of Christianity. For them all we should like to substitute 'Faith in Christ.' That expression is perfectly simple. Hardly a child needs to be told what it is to have faith and trust in a person. But faith in the Atonement as a past transaction, in a Saviour's merits as literally transferred to our account like a credit in a merchant's ledger, in the redeeming work as a sort of finished negotiation between Father and Son, — these ideas perplex the mind with abstractions. The soul in its intenser moods craves something simpler, more direct and personal than these. Present to it just Christ himself in his divine perfection and love, and it is satisfied. Dwell on his suffering and death, not to rest in them as things past, but as revealing him as he is now and ever, the strength and tenderness with which he sought and seeks us. Say to the penitent soul, not 'Behold your salvation,' but 'Behold your Saviour.'

"Not only is this manner of presentation simpler and more intelligible, but it has far more effect on the moral feeling and character. Faith in the Atonement, as a completed transaction, may give the soul a sense of security. But it is the sight of Christ himself, the feeling of his presence, the resting of our souls on his, that inspires us with love and ardor. The best assurance even of forgiveness is [illegible] vivid consciousness of Christ's own nature; and in this con-

sciousness is the highest aid to holiness. The Atonement, we mean the fact, not mere theories about it, is a great reality. But the greatest reality, the centre of Christian life, is Christ Jesus himself. Our very forms of speech should present him, rather than any of his special gifts or works."

So far as we have seen them, the sermons of Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, printed weekly at the cost of $2.50 a year, are very good. That on "A Despicable Minister" contains many wholesome suggestions for the consideration of his professional brethren. The plan of the "Church of the Strangers," whose pastor this clergyman is, is substantially that of the "Church of the Disciples" in this city, whose aim is also "to demonstrate the practicability of Christianity, to keep up a Free Christian Church in this city, and to furnish a Sunday Home for Strangers." But it is a great oversight to claim to be "the first unsectarian church established in America." There is a church in Boston which in 1785 adopted exactly this ground, whose "symbol of faith is the apostles' creed," which is written on its walls, but is not made a test of exclusion for any whose "ritual is simple and communion open;" and this church, to our personal knowledge, includes persons who have been members of the Baptist, Episcopal, Trinitarian, and Unitarian denominations.

MR. BARNES AND DEAN ALFORD.

THE recent death of two distinguished theological scholars of the English speaking race is to be recorded with sorrow. The Rev. Albert Barnes passed on the eve of Christmas day, 1870, into the nearer presence of the Master whom he had served with a rare devotion and singleness of soul through a long life. Known to a vast multitude of readers of his expository writings as a very voluminous writer, he was also a most laborious parish minister, and prepared his numerous books in the spare moments which most men waste, — paying the penalty, however, for his unremitting toil, in the loss of his overtasked sight some years since. The record of his life is thus epitomized: —

"His death is ascribed to heart disease. He was born in Rome,

N.Y., on the first day of December, 1798. When twenty-two, he graduated from Hamilton College. He thence went to Princeton Seminary, where his theological education was completed in 1824. One year later he accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Morristown, N.J., and continued minister to that parish for five years. It was at Morristown that he commenced the series of 'Scripture Commentaries' for the aid of Sunday-schools which has made his name so broadly and worthily known. In 1830 he accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia, and retained his charge up to 1868, when he resigned its more onerous duties to a colleague. Apart from his services as a commentator, Mr. Barnes was known as a frequent contributor to periodicals, and as the author of important religious works. As a clergyman, his life was one of signal usefulness. In his relations to his denomination, he was involved, in 1840, in a controversy with Dr. Judkin, on a charge of heresy, which ended in his temporary suspension. On appeal, however, the sentence was rescinded, and in a year he was re-instated in office. The event is noteworthy as connecting itself with the Old and New School secessions, which followed shortly after."

The honor in which he was held by Christians of most various denominations is well illustrated by the tribute to his "truly consecrated life," which we quote below. It is from "The Universalist," and is not the less truly appreciative because it contains a just criticism on certain characteristics of the system set forth in his commentaries: —

"Indefatigable industry, profound earnestness as a Christian preacher and writer, a Biblical scholar and commentator, always practical — thinking only to act — Mr. Barnes was almost apostolic in the fervor and singleness of purpose with which he gave himself to what he thought his Master's work. We can name no commentator, of equal ability, who seems to us so frequently in error in the interpretation of what are called 'threatenings.' He really believed in the doctrine of endless woe. He knew that if true, it *ought* to be very prominent in the Scriptures. He was therefore led to see it in parables, illustrations, and warnings, when but for his prior belief he would have seen only temporal retributions, and these tempered with mercy. His interpretations of the passages which Orthodoxy disputes with Universalists seem to us worthless; for in numerous instances he stands almost alone among the learned contemporaries of his own creed. He is Orthodox all the time, and

on all subjects. But our emphatic dissent from his notions of Christian doctrine cannot blind us to his great merit as a Christian, who, according to the light that was in him, sought to benefit his fellow-men. Humanity will be rated the higher because it has shown itself in Albert Barnes. The men and women of coming generations will bless his name."

In Dean Henry Alford, the Church of England has lost one of her most scholarly men. Not in any sense a great man, but one highly cultivated, who used his powers to their fullest. Perhaps a better poet than commentator, — for his poems, published here by Ticknor & Fields, in 1853, contain some very deep and tender things, — he abandoned the muse to devote many years of his life to his elaborate edition of the Greek Testament with notes, in four large volumes.

This is a treasure-house of learning, especially for those who cannot have access to the library of German authorities, whose results Dean Alford has gathered up, not without independent judgments of his own. He also published the most important substance of this elaborate work in his "New Testament for English Readers," which represents a higher and broader scholarship than is set forth in Barnes's Commentaries. As editor of the "Contemporary Review," he has done noble and Christian work, and worthily conducted what is, on the whole, the ablest and most comprehensive journal of a truly liberal Christianity of any now existing. Since 1857 he has been Dean of Canterbury, and it was a fitting use to which Lord Palmerston put that position of dignified leisure under the shadow of the gray old Mother Church of England, when he bestowed it on so able a man and so hard a worker. It is to be regretted that Dean Alford, though Christian, being still human, fell into errors of judgment and charity during our national struggles, which seem incomprehensible in the light of his progressive opinions, and in his book entitled the "Queen's English" (which Mr. Moon sarcastically criticised in his pamphlet "The Dean's English") uttered hard and bitter sayings about us, whose want of truth and justice, let us hope, he saw reason to deeply regret. Among his poems, that beginning, —

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun,"

is sweet and beautiful. And the "Lachrymæ Paternæ" contain very touching and tender expression of the consecrated grief of Christian mourners. Those of our readers who do not already know them will be glad to see the lines which we quote below, which utter a feeling only too familiar to those who have known bereavement:—

"Why day by day this painful questioning?
I know that it is well. I know that *there*
(O where?) thou hast protectors, guardians, friends,
If such be needed: angel companies
Move round thee; mighty Spirits lead thy thoughts
To points of knowledge which we never saw.
I know that thou art happy—fresh desire
Springing each day, and each day satisfied;
God's glorious works all open to thy view,
His blessed creatures thine, where pain nor death
Disturbs not, nor divides. All this I know,—
But O for one short sight of what I know!"

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

We copy from "The Churchman" a summary of an article by the Bishop of Calcutta, in a recent number of "Good Words," drawing a comparison between the old Eclectic School of Alexandria, and the present Brahmo Somaj in India. He says:—

"The points of likeness are somewhat striking. At Alexandria met the East and the West,—the philosophy of Greece and the Magianism of Persia, the disciples of Plato and those of Zoroaster, Manichæists and Gnostics. And here were Jews like Philo, learned in the Scriptures, but full of fanciful interpretations, and Christians, like Origen, who mingled foreign elements with the Gospel.

"All were Eclectics, even the teachers of Christian truth, but especially the religious philosophers who vibrated between Theism and Pantheism, and never reached any stable conclusions. The Eclectic having the sole standard of judgment in himself, aspired to know all and to test all, and thus gathering up the scattered fragments of truth to be found in all systems, form one that should be absolutely true.

"As at Alexandria, so now in India, there is a school of religious philosophers of whom Chunden Sen, so much *feted* of late in England, is the most distinguished exponent, who are trying to gather up truth from all religions, both of the East and West, and fuse it into a new form. They oscillate between Theism and Pantheism; they borrow something from their own Vedas, and something from Parker and Emerson; they praise alike Renan and St. Paul; they select a little from the Old Testament, and a little from the New, accept the philanthropy, but reject the dogmas of Christianity. Of their own ability to distinguish truth they do not in the least doubt.

"Of this school the Bishop says, 'I do not think that they are large readers or deep thinkers, but they are persistent in acquiring a considerable amount of superficial knowledge. That they are mostly men of pure life, and of considerable devotion and prayer, there can be no doubt. They have lately built what they would call a Church, and adapted some forms of worship chiefly imitated from Christian Churches. Even when their ideas are really derived from Christianity, they will not own this, perhaps are unconscious of it.'

"The Bishop thinks their chief danger is from Pantheism."

"CONGREGATIONAL BREADTH."

The "Chicago Advance" speaks for the Broader Church of the Future, in the spirit of the Liberal Christian movement in its beginning, in the following article:"—

"A Local Church, thus accessible to all true disciples, should strive, however, to develop its life to the utmost in the fullness of its knowledge, in the beauty and edification of its worship, in the perfection of its methods, and in the extent of its influence. The ability to do this, by the reception of light from every quarter, and the opportunity to order its own affairs, subject to no superior authority, we claim to be one of the glories of our Congregational system. . . .

"It is no surprise, then, to learn that President Hopkins, of Williams College, recently said that a Congregational Church might adopt a liturgy without any approach to Episcopacy, and might elect a body of elders without thereby becoming Presbyterian. In neither of the supposed cases would there be an infringement of the distinctive autocracy of the local church, but rather an exercise of it. The act might be wise or unwise, but it would be within the powers of a church which desired to secure its best edification. Thus, let us suppose that Mr. Cheney's Episcopal congregation, in this city, in case the Supreme Court shall decide against his appeal to the civil courts, wearied of its bondage to Bishop

Whitehouse and his convention, and wishing to retain its pastor, should secede as a body, and request recognition as a Congregational Church. Should the fact that the pastor and people retain their liturgic form of worship be any barrier to their instant and warm recognition? Not at all. An ecclesiastical council, or the Chicago Association, would inform them that they were at liberty to order their own internal affairs, including their mode of worship, as seemed to them the most profitable. They might pray with or without a prayer-book, just as they might sing with or without a hymn-book, and they might call their trustees vestrymen, as long as they pleased. Precisely such a case occurred, a few years since, in Ohio. An Episcopal Church withdrew from the diocesan convention, and was received into Congregational fellowship without any restriction as to modes of worship. If, the next week, a neighboring church, equally weary of the yoke of Presbytery, should apply for ecclesiastical recognition, desiring to retain its elders, but allowing an appeal to the whole membership of the church instead of the Presbytery, we should make no opposition to its reception into our fellowship. . . . Presbyterianism implies an authoritative ecclesiastical body over the individual churches of a given district, with power to reverse the decision of a loacal church. . . . Congregationalism must recognize its evident and broad mission, which is, not only to make a stand for ecclesiastical freedom, but also to initiate measures, on the platform of liberty, for "gathering together in one the children of God which are scattered abroad." If, while we carefully maintain the independence of the local church, we allow it full scope, without prejudice, or railing accusation, or cutting insinuation, to order its internal affairs according to its own light, and if, at the same time, we enlarge our instrumentalities for manifesting Christian fellowship and for doing a common Christian work, we shall draw into union with ourselves and each other churches now widely separated. . . . We need to plant ourselves upon a simple evangelical doctrinal basis; to complete our fraternal manifestations of unity by adding a National Triennial Council, or Conference; and to let it be known that any local Christian church may join us while retaining its own internal administration. Then shall we be prepared for inward development and outward growth. We shall broaden and ripen in our intellectual culture, we shall enlarge our influence and usefulness, and we shall gradually convince Christians of all shades of belief and forms of worship that no necessity exists for their remaining aloof from each other in separate and unfraternal bodies. The liturgic and the non-liturgic churches, those with and those without elders, those which sprinkle and others which immerse in baptism, those Calvinistic and those Arminian in their faith, will learn that they can be in both moral and ecclesiastical fellowship, as were the primitive churches with their Jewish and Gentile differences of doctrine and worship. Let us have a revival of apostlic liberty and purity, of primitive breadth, com- [illegible] veneas, and power."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

DEFINING CHRISTIANITY.

"THE YEAR BOOK" of the American Unitarian Association is well and carefully prepared, and is indispensable to every Unitarian minister. It contains much interesting matter — among other things a very clear and candid statement of the Unitarian position in a review of the action of the late National Conference. We do not like the statement, however, that the Conference or the Association refuses "to define Christianity." What is the object of the Conference and the Association, but to *diffuse* Christianity? For this they ask funds, and frankness requires that they shall *define* the object they use them for. A very simple and, we think, quite sufficient, definition of Christianity would be, the *system of faith and practice contained in the New Testament*, leaving every man to learn it out for himself, and judge for himself. This we understand to be the Unitarian position; affirming a positive faith on the one hand and liberty on the other. The Conference defines Christianity as "the Gospel of Jesus Christ," meaning the gospel as embodied in the New Testament. It *defines* Christianity, but declines to *interpret* it, or draw it out into a human creed, leaving that for the individual in the freedom of his own studies and inquiries.

Sombody, in "The Commonwealth," gets off this "tremendous" criticism: —

"In the 'Random Readings' a certain 'L.' speaks very much at random about 'Carlyle and the War,' having previously relieved his feelings (at the reader's expense) upon the subject of the war in the 'Topics of the Month.' He jumps upon poor Carlyle like a grasshopper upon a war-horse, of course greatly to the detriment of the charger. Until Carlyle expressed his sympathy with Germany, he says, there might have been some doubt which of the two nations had the right of it. But the said sympathy having been expressed, we are assured that 'the Prussians are a set of unscrupulous, greedy, and merciless marauders.' It occurs to us, as a general reflection, not at all suggested, of course, by the case in hand, that when a man tries to be more tremendous than he can be, he is likely to appear weaker than he really is. Let the reader pardon us for introducing here this quite irrelevant remark."

You need no pardon, Mr. Critic, when you illustrate your own "general reflection" so capitally.

WHAT WAR COSTS.

A writer in "Lippincot's Magazine" (Mr. Wells) says the cost of our civil war, estimated in money alone, say nothing of the sacrifice of life, would be represented by the ordinary labor of two million men working continuously for nine years. Add to all this the widows and orphans made, the sorrow and desolation of home, and the hundreds of thousands maimed or disabled for life, and who will ask to settle the Alabama claims, or the fishery controversy, by another appeal to arms, or advise war as a "policy" to keep the republican party in power? We do not think Mr. Wells's language too strong, when, quoting Longfellow, he says the advocates of such a policy ought to wear on their foreheads the curse of Cain.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE RADICALS. — MR. ABBOT'S SERMON.

F. E. Abbot, the editor of "The Index," has a Christmas sermon which contains some fine passages. Mr. A. thinks he can celebrate Christmas with a fullness of significance which Christians cannot find in it, inasmuch as *they* only see God incarnate in Christ, he sees God incarnate in all humanity. But that, Mr. Abbot, would make us all Gods, whereas, it is patent we are not. God immanent in man, as his inspiration, his life, his peace and joy, his ground of all progress, is one doctrine; God incarnate is quite another doctrine, — a distinction which pantheists confound habitually. His incarnation in Christ is to the end of making his immanence in all humanity more full and efficacious. If he is incarnate in all men, polytheism is true, and there was no need of any Christ at all. But Mr. Abbot shall speak for himself in one of his fine passages, whose rhetoric we think far better than its logic and metaphysics: —

"I thus affirm what the Christians affirm, and also what they deny; do I not, then, make good my claim that my faith in the Incarnation is larger than theirs? Is it not clear that the great truth which I accept in its absoluteness, as a divine *law*, unlimited either in space or time, they mutilate and reduce to an exceptional *fact*, limited to a particular epoch and a particular locality? Let them retain their Emmanuel, who lit the darkened skies two thousand years ago like a meteor that flashes and

expires; but let us retain ours, which lights the heavens like a sun that never sets. Their Incarnation was transient, — mine is eternal. God was indeed in Jesus; but most of all is he in that Humanity which abides in all ages and all climes as a permanent, natural revelation of himself, — which no one man, however divine, can express in all its divine possibilities, — which shall incarnate more and more of the Infinite Spirit throughout the countless æons of eternity. God was indeed in that august man of Palestine; but he is as truly in you, men and women of America, — as truly in you, who listen to my poor fleeting words, as in him who uttered words that will live forever. The Eternal Goodness that found such melodious self-articulation in the life of Jesus, and spoke with such tenderness and power in that pure and lovely soul, is struggling, friends, to utter a word of equal beauty in your life and mine."

GLIMPSES.

A. J. Davis, the seer, is reported as saying that all spirits are perfect in form; since "deformities, such as humpbacks, broken limbs, and so on, are peeled off with the mortal wrapper." But how is it, Mr. Davis, with deformities originating in bad tempers, licentious passions, lusts that defile the mind and eat out all the beautiful sentiments and affections? Do not these produce a great deal worse deformities when ultimated in the body and features than those other things you speak of? They certainly do in this world. Is it not so in all worlds under the universal law, that spirit in some sort creates and fashions the body that reveals its essence? If it be not so in the other world, that must be a sphere of worse hypocrisies than the one we now live in.

WHITTIER'S NEW VOLUME.

"Miriam" is a tale which shows the beauty of humanity and mercy, and evinces the large faith of its author, who thinks there is good in all creeds and religions, and that good minds find it and leave the bad. Some of the minor poems of the volume are more faultless in execution than "Miriam," and have all of Whittier's mellowness and grace. That to Lydia Maria Child, on reading her poem in "The Standard," is in his best vein and is a fitting response to a very sweet and tender dirge entitled, "A Voice from Memory." Mrs. Child's stanzas express the yearning of more than one heart towards the land of mystery. How many hands there are stretched out towards those who are reaching from the other side of the river! The friend alluded to is Ellis Gray Loring, one

of the small band of abolitionists who were true as steel to the principles of freedom and the rights of the slave, when it was fashionable to ignore or despise them.

"Again the trees are clothed in vernal green,
Again the waters flow in silvery sheen,
But all this beauty through a mist I see,
For earth bloomed thus when thou wert lost to me.

"The flowers come back, the tuneful birds return,
But thou, for whom my spirit still doth yearn,
Art gone from me to spheres so bright and far
Thou seem'st the spirit of some distant star.

"Oh, for some telegram from thee, my friend!
Some whispered answer to the love I send!
Or one brief glance from those dear guileless eyes,
That smiled on me so sweetly thy replies.

"My heart is hungry for thy gentle ways,
Thy friendly counsels and thy precious praise;
I seem to travel in the dark alone,
Since thou, my wisest, truest guide, art gone.

"And yet at times so near thou art to me
That each good thought seems still inspired by thee;
I almost hear thee say, 'Fear not, my friend!
Our friendship, pure and loyal, knows no end.'"

A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

The town of Wayland have done a very sensible and a very honorable thing. They have raised the best and most fitting soldiers' monument of any we have heard of. The project of rearing a marble pile, and inscribing the soldiers' names upon it, was discussed and abandoned. What would most of these names be to the next generation, if this be all that is done? Names, and nothing more. Then it was proposed to send to every soldier of the Wayland quota and get the story of his marches and experiences; get also the story of the men who fell, from their letters and from friends who could furnish the knowledge, and put the whole into a book carefully compiled, several copies to be preserved in an apartment of the town library set apart for the purpose, with flags, swords, and other memorials of the war, such as could be gathered and preserved. The result is a large, handsome volume of some

ive hundred pages of exceeding interest. Every soldier's toils, sufferings, and achievements are there, gathered while they are fresh in the memory, and told with an unction, sometimes with a graphic power which only a personal interest could give them. The volume gives an inside view of the war, such as we have seen nowhere else. To the children and children's children of these heroic men the volume will have an interest and value beyond that which any stone monument could give. James S. Draper, Esq., the compiler of the volume, has done his part admirably in rearing this enduring monument.

On the evening of January 5th, ult., a meeting of all the surviving Wayland soldiers was called together, with all interested in the movement. The church was filled to overflowing. Each soldier was presented with a copy of the volume by a committee of the town, with appropriate remarks in appreciation of the services of these faithful men. The volume will be an heir-loom to their families forever. It was a reunion of thrilling reminiscences, and the meeting was prolonged far into the night with speeches and patriotic songs which brought back vividly the scenes of victory and suffering. Every spectator must have felt how true was the motto on the title-page of the volume: —

"O mother land! this weary life
Thy faithful children led for thee:
Theirs the strong agony and strife
By land and stormy sea.

"And not in vain: now slants the gold
Across those dark and stormy skies:
From out the ruined waste, behold
What happy homes arise!

A COLLEGE FOR THE FREEDMEN.

We watch with intense interest the progress made in the education and elevation of the four million negroes set free by the rebellion, and made citizens of the republic. The organized effort thus far promises the best results. All our readers may not be aware that a college for the education of colored teachers is in successful operation at Hampden, in Virginia, two or three miles east of Fortress Monroe, where, it will be remembered, Gen. Butler first declared the slaves contraband of war. It is under the energetic management of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, and contains already nearly

a hundred pupils. It has been built up principally by contributions of friends at the North, and funds from the Freedmen's Bureau, amounting, in all, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and efforts are now made to add one hundred thousand more with a further endowment from the state of Virginia. It has agricultural and other industrial departments, which furnish the students means, in part, of defraying their expenses, and also education in farming and in the mechanic arts. A gentleman of the highest intelligence, well acquainted with the operations of the school, says: —

"I have attended the recitations of the classes, and I declare, without hesitation, that I have never known a more thorough system of teaching than is maintained at this college, and that I was surprised at the proficiency of the pupils, and the intelligence and spirit which they displayed in the various classes."

I WANT NO FLOWERS.

I WANT no flowers thy stone to wreathe,
  Nor on thy grave to blow,
And mind me of my withered rose
  That turns to dust below.

I want no picture on my walls
  Thine image to renew,
And mock thy sweet, angelic smile,
  And eyes of tender dew.

Unless I touch those rosy lips
  That once to mine were laid,
I care not in the spirit-lands
  To meet thy fleeting shade.

If these be all that Mercy leaves
  To soothe my great despair,
I'll only clasp thee in my dreams,
  And carve thine image there.

But oh! these shadows which we grasp
  Tell, with prophetic power,
That this dim world must be our dream,
  And death our waking hour.

S.

INSIDE THE PALACE.

Mrs. Leonowens' book, lately noticed in our pages, shows in very striking light what Christianity has done and is doing for women. Mrs. L., it will be remembered, was governess and teacher in the household of the King of Siam, and her descriptions of character and manners, especially those of the women in the palace, show what beautiful types of human nature those people might become under a humane government and a pure religion, and how cruelly they may be depressed by superstition and despotism. The men of the better class evince singular capacity and intelligence, and the women a singular grace, sweetness and tenderness; and we do not remember reading of any people where a pure and invigorating faith would mould human nature into nobler and lovelier forms. Our savage Anglo-Saxon stock is slower a great deal, and harder to mould. What better and lovelier types of Chrisiian character and civilization may be had when the Christianity of Christ, not of its priesthoods, shall be embraced by the nations that now sit in darkness and the shadow of death?

Mrs. Leonowens had a school within the king's palace where she taught his wives and their children. Her descriptions of their natural loveliness and aptness to learn, with their patience under suffering and wrong, are very touching.

"I never knew misery," she says, "till I found it here." Amid the glitter and the ceremony, there was "the cloud, and the chill, and famishing, and pining, and beating of wings against golden bars." What revolutions shall we have when the woman question gets into Siam, and woman suffrage upheaves the despotism that bruises and blights its loveliest flowers? We give entire one of the touching stories which Mrs. L. narrates often, with a pathos and eloquence that move the heart very deeply.

THE STORY OF LITTLE WANNE.

Among my pupils was a little girl about eight or nine years old, of delicate frame, and with the low voice and subdued manner of one who had already had experience of sorrow. She was not among those presented to me at the opening of the school. Wanne Retana Kania was her name ("Sweet Promise of my Hopes"), and very engaging and persuasive was she in her patient, timid loveliness. Her mother, the Lady Khoon Chom Kioa, who had once

found favor with the king, had at the time of my coming to the palace fallen into disgrace by reason of her gambling, in which she had squandered all the patrimony of the little princess. This fact, instead of inspiring the royal father with pity for his child, seemed to attract to her all that was most cruel in his insane temper. The offense of the mother had made the daughter offensive in his sight; and it was not until long after the term of imprisonment of the disgraced favorite had expired, that Wanne ventured to appear at a royal *levee*. The moment the king caught sight of the little form so piteously prostrated there, he drove her rudely from his presence, taunting her with the delinquencies of her mother with a coarseness that would have been cruel enough if she had been responsible for them and a gainer by them, but against one of her tender years, innocent toward both, and injured by both, it was inconceivably atrocious. On her first appearance at school she was so timid and wistful, that I felt constrained to notice and encourage her more than those whom I had already with me. But I found this no easy part to play; for very soon one of the court ladies in the confidence of the king took me quietly aside, and warned me to be less demonstrative in favor of the little princess, saying, "Surely you would not bring trouble upon that wounded lamb!"

It was a sore trial to me to witness the oppression of one so unoffending and so helpless. Yet our Wanne was neither thin nor pale. There was a freshness in her childish beauty, and a bloom in the transparent olive of her cheeks, that were at times bewitching. She loved her father, and in her visions of baby faith beheld him almost as a god. It was true joy to her to fold her hands and bow before the chamber where he slept. With that steadfast hopefulness of childhood which can be deceived without being discouraged, she would say, "How glad he will be when I can read!" and yet she had known nothing but despair.

Her memory was extraordinary; she delighted in all that was remarkable, and with careful wisdom gathered up facts and precepts and saved them for future use. She seemed to have built around her an invisible temple of her own design, and to have illuminated it with the rushlight of her childish love. Among the books she read to me, rendering it from English into Siamese, was one called "Spring-time." On translating the line, "Whom he loveth he chasteneth," she looked up in my face and asked, anxiously, "Does thy God do that? Ah! lady, are *all* the gods angry and cruel? Has he no pity even for those who love him? He must be like my

father; *he* loves us so he has to be *rye* (cruel) that we may fear evil and avoid it."

Meanwhile, little Wanne learned to spell, read, and translate almost intuitively; for there were novelty and hope to help the Buddhist child, and love to help the English woman. The sad look left her face, — her life had found an interest; and very often on *fete* days she was my only pupil; when, suddenly, an ominous cloud obscured the sky of her transient gladness.

Wanne was poor; and her gifts to me were of the riches of poverty, — fruit and flowers. But she owned some female slaves, and one among them, a woman of twenty-five perhaps, — who had already made a place for herself in my regard, — seemed devotedly attached to her youthful mistress, and not only attended her to the school day after day, but shared her scholarly enthusiasm, even studied with her, sitting at her feet by the table. Steadily the slave kept pace with the princess. All that Wanne learned at school in the day was lovingly taught to Mai Noie in the nursery at night; and it was not long before I found, to my astonishment, that the slave read and translated as correctly as her mistress.

Very delightful were the demonstrations of attachment interchanged between these two. Mai Noie bore the child in her arms to and from the school, fed her, humored her every whim, fanned her naps, bathed and perfumed her every night, and then rocked her to sleep on her careful bosom as tenderly as she would have done for her own child. And then it was charming to watch the child's face kindle with love and comfort as the sound of her friend's step approached.

Suddenly a change; the little princess came to school as usual, but a strange woman attended her, and I saw no more of Mai Noie there. The child grew so listless and wretched that I was forced to ask the cause of her darling's absence; she burst into a passion of tears, but replied not a word. Then I inquired of the stranger and she answered in two syllables, "*My su*" ("I know not"). Shortly afterward, as I entered the schoolroom one day, I perceived that something unusual was happening. I turned toward the princess' door and stood still, fairly holding in my breath. There was the king, furious, striding up and down. All the female judges of the palace were present, and a crowd of mothers and royal children. On all the steps around innumerable slave-women, old and young, crouched and hid their faces.

But the object most conspicuous was little Wanne's mother, man-

acled and prostrate on the polished marble pavement. There, too, was my poor little princess, her hands clasped helplessly, her eyes tearless but downcast, palpitating, trembling, shivering. Sorrow and horror had transformed the child.

As well as I could understand, where no one dared explain, the wretched woman had been gambling again, and had even staked and lost her daughter's slaves. At last I understood Wanne's silence when I asked her where Mai Noie was. By some means — spies probably — the whole matter had come to the king's ears, and his rage was wild; not because he loved the child, but that he hated the mother.

Promptly the order was given to lash the woman, and two Amazons advanced to execute it. The first strike was delivered with savage skill; but before the thong could descend again the child sprang forward and flung herself across the bare and quivering back of her mother. "Strike me, my father! Pray strike me, oh my father!"

The pause of fear that followed was only broken by my boy, who, with a convulsive cry, buried his face desperately in the folds of my skirt.

There, indeed, was a case for prayer, *any* prayer! — the prostrate woman, the hesitating lash, the tearless anguish of the Siamese child, the heart-rending cry of the English child, all those mothers with groveling brows, but hearts uplifted among the stars on the wings of the Angel of Prayer. Who could behold so many women crouching, shuddering, stupified, dismayed, in silence and darkness, animated, enlightened only by the deep whispering heart of maternity, and not be moved with mournful yearnings?

The child's prayer was vain. As demons tremble in the presence of a god, so the king comprehended that he had now to deal with a power of weakness, pity, beauty, courage and eloquence. "Strike *me*, oh my father!"

His quick, clear sagacity measured instantly all the danger in that challenge; and though his voice was thick and agitated, — for, monster as he was at that moment, he could not but shrink from striking at every mother's heart at his feet, — he nervously gave the order to remove the child and bind her. The united strength of several women was not more than enough to loose the clasp of those loving arms from the neck of an unworthy mother. The tender hands and feet were bound, and the tender heart was broken. The lash descended then unforbidden by any cry.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLUTARCH'S MORALS. Translated from the Greek by several hands. Corrected and revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5 vols. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1870.

The thanks of all reading and scholarly persons are due to the learned editor of this classical work, and to the publishers who have given it so handsome a garb. The task which Professor Goodwin has discharged has been more laborious than any one can conceive who looks only at his finished work without actual comparison with the earlier translations of which it is modestly entitled a "revision," and with the original text, which is often hopelessly corrupt. In some ways no enterprise can be more unsatisfactory to a scholar, for there is nothing where the unseen labor is in larger proportion to the seen result; yet it must be a recompense to Professor Goodwin to be assured that he has done a greatly appreciated and enduring service to many lovers of good literature. While some of the old translators of Plutarch were competent, of some it may be said that they knew everything except Greek. Their English is of the incomparable raciness which belongs to the time when they wrote, the end of the seventeenth century; and it is fortunate that the present editor decided to keep wherever possible the language of the old translation by "Several Hands," first published in 1684–1694, and corrected from the earlier translation by Holland, eighty years previous.

The "Morals" of Plutarch comprise seventy-six dissertations, not only on ethical subjects, but on curious questions of all sorts, some of them quite the reverse of ethical, and widely varying in value. But the value of the whole work can hardly be overstated, as a treasury of the opinions and information of the ancient world. Mr. Emerson, in his charming prefatory paper, points out the excellences of Plutarch with the eye of a lover; and when he says "Plutarch will be perpetually rediscovered from time to time as long as books last," his readers will be reminded how to many of them his own "Essays" first commended the old sage. In this day, when antiquity is undergoing a scrutiny more sympathetic and

just than heretofore, these "Morals" are a store-house from which to gather knowledge on many points under discussion. Plutarch, though not a great or original thinker, had a wide and hospitable mind, admired good thoughts and great deeds, and has done more, perhaps, than any other to transmit these from the ancient world to be an influence in the modern world. The touches of his personal character which Plutarch permits us to gather from himself give a very pleasing picture of the old man living his blameless life in Chœronea, loving his wife Timoxena, mourning for his daughter's death, discharging the priestly offices of the religion of his country, and gossiping with his readers from that day to this. Born in A.D. 50, and dying in the reign of Hadrian, his life was in a dark, bad time, and is helpful to us by showing that good men could be better than the evil time in which their lives were cast. He lacks the loftiness and bracing quality of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, yet is himself a very instructive illustration of the greatnesses and the limitations of the ancient mind apart from Christianity. He has floated down to us the best sayings of two hundred and fifty writers, of whom eighty are said to be authors whose works are wholly or partially lost. His discussions of questions in natural science remind one of Sir Thomas Brown's Vulgar Errors, and are as obsolete. Many things in his writings disclose to us the depths of wickedness that lay around him, of which he speaks without any intense flame of indignation, yet with a grave and religious disapproval, and with a plainness of speech quite alien from modern nicety in such matters. He speaks of the Training of Children, and gives Marriage Precepts in a way which shows him to be a good father and husband, though he was just growing to manhood in the time of Nero. The light which he throws on manners and customs, the gleams of character in historical persons, are invaluable. How good is this repartee of Socrates: "Having fallen one day very severely upon an acquaintance of his at table, Plato could not forbear to take him up, saying, 'Had it not been more proper, sir, to have spoken these things in private?' To which Socrates instantly replied, 'And had it not been more proper for you to have told me so in private too?'"

The really ethical essays are noble, and reveal a devout mind and religious nature. Such are that Of The Slow Punishments by the Divinity, that Against the Doctrine of Epicurus, that Of the Tranquillity of the Mind, — to mention no others. "Neither rich furniture," he says, "nor abundance of gold; not a descent from an illustrious family or greatness of authority; not eloquence and all

the charms of speaking can procure so great a serenity of life as a mind free from guilt, kept untainted not only from actions, but purposes that are wicked. By this means the soul will be not only unpolluted, but undisturbed; the fountain will run clear and unsullied; and the streams that flow from it will be just and honest deeds, ecstasies of satisfaction, a brisk energy of spirit which makes a man an enthusiast in his joy, and a tenacious memory sweeter than hope. . . . For as censers, even after they are empty, do for a long time after retain their fragrancy, as Carneades expresseth it, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind, and leave a rich scent behind them."

In his philosophy Plutarch was an eclectic, with a leaning to Platonism. He believed in one supreme Divinity, infinitely distant from the world, and governing it through intermediate beings, the gods who were worshiped by men. He believed also in the eternal existence of a principle of evil, antagonistic to the divine principle of good. In his religion, dæmons played an important part, as the means of communion between gods and men, sometimes good and sometimes evil, and he calculates from certain lines of Hesiod the age of a dæmon to be nine thousand seven hundred and twenty years. Divine revelations through oracles and myths he believed in, and one of the most interesting of his essays is that which inquires why the oracles cease to give answers, — in which occurs the vivid account of the mysterious voice which announced to a ship at sea that "the great god Pan is dead."

Plutarch is one of the latest authors of antiquity who sincerely believed in the fading faith of antiquity and in a divine government of the world; and he labored sincerely, though unavailingly, to rekindle the dying embers of the old religion in the hearts of his contemporaries and to revive in them the first principles of faith and morals. His earnest honesty in this makes his readers respect and love him, and his genial, kindly spirit wins them, while his stores of information make him indispensable to students of one of the most interesting periods of history, and of many of the most important subjects of human inquiry.

We would again express grateful acknowldgements to Professor Goodwin for the laborious and disinterested service which he has rendered by this accurate and handsome edition of the "Morals."

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By Lucien Biart. With 117 illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871. Pp. 891.

Boy readers are as much favored as girls in this golden age of childhood. This book, translated from the French, is of the very best kind, and thoroughly to be commended as a New Year's gift for any intelligent, open-minded boy. It purports to be written by a naturalist who takes with him his little son in his explorations of the wilds of Mexico. The nine-year-old Lucien, Sumichrast, their Swiss companion, and l'Encuerado, their Indian servant, pass through many adventures and perils, but are repaid by the stalactite caves, the waterfalls, the tropical vegetation, the raft voyage down an unknown river, the wonders of animal and vegetable life, which crowd these pages. The book is a good illustration of the truth that no fiction can be so interesting to youthful, healthy minds, as the facts of natural history well told. The illustrations are excellent and numerous, and add beauty and value to the book.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED. A Story of the First Century. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is an historical romance. The characters around whom the story gathers interest — Germanicus, Agrippina, and Tiberius — are very faithfully drawn, and are true to the facts of history. An inside view of Rome and the Roman Empire at the time of the Christian era and during the half century following is painted in sober but true colors, and slavery, with its horrible oppressions and cruelties, appears black as it should be. Herman, a German captive, with his mother and sister, are taken to Rome, march in the triumphal procession of Germanicus, are reduced to slavery, fall in with Christians, and are converted to Christianity. Their checkered and varied fortunes furnish the material of the story, and furnish occasion to the author to paint the old rotten state of society and the dreary emptiness of the Roman religion and worship in contrast with the new creation in Jesus Christ. Clœlia, the vestal virgin, is a character very beautifully drawn, and personifies what is good in the state religion, or rather what was, and the longing and the baffled hopes for a better future felt by all good and receptive minds — "the earnest expectation of the creature" travailing in pain near the birth of a new era. The book, in our judgment, is the best which the author has produced, and that is certainly high praise. It abounds in fine historical painting, and the work is, in fact, a persuasive plea for the power and truth of the Christian religion.

S.

THE TONE MASTERS. By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. Bach and Beethoven. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

Here is a book which can be cordially commended for young people of musical tastes, and for older persons, likewise, who wish to learn the story of the great masters of musical composition.

Round "the great organ," which we all know, is grouped just enough human interest to bring the story into our modern life, and to warm it with charity; and then to the little company to whom the reader is introduced the history of the lives of Bach and Beethoven is related, and an enthusiastic, appreciative analysis of some of their works is given. Those who are just making the acquaintance of the great symphonies, as they surge round the silent bronze figure on the Music Hall platform, will be helped by this little book to understand the secret of their meaning.

GOLD AND NAME. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

The enthusiastic letter of commendation from Mdlle Christine Nilsson to the translators, which is prefixed to this story, will doubtless persuade many musical souls to read it. It is to be feared, however, that they will be disappointed if they look here for the peculiar charm of Miss Bremer's writings. The story has, indeed, the foreign atmosphere which gives a piquant and attractive sense of novelty, but it labors somewhat heavily at times, and its interest centres largely, after the continental fashion, in matrimonial bickerings and misunderstandings.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

Mr. Howells is one of the very best of essayists. No one save Hawthorne has written such exquisite and characteristic papers, although we miss in him the weird shadows that played over the spirit of the author of the "Scarlet Letter," and the deep glimpses into mystery and gloom which he opened to us. But there is a real kinship with the "Twice Told Tales," and a humor which Charles Lamb would have owned fellowship with. There is not a careless sentence, but every one sparkles. The account of Mrs. Johnson, the colored cook, the delicious paper on "Doorstep Acquaintance," the "Day's Pleasure," that entitled, "By Horse-Car to Boston," are delightful revelations of the freshness and interest that keen, good-humored eyes can find in the most prosy facts of life.

That on "Jubilee Days" is the best account of the great Coliseum festival, and brings back to the memory all its dusty flavors and strangely heterogeneous mingling of crowd and outside shows with grand musical effects.

PLANE AND PLANK; or The Mishaps of a Mechanic. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

This is one of the "Upward and Onward" series. Its young hero, Phil Farringford, passes through various adventures while learning his honest trade as a carpenter, which bring him in such contact with the evils of intemperance and gambling as to impress a wholesome moral aversion to them on his mind, with plenty of excitement while he is learning them. The story carries the reader along with it and is well told. It must, however, in truth be said, that it has too much the appearance of being made "by the quantity," and though not injurious, is not particularly edifying to the youthful mind.

SAM SHIRK. A Tale of the Woods of Maine. By Geo. H. Devereux. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

The author of this fresh, breezy story of backwoods life won his spurs in literature long ago by his very charming translations from the Spanish of Yriarte. The present book is a very interesting and vivid picture of frontier adventure in hunting, logging, fighting with Indians, with enough of a love story interwoven with it to add the necessary human zest. The descriptions of scenery are evidently the work of a lover of nature, and the characteristic scenes of the book, have the unmistakable flavor of the woods, and would show, even if the author had not stated it in his preface, that he was intimately conversant with the free, wholsome life of adventure which he describes. The description of a jam among the logs on the river is especially vivid and good.

The following sentence from a letter of an honored clergyman and old subscriber to THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, received by the publisher, is one of many expressions which have reached him: —

"*My dear Mr. Bowles*, — Permit me to congratulate you on the good Christian work which your magazine has done for many years, as I believe, and to hope that its influence will continue to be for genuine forms of faith and charity.

"Yours truly, ——— ———."

THE

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CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Christian world has always been longing for some common bond of union between all believing souls. Except perhaps in the time of the apostles and the generations immediately succeeding them, no such union has ever existed throughout Christendom. We have only to look a little way into the ecclesiastical history of any period before the Reformation, to see that no such union ever existed in the Roman Catholic Church. And those times which were most distinguished by intellectual and spiritual vitality within the church, as, for instance, the age of Arius and Athanasius, the age of Abelard, of Anselm, and St. Bernard, or that of the schoolmen a century later, were times of angry conflicts and dissensions among the great leaders in thought and devotion. As a basis of spiritual union, they were undertaking to settle intellectually or by ecclesiastical authority questions which never can be settled by the mind of man.

The fundamental doctrine of all religion, the idea of God, how it comes into the mind, and why it should be believed, is

one which the most subtle intellects have never been ab
establish on a logical basis. . "The idea of God in the ı
of man," says Anselm, "is the one unanswerable eviden
the existence of God." "This same thought," says Mi
(Latin Christianity, Vol. III. p. 358), "seems, with no kı
edge of its mediæval origin, to have forced itself on Desca
was re-asserted by Leibnitz, if not rejected was thought i
ficient by Kant, revived in another form by Schelling ar
Hegel; latterly has been discussed with singular ful
and ingenuity by M. de Remusat. Yet will it less sur
the most profoundly reflective, who cannot but perceive
soon and how inevitably the mind arrives at the verge o
man thought; how it cannot but encounter the same
tion, which in another form divided, in either avowed o
conscious antagonism, Plato and Aristotle, Anselm an
opponents (for opponents he had of no common subt
Leibnitz and Locke; which Kant failed to reconcile; ı
his followers have perhaps bewildered by a new and intı
phraseology more than elucidated; which modern eclect
harmonizes rather in seeming than in reality; the que
of questions; our primary, elemental, it may be innate
stinctive, or acquired and traditional, idea, conception, n
conviction of God, of the Immaterial, the Eternal, th
finite."

Now, if on logical and theological grounds there is
always has been such a diversity of opinion amon
greater minds in regard to the foundation of all religio
lief, it must be very plain that no union such as Chr
souls long for can be brought about by substantial
ment in theological doctrines. "Theology must, whe
lowed out, become metaphysical; metaphysics must be
theological." Here is room for endless discussion and
less divergences of thought. When men undertake in
physical terms to define doctrines relating to the ori
our religious belief, to the nature of God or of Christ
soon find that the subject is too vast for them. It has c
beyond the reach of their thought, and distinctions too f
be appreciated by the subtlest intellect. The results o

discussions will be almost as various as the independent original minds engaged in them. The more earnestly, the more ably and conscientiously they pursue their investigations, the more widely will they probably be separated from one another. But let these same persons seek and discuss together how they may best cultivate a devotional spirit, how they may best carry out the great precepts of Christian duty, and every step in their progress will bring them more closely together. When they meet as theologians and metaphysicians, they meet for controversy, dissension, and alienation. But when they meet to consult together for the advancement of pure religion, when they engage in works of Christian duty, or pray together in humility and earnestness, they forget their theological differences, and are drawn together by the strongest of all sympathies. As children of a common Father, as followers of a common Saviour, sanctified by the same Spirit, as pilgrims journeying towards the same eternal home, they are united in heart and life, and belong all to the same religious communion. Sometimes they who have spent the whole day in discussions which have made them feel as if they had nothing in common, and could have no Christian fellowship with one another, as they have left these theological discussions, and dwelt on the great precepts of our religion, their religious works and duties, their dependence on God, their need of mercy, their hopes of salvation, and then have united in prayer, using in their doctrines, with a hearty unison of feeling, the same passages of Scripture which in their discussions have only separated them from one another, their souls are knit together by the holiest sympathies, and they find that in heart and life they are bound together by affinities stronger than can ever come from any similarity or identity of intellectual opinions. When those views of God are presented which lift the soul up in awe and love, when the momentary concerns of eternity press upon us, when, as in some terrible catastrophe at sea, there is no hope but in the infinite mercy of God, then theological distinctions are thrown aside as of no account, and all turn to the same God, and call on him for pardon and acceptance.

Here is a great lesson, not only of Christian toleration a forbearance, but of Christian union. Whatever in our re gion appeals to the conscience and the heart, whate serves to quicken the sense of duty, or to draw men nea to Christ and to God, draws them also more closely to c another. But all attempts, by minute articles of faith relati to the metaphysical difficulties which everywhere press theological subjects, only serve to create heresies and div ions. It was so in the early ages of Christianity, when, th centuries after the resurrection of Jesus, the attempt v first made to force such articles upon the church; it c tinued so till the human mind had lost its freedom under t terrible despotism of the Roman church which threatened bury our religion in the ghastly tomb of the dark ages; a since the Reformation, this same process of division a alienation has gone far enough to grieve every devout he to awaken a general longing for some new bond of spirit union and some season of rest from the perpetual warf which hostile sects have been waging against one anot And is there no way in which a more extended and m hearty union may be brought about among the various me bers of Christ's body?

We believe that there is. The ablest and purest mer the age have been looking for it. Many plans for the acc plishment of such an end have been proposed. But there only one which can be effectual. If we would secure harmony of the earliest ages of Christianity, we must g up our elaborate creeds, and come back to the simple for las which Christ and his immediate followers established imposed.

Take, for example, the great doctrine indicated by words of the baptismal formula, which seems to have b the original test, so far as doctrines go, of Christian disci ship. The doctrine, bound up in the words by which disciples were initiated into the Christian church, is unq tionably the distinguishing doctrine of our religion. It s arates it from all other religions. Christianity is not a m elevated form of deism, or a refinement on Judaism. It

elements peculiar to itself, implied in this baptismal form, deeply affecting the character of its worshipers and the nature of their worship. Take out of the New Testament all that is said of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, leaving us with only what is there revealed of the Infinite Father, and our religion will lose we need not say how much of all that most commends it to our hearts. God is thrown back into the distant heavens. Our conceptions of him become remote. Our feelings towards him are chilled. He does not connect himself as now with the tender reverence that draws us towards him, and makes us look to him, not with awe alone, but with tears of trusting gratitude and love. As we follow Jesus through his ministry, and hear his words and enter into his spirit, we feel that he is to us the manifestation of the Father; that he brings God in all his gentle and endearing attributes home to our hearts, connecting him with our fireside affections, giving us warmth and tenderness, and a sense of trust and nearness to him in our devotions. So our feelings towards God are modified by the peculiar relations to us which are indicated by the Holy Spirit, which dwells a sanctifying presence in the soul, subduing our hearts, forming them anew, through a divine life, into the image of God, till his love pervades all our affections, purges away all bitterness, and is breathed out from us in our daily thoughts and acts.

Here is a type of character formed under influences altogether unlike those which proceed from any other religious dispensation. And the influences under which it is formed are in some way or other connected with the formula of Christian baptism. All these elements, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, enter into the highest type of Christian worship and Christian life. They who cherish that worship and that life feel themselves bound together by some unseen but powerful bond of sympathy and union. They are drawn to one another, and they feel that wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ there is he in the midst of them. They are brought into communion with him and

with heavenly things. Inward life, power, peace, is imparted to them, and a nearer intimacy with heaven.

Here is the practical influence of the doctrine. We are not deists. Our religion is not preached to congregations of deists, but to companies of Christian believers, who grow up through Christ into union and harmony with God.

Now, why can we not fall back on the great Scriptural expressions which address themselves with such power to the imagination and the heart, and feed the inmost springs of our spiritual thought and life? Why can we not be satisfied with the way in which this doctrine has been taught by Jesus Christ and his disciples? Why must we refine upon their words, and cover them over with distinctions, or tie them up by our definitions, till the simplicity, the power, and the liberty of the divine words are lost, its heavenly perfume exhaled, and its freshness gone? Those living words which come to us always in the perennial greenness of a divine creation, with thought enough to exhaust the intellect of the profoundest philosopher, and yet coming home to the heart and comprehension of the child, the moment they are stripped of their freedom and drawn up into a creed, lose their charm, and seem cold, unsatisfactory, barren, and dead. The beautiful form so full of life and grace is wrapped in its winding sheet and laid in the tomb. But when in the freedom of returning life the spirit shall come back to it, the now living form shall throw aside its grave-clothes, leave the tomb, and come forth to cheer the heart of the believer, and to fill him with thankfulness and love.

For whatever this doctrine of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost may be in its last analysis, it does not in the Scriptures offer itself to us as a metaphysical formula. In Peter we find a part of it used as a heartfelt expression of grateful trust: "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It was breathed out by Jesus himself in a promise of unspeakable tenderness: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode in him." In the prayer before the

agony of the garden it appears again: "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." It was uttered most fully in the baptismal service. It was a blessed revelation to the first martyr, when a moment before his death he saw the glory of God and cried, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." It fell as a heavenly benediction from the lips of Paul, when, yearning with desires which no other language could express for the happiness and peace of those whose salvation was dearest to his heart, he said, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever." And in the Apocalypse it appears as a solemn ascription in that triumphal scene, where "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," saying, "Salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb."

These were the earliest expressions of this doctrine, — no metaphysical abstraction or subtle distinctions, but a prayer, a benediction, an anthem, to warm the heart, and lift it up in adoration and praise. And so, when James and Peter and Paul, and the beloved disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, had by violent deaths been transferred from their prayers and labors here to the songs of the redeemed above, the doctrine still continued under these simple forms, an expression of trust or prayer, or an ascription of praise to touch the heart, and to lead to unity of feeling and of worship. Those early Christians had too deep an interest in Christ, they were bound to him by affections too strong and full of reverence, to attempt by any poor definitions of theirs to analyze and set forth the mysteries of his nature. They had faith in him, but their faith was more a sentiment than a formula, more a conviction of the heart than a conclusion of the understanding. They believed with intense love and reverence in his personal presence and care. They called on him for aid in their trouble. They sang ascriptions of praise and gratitude

to him. They commemorated his dying love, and held con munion with him by the solemn and affecting rite which h had instituted.

When they met, as they usually did for worship at the fir dawn of every day (we follow here the account given by Bu sen), they sang the following hymn, the earliest of which ar record has come down to us, and which may have been sun by the Apostle John:—

"We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee,
We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory,
O Lord, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty, Lord God.
O Lord, the only begotten Son:
Jesus Christ:
That takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us, receive our prayer.
Thou that sitteth at the right hand of God the Father,
Have mercy upon us,
For thou alone art holy.
Thou only art the Lord Jesus Christ:
To the glory of God the Father, Amen."

In another hymn is the expression, "Vouchsafe, O Lorc to keep us this day without sin."

In the evening, as the sun had set, and the candles wer first brought in, those simple-minded followers of Christ, wh had yet assented to no elaborate creed, sang this beautifi hymn:—

"Jesus Christ, thou joyous light of holy glory, of the Father everlas ing, coming to the setting of the sun, and seeing the evening light, w praise Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit of God. Thou art worthy to b praised at all times with holy songs, thou Son of God who hast give life. Therefore the world glorifieth Thee."

In another hymn to God are these words:—

"We praise Thee, we sing unto Thee, we bless Thee,
On account of Thy great glory,
O Lord the King, Father of Christ:
Of the spotless Lamb which taketh away the sins of the world
It behoveth to praise Thee;
It behoveth to sing unto Thee;

It behoveth to glorify Thee, God and Father:
Through the Son, in the Holy Ghost, forever and ever."

Here is indicated the original form of the Gloria Patri:—

"Glory be to the Father, through the Son, and in the Holy Ghost."

We see how all this harmonizes in spirit with the language of the Scriptures. The only creed in those primitive ages, and it was repeated by catechumens as they were about to receive or enter into the waters of baptism, was in these words:—

"I believe in the only true God, the Father Almighty;

"And in his only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour;

"And in the Holy Spirit, the giver of life."

Nothing could be more simple, or more beautiful as an expression of faith on the part of those who, at the peril often of life, were about to take up the cross, and assume, with the privileges, the responsiblities, of Christian believers. Gradually clause after clause was added, till on this simple basis what has been called the Apostles' Creed had been formed. Still this, as we now have it, is composed mostly of Scriptural statements, and does not enter at all into metaphysical distinctions.

But afterwards a different spirit, and with it a different practice, was introduced. Pagan philosophers were converted, and brought their philosophy with them into the church. They carried their speculations into the most sacred of all subjects, and formed metaphysical theories, some of them strange and monstrous, respecting the nature of God and of his Son. When it became necessary to meet and put down these extravagant views, the leaders in the church did not fall back on the early formulas of faith and worship, but engaged in counter speculations and statements. They laid down their opposing metaphysical theories. They formed them into articles of faith, less and less simple, gradually taking up into them elements of the heathen philosophy, and obliging all who entered the church to assent to them. In

this way the Nicene Creed was formed and imposed. In this way was formed the Athanasian Creed, adopted by the Roman Church, retained by the English, though seldom read there, and wisely rejected by the American branch of the Episcopal Church, — a creed which we can hardly read, when in a thoughtful frame of mind, without a shudder at its awful profanity and assumption of divine authority, fortified as it is in the beginning and middle and end by its triple batteries of anathemas, threatening with everlasting damnation all who do not believe in every one of its unintelligible or absurd distinctions. "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

Here intellectual distinctions and the assumptions of human power were gradually growing over and strangling the grand but simple expressions of faith and worship which abound in the Scriptures, and which inspired the devotions and guided the faith of the primitive Christians. Here in the Church of Rome was the beginning of a spiritual despotism, which, denying all liberty of thought, brought on the ages of darkness, crushing the soul of man, shutting out the light of God, heaping up its unrighteous exactions and enormities, till, no longer tolerated by God or man, its iniquities were exposed, and in the fearful convulsions of the Reformation its authority was shaken, and a portion of Christendom was set free, at least from its most terrible exactions.

But among Protestants a similar course has been pursued. Men dare not trust to the Scriptures and the earliest and simplest formulas of Christian faith. Following the example of the great religious bodies, Greek or Roman, from which they have come out, every little sect or association claims the right to draw up its articles of belief, set forth its metaphysical analysis of the unfathomable mysteries of the divine nature, and exclude from the Christian name and ordinances those who do not assent to them. Is this in accordance either with the letter or the spirit of our religion? We say nothing of the truth or falsehood of these creeds. Allow

that every word they contain is true. What right have these men, these churches or associations, — for they are but men, — to set forth their metaphysical theories on the most difficult and mysterious of all subjects, and demand that we shall give our assent to them, or be forever shut out from the privileges and hopes of our religion? Devout men and women may give their assent to every sentence contained in the gospel, and to every formula of faith that has come down to us from the first two centuries after the birth of Christ, they may profess their belief in every formula which Christ proposed or which the apostles and their immediate successors required, they may show all the Christian graces and virtues in their lives, and yet, because they do not assent to certain metaphysical distinctions, studied out and drawn up by weak and fallible men, they are to be excluded from the Christian ordinances here, and the hopes of salvation hereafter!

We would protest against this as contrary to the whole letter and spirit of our religion, as an unauthorized and monstrous wrong, perpetrated in the name of the meek and merciful Jesus, creating divisions, dissensions, alienations, and enmities in the bosom of his church. The Greek Church condemns and excommunicates the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome condemns and excommunicates all Protestant denominations. Protestant churches denounce, condemn, and excommunicate one another, and all on precisely the same grounds, because they will not assent to certain formulas of metaphysical doctrine or ecclesiastical form, which not one person in ten thousand has time to investigate or can understand. The heart sickens at the thought. If any extended work of Christian benevolence, even a sanitary mission for the benefit of our soldiers in time of war, if any great scheme of education for the enlightenment of the whole people is got up, if any new movement for the advancement of our religion within our own borders or among heathen nations is designed, the jealousy of clashing sects is roused. The purest feelings are embittered by its rankling suspicions. Christian missionaries in distant lands sometimes make their religion a hissing and a by-word among

the heathen by their own disputes and conflicting claims. the name of God, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son God, and of the Holy Spirit, which comes, not to create div ions, but unity and peace among men, in the name of all th should be sacred and dear to us in our religion, we woul protest against this unchristian and unholy warfare, and ca on all, whether Catholic or Protestant, who are carrying ou this system of human, or rather inhuman proscription, t give up their unhallowed work, their ungodly assumption c authority over the souls of their brethren. It is the sham and scandal of the Christian world. It paralyzes our bes efforts. It falls as a blight on our Christian affections, an narrows down to a creed, or a party, or a sect, feelings whic should be as broad and free as the family of man, or th spirit of God. It deepens the tone of national enmities, divides and alienates families, it creates dissension, strife, an hatred among neighbors. It puts asunder those whom Gc has joined together, and converts the peaceful borders the church into the battle-ground of conflicting sects.

In thickly-settled communities, where churches of diffe ent names are easily accessible, the injustice of the exclusiv policy is less severely felt; though even there, not only i the alienation of those who should be friends, but in familie and especially in the religious education of children, it often the source of misunderstanding and mutual distru among those who are united by the most sacred of huma ties. But in small and remote places, where there are hardl people enough to support a single church, the injustic has often a most painful and cruel influence. Persons scrupulous fidelity in their lives and thoughts, who lo and reverence their Saviour, and would gladly honor him b obeying his precepts, are studiously shut out from the orc nances of his religion, because they cannot subscribe to the articles of a creed drawn up by human hands in co formity with certain metaphysical theories respecting the c vine nature. "We accept," they say, "the gospel of Chri and every term of honor which the New Testament besto on his august and sacred name. We look to him and t

truths revealed in him for our hopes of salvation." "But no," is the stern, hard reply, "you do not assent to our creed, and therefore can have no part with us." And so they are driven away from the table of our common Lord. Their children cannot be admitted to the rite of Christian baptism. In their bereavements and sorrows, in sickness and at the approach of death, they cannot receive from the minister or the church the consolations of the gospel, unless they give up their most dearly cherished convictions. The Christian sympathy, for which we all of us long in hours of sorrow and pain and weariness, is denied to them by those who profess to be the followers of Christ. Thanks be to God, there is a sympathy richer and deeper than that which flows through any human channel. The soul has always free access to the mercy-seat of God. There it may pour out its griefs, confess its unworthiness, pray for pardon, consolation and support, to One who never casts off those who seek him with humble and trusting hearts.

Still, the evil is a severe one. It bears with the greatest severity on persons of the most tender and sensitive natures —those who most need the supports which may be given to one another by the members of a Christian church. Why can we not, in our terms of followship and union, come back to the usages of the primitive church, laying aside the metaphysical creeds and formulas, on which so much human ingenuity has been expended, and resting on those great precepts of truth and duty which have been handed down to us from Christ and the Apostles, or their immediate successors in the church? Thanks be to God, we do see indications of the coming of this better day.

We shall always need different organizations, different forms of church discipline and worship, and different theological views. But we shall all recognize one another as living members of the same church, baptized in the name of the same Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, penetrated by the same spirit, living for the same end, and with the same hopes of eternal life. We already, practically, in the best experiences of our own hearts and lives, to a certain extent are true to

these sentiments. The books which we most seek, and che ish in our closets, as aids to help us in our devotions, belon to no one denomination, but are cherished alike by member of almost every religious communion. So, as we look bacl into the past, the names of those most held in honor by Christians everywhere, as among the saints and religious benefactors of mankind, belong to branches of the church as widely separated from each other as the ancient Jews and Samaritans. All lesser distinctions are forgotten, as we run through the long line of holy men belonging, as we now see to one great company of the faithful on earth and the redeemed in heaven. St. Augustine and Borromeo, Thomas Aqui nas and Fenelon, Luther and Melancthon, George Herbert Jeremy Taylor, and that saintly man, Archbishop Leigh ton, Baxter and Doddridge, John Bunyan, who wrote th Pilgrim's Progress, and was for years imprisoned for her esy, Isaac Watts, the author of those beautiful hymns whic have done so much to sustain the devotion of the Christia world, and which are sung in churches where he would no have been permitted to partake of the communion, the tw Wesleys, and John Newton, or, to come down to our own da and to those who have lived in our metropolis, Cheverus, th poor man's friend, as he was the honored companion c princes, Samuel H. Stearns cut off only to soon from a lif of Christian fidelity and usefulness, Channing and Ware an Sharp, who labored side by side in the same cause, Croswel Mason and Peabody, and the meek and faithful Bishop Gris wold, whose blameless life was passed in this Episcopal dic cese, till, in the ripeness of a good old age, he suddenly wa not, for God had taken him. As we read the lives of thes men, as we follow them in their labors of love, as we ente within the sanctuary of their devotions, as we see with wha simplicity and godly sincerity they had their conversation i the world, we feel that they all belonged to one church, tha they were baptized, not into any narrow, sectarian creed, bu into the great commonwealth of Christian ideas and senti ments.

"The true creed of the church," says Stanley, "the true Gospel of Christ, is to be found, not in proportion as it coincides with the watchwords or the dilemmas of modern controversy, but rather in proportion as it rises above them, and cuts across them. . . . On the way to our Father's house, no less than in our Father's house, are many mansions — many halting places. None of us can embrace at a glance the whole of Christian truth. . . . Take the expressions of the highest genius, when it has turned itself to moral and religious matters. Who will venture to name the party or the sect to which it belongs? Who will venture to fix the exact theological place of the "Analogy" and "Sermons" of Butler? What special school will be willing or able to close its doors againt Francis Bacon? Not because their genius is irreligious, not because it is weak or faltering. No: but because it transcends the limits of our ordinary thoughts, because it approaches by another way to something like the loftiness of Him, whose image and superscription it bears." (Canterbury Sermons, pp. 112–115.)

It would be difficult to show by his writings whether Shakespeare belonged to the Protestant or the Roman Catholic Church. Men of the loftiest piety and the most transcendent powers belong to the church universal. They may have differed in their metaphysical explanations of the nature of God and his Son, and in their ideas of ecclesiastical discipline; but they all believed in Christ, they were all largely endowed with the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit; they meekly followed their master on earth, and are now, we feel assured, among the ransomed of the Lord in heaven.

For piety, such as warmed and expanded the souls of these men, draws men together into the fold of Christ. The Christian virtues and charities draw men together by ties stronger than sectarian organizations. So the great Scriptural expressions of faith and love and gratitude and praise, outbursts of loving reverence towards Christ, and of adoration towards the Father Almighty, break through all sectarian distinctions, and draw all true believers towards their common Lord, and

towards him who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." But the moment we go beyond the first principles of Christian union, and undertake to bind men together by metaphysical creeds, we only establish grounds of variance and dissension, which must create divisions and alienations among those who ought to labor hand in hand. The strictest rules of duty, the largest measure of faith and love, with the largest liberty of thought that is consistent with the reverential acknowledgment of Christ as our common Saviour, can alone unite in one fold all those who are truly baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

THE DAISY.

EACH hath its place in the eternal plan;
Heaven whispers wisdom to the wayside flower,
Bidding it use its own peculiar dower,
And bloom its best within its little span.
We must each do, not what we will, but can;
Nor have we duty to exceed our power.
To all things are marked out their place and hour.

The child must be a child, the man a man;
And surely He who metes, as we should mete
Could we His insight use, shall most approve,
Not that which fills most space in earthly eyes,
But what — though Time scarce note it as he flies, —
Fills, like this little daisy at my feet,
Its function best of diligence in love.

— *T. Burbridge.*

THE DATE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ERNEST RENAN, BY F. T. WASHBURN.

STRANGE difficulties present themselves to the historian when he tries to settle the time and the social surroundings to which the poem of Job belongs. At first sight, indeed, this poem occupies rather an isolated position in the Hebrew literature. The personages who figure in it are not Jews; the place where the scene is laid is outside of Palestine; the worship which we see practiced in it is that of the patriarchal times: Job is the priest of his family; he has rites of his own which do not correspond to any of the usages peculiar to the religion of Israel; no allusion at all is made to the Mosaic usages, nor to the peculiar beliefs of the Jews. This combination of circumstances has given rise to an opinion, started long ago and adopted by able critics, according to which the book of Job is not of Hebrew origin. Such an opinion is certainly untenable, if we understand by it that the language of the book of Job is not pure Hebrew, or that the Hebrew text which we have in our hands is a translation of a work written in another Semitic dialect. But it contains a good deal of truth, if we only take it to mean that the atmosphere into which this curious book transports us is not more especially Hebrew than Idumean or Ishmaelite, and that the ideas at the bottom of it belong in common to the nomadic branch of the Semitic race, and have none of those characteristic features which assign to the Jewish people so marked a position among the members of that family.

Let any one reflect upon the consequences arising from this important fact, and he will see that only two hypotheses can be proposed to explain it. If, on the one hand, the poem of Job was written in Hebrew by a Hebrew (no doubt, I believe, rests any longer upon that point in the opinion of any exegetical scholar); and if, on the other hand, the fundamental ideas of the book of Job have nothing especially Hebrew about them, we must suppose either that the composi-

tion of the book was prior to the time when the religious institutions of the Hebrews took their definitive form through the Mosaic legislation, or that the Jewish author who wrote it wished to give us a specimen of the wisdom of Teman, nearly as Plato gives us in his "Timæus" an attempt at the Pythagorean philosophy, and in his "Parmenides" an attempt at the Eleatic philosophy, and that he had enough literary refinement to lend his characters only thoughts and language suited to the age and country in which he placed the events of his poem. I confess that the literary phenomenon which the book of Job would present, on this second hypothesis seems to me out of all probability. Antiquity was ignoran of what we call local color. The Alexandrian author of th book of Wisdom, and even in some respects the author o the book of Ecclesiastes, make Solomon speak as thoug he were of their time. The book of Daniel, which belong to the period of the Maccabees, commits very serious blun ders of representation with regard to the Assyrian perioc Jesus, son of Sirach, Philo, Josephus especially, speak of th ancient patriarchs with an historical sense as weak as Livy' in treating of the ancient times of Rome. I cannot, there fore, admit that a Hebrew of a remote age (we shall prov soon that the book of Job cannot be brought down later tha the seventh century before our era) had the singular idea o composing a patriarchal poem, and followed up his design s well that his work does not give a single false note, nor betra in any part the artificial system upon which it would hav been composed.

It may be said, it is true, that the Hebrews kept for a long time a very distinct sense of the patriarchal life, and that this life was for them a kind of ideal in which they were fond o placing their fictions, very much as the Greeks used to plac theirs in the heroic age. It may be added that an intention o local coloring seems to show itself in this remarkable circumstance that the author, speaking in his own name in the pros parts, calls God *Jehovah*, while every time that he makes th Idumeans speak, he puts in their mouths only the monothe [illegible] names *Eloah*, *El*, *Schaddai*. But, besides its not bein

absolutely certain that the prologue and epilogue are from the same hand as the poem, that would be a very simple thing to attend to, and does not imply, by a great deal, the degree of literary refinement required for the composition of an entire poem in an order of ideas different from the author's. Let us add that the strong, vivid, and vigorous coloring of the poem of Job, its austere and impressive aspect, exclude the idea of its being a counterfeit. An exception must be made of Elihu's discourse, but this very exception strongly supports our position; for the difference in tone between that discourse and the rest of the poem strikes the least attentive reader at first sight.

If the poem of Job be a sincere work, if it express fairly the ideas of the time and of the country in which it was composed, without any thought of imitation, to what age and to what school must we refer it? A very old and well-accredited opinion has boldly cut through this question. According to that opinion, the poem of Job is the most ancient work of the Hebrew literature. As no trace of the Mosaic institutions was found in it, the conclusion was drawn that the book was prior to Moses,* and that its composition reached back to the patriarchal age. But the authors of this opinion, in order to escape from serious difficulties, laid themselves open to objections still more serious. On the hypothesis in question, the language of the book of Job ought to have something antiquated and primitive about it; now that language, on the contrary, shows singular art and labor. If we were to follow only the indications drawn from the grammar, we should be tempted to refer the book to the later times of the Hebrew literature. The reasoning which led the early scholars to this singular opinion rested moreover upon a ruinous base. They were surprised at not finding in the book of Job any trace of the Mosaic prescriptions. But no more is any trace of them to be found in the book of Proverbs, in the history of the Judges and of the first Kings, and in general

* The wholly gratuitous hypothesis according to which Moses himself is the author of the book of Job hardly deserves mention.

in the writers prior to the last epoch of the kingdom of J
The idea that the Mosaic law, as we have it, reaches ba
its entireness to Moses can hardly be upheld any longer.
is certain that Moses gave laws to the people whose libe
he was; it is also certain that parts of the code attribut
him belong to him in reality; but either because his pre
tions were not of a nature to penetrate very deeply int
or because the people of Israel were at first but little fa
to them, it is not until the period of reforms and of pi
of which the reign of Josiah was the decisive moment
we see the history of Israel controlled by that complete
of institutions which the Pentateuch lays before us.
the nature of these institutions was such that their im
could not fail to make itself felt in the whole history
people; and, in fact, after the period of reform of whi
have just spoken, we find them present, if I may so s
every step.

Therefore from the book of Job's being conceived o
of the ideas which are designated, with more or less r
by the name of Mosaic, we cannot conclude that this
is anterior to Moses. One whole branch of the Hebr
erature is in the same case. I refer to all that literat
moral philosophy, of which the book of Proverbs, a
number of Psalms, the Song of Songs, to which we th
pretty high antiquity should be attributed, are notab
mains. This literature, in general grouped around Sol
is not specially Jewish; it is, like the book with whi
are occupied, purely Semitic. Solomon, who cultiva
with so much success, was in intimate relations wi
neighboring countries of Palestine, so much so that th
ity of his part in the development of the Hebrew cha
suffered much by it. His whole history shows him to
a parabolic philosopher much more interested in the p
wisdom of the Gentiles than in the pure worship of Je

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* As I cannot develop this important subject here, I content
with referring the reader to the very good summing up of this q
which M. Munk has given in his Palestine, p. 132 et seq.

The neighboring tribes of Palestine, and particularly the *Beni-Kedem*, or *Men of the East*, among whom the events of the book of Job are enacted, shared in the same philosophy.* The Idumean tribe of Teman, in particular, to which Job's principal adversary belongs, was celebrated for its wise men.† It is certain, then, that there was a special form of intellectual culture there, a school, if one please to call it so, whose memory the people of Israel alone has handed down to us, but which did not belong exclusively to it. It is even probable that among the remains of Hebrew wisdom there have been preserved to us fragments of the wisdom of the neighboring tribes. That King Lemuel, under whose name the compiler of the book of Proverbs has saved for us the beginning of a gnomic poem,‡ has been thought by several critics to be an Arabian king; and, in fact, if his name be not symbolical or fictitious, we must certainly seek him outside of the line of the kings of Israel. The poem of Agur,§ which presents strong points of resemblance to the foregoing as to style and manner, has perhaps a like origin.

It is to that great school of parabolic philosophy, one of the titles to glory of the Semitic race, that the book of Job belongs. Although written by a Hebrew, this book represents to us a kind of speculation which was not native to Palestine. A great number of mythological or astronomical legends, to which allusion is made in it, are not found elsewhere among the Hebrews, at least under the same form.‖ We feel the neighborhood of the Syrian and Babylonian polytheism, particularly of what has been called Sabaism,¶ much nearer in it than in the writings of the Jews. A number of things in it indicate a perfect acquaintance with Egypt, where

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* 1 Kings, v. 10 [12 ?].

† Jeremiah xlix. 7; Obadiah 9; Baruch iii. 22, 23. Compare Job xv. 10, 18, 19.

‡ Proverbs xxxi. 1–9.

§ Proverbs xxx.

‖ Chap. i. 6 et seq.; iii. 9; ix. 7–9, 13; xviii. 13, 14; xxvi. 5 et seq.; xxxviii. 7, 32.

¶ Chap. xxxi. 26–28.

the author seems to have traveled,* and with Mt. Sinai, where he had doubtless seen the working of the mines which he describes with so many details. (Chap. xxviii.) The circumstance that all the personages of the poem belong to the *Beni-Kedem*, celebrated for their wisdom, cannot be an arbitrary fiction. It certainly does not imply, as Herder supposed, that the poem was originally written among the Arabs in the neighborhood of Palestine, nor that it is the work of some forgotten rival of Solomon; but it is enough to indicate that the whole composition rests upon an Idumean legend, that the philosophical questions agitated in the discussion are nothing else than the common themes of the Semitic rhetoric, and that thus, in a very true sense, these precious pages have transmitted to us an echo of the ancient wisdom of Teman.

The opinion which we have just set up upon the character of the book of Job evidently does not settle at all the precise epoch at which it was written; for although the flourishing epoch of the kind of literature of which we are speaking was the epoch of Solomon, it continued to be cultivated very long afterwards, just as the style of the *Kasidas* of pre-Islamitic Arabia kept in fashion long after Mohammed, and this in a state of society wholly different from that in which this form of poetry was invented. The composition of the book of Job supposes, it is true, a philosophical fraternity between Israel and the neighboring countries, and it is only in Solomon's time that we see this fraternity clearly established; but it was no doubt kept up under his successors until the time when the Jewish people, thanks to the influence of its prophets and its pietistic kings, settled down squarely into its own ways and turned its back upon other nations. The book of Proverbs was not compiled until the time of the kings; Ecclesiastes is more modern still, and yet it evidently belongs to the same literary tendency; the Ec-

* The description of the crocodile and of the hippopotamus (Chap. xl., xli.) is so vivid as to lead one to see in it a direct reflection of the terror which the author felt before these monsters. Mention is also made of the pyramids, of papyrus, of boats made of rushes, &c.

clesiasticus of Jesus, son of Sirach, written under the Ptolemies, is the last reflection of that old gnomic wisdom, which did not wholly disappear from among the Jews until they adopted the Greek philosophy, or rather appropriated it to their own beliefs. It is, therefore, from outside circumstances and from a more heedful examination of the details of the poem that we must demand the solution of the problem which the general considerations heretofore set forth are not enough to settle.

We find the book of Job expressly mentioned only twice in Jewish antiquity: once in the book of Ecclesiasticus, composed about the year 160 before Jesus Christ,* and again in the book of Tobias (ii. 12, 15, Latin Vulgate text †), a book of a pretty modern date. To tell the truth, these are nearly superfluous witnesses, since it could not enter the mind of any serious critic to put the poem of Job at so late a period. Vatke, who has pushed to its utmost the tendency to rejuvenate the works of the ancient Hebrew literature, places the book under discussion in the period of the Persian rule in the fifth century before our era.‡ We may without fear go back much farther. The poem of Job, at least in its essential parts, is certainly prior to the captivity. The writings after that memorable date have a wholly different character. They are stamped with a rigid Mosaism, with an exalted devotion and patriotism (Tobit, Esther). The ideas in them upon the rewards and punishments of a future life are more advanced. The Jewish spirit, closing up more and more in view of the great mission which it was soon to accomplish,

* This rests upon an extremely ingenious conjecture lately proposed by Geiger on the 11th verse of Chap. xlix. of this book. See Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenlaendischen Gesellschaft, 1858, pp. 542, 543. The words τῶν ἐχθρῶν of the Greek translation answer, almost beyond a doubt, to the word איוב, Job, of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus, now lost. The Greek translator, misled perhaps by some mistake in his manuscript, did not recognize a proper name in the word, and interpreted it according to the meaning of the root.

† [Not found in the English Authorized Version of Tobit, which varies largely from the Latin version.]

‡ Die Biblische Theologie, pp. 570 et seq.

loses all freedom, all flexibility. The intellectual relations of Israel are no longer with the Beni-Kedem and the Temanites, but rather with Persia, afterwards with Greece. In the severe Judaism of that period, we should seek in vain for room for a work so free in its movement, filled with so strong an odor of the nomadic life, and supposing so much breadth of mind. The hardy apostrophes and energetic protestations of Job would have passed for blasphemies in the eyes of the contemporaries of Ezra and Nehemiah. The taste for theophanies and special revelations which is noticeable in the book of Job,* and which is also to be found in Agur's poem,† does not belong to the Persian period; no more is the old theology of the Sons of God, the rebellious dragon, &c., of that time. Finally, the language of the book of Job has a firmness, a beauty, which we should seek in vain in the writings of an age in which the Hebrew language was no longer spoken, at least in its purity, but had become the portion of scribes and scholars.

A very weighty, although not decisive passage in Ezekiel (xiv. 14 et seq.) confirms what has been said. Ezekiel, wishing to name three notably righteous persons, mentions Noah, Daniel, and Job. Ezekiel began to prophesy in the year 595. We are sure, then, that Job, in the sixth century before our era, had passed to the state of a man celebrated for his holiness, and that there was already a legend developed about him. But can we conclude from that that the book which bears his name existed? Strictly we cannot. That book, in fact, is not a simple recital of the trials and of the patience of Job; it is an artificial composition, in which the trials of the old patriarch are taken as a theme for philosophical discussions. Far from these discussions being of a nature to bring out the patience of Job, their singular hardihood would rather lead us to suppose that Ezekiel was not acquainted with them when he put Job forward as a saint. Everything disposes us to believe that the legend of Job is

* Chap. iv. 12 et seq.; xxxiii. 14 et seq.; xxxviii. et seq.

† Proverbs, Chap. xxx.

more ancient than the book of Job. Popular celebrities are not created by an isolated book, especially in times when people write and read but little. Besides, the pure fictions of the drama and the romance were not to the taste of the ancient Hebrews. It is probable then that in Ezekiel's time there existed edifying recitals of the sufferings and piety of Job; but nothing in the passage quoted proves that Job had as yet been taken for the subject of a kind of philosophical tragedy. What shows plainly that such a conclusion would be exaggerated is that in that passage Job is named by the side of Daniel.* Now it is not possible that the book of Daniel, such as we have it, existed at the time when Ezekiel wrote that passage, since in the book of Daniel mention is made of events in the reign of Cyrus.

A much stronger proof of the existence of the book of Job in the century which preceded the captivity is drawn from several passages of Jeremiah, from which it seems to result that Jeremiah had read the book in question, and had borrowed from it. Can any one doubt it upon reading the following passage? †

"Cursed be the day when I was born; let not the day when my mother bare me be blessed!

"Cursed be the man who brought the news to my father, saying to him, A man-child is born unto thee, and filled him thus with joy!

"Be that man like the cities which Jehovah overthrew forever; in the morning may he hear cries of alarm, and at the hour of noon tumultuous shouting.

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* Daniel is presented as an eminently wise man in another passage of Ezekiel (xxviii. 3). Now Daniel, according to the book which bears his name, ought to be younger than Ezekiel, since that makes him come to Babylon, a *child*, in the year 604 before Jesus Christ, on the most favorable hypothesis. The only means of explaining this strange confusion is to suppose that the legend of Daniel, as Ezekiel knew it, was connected with a more ancient period, perhaps with the Ninevite period, and that later it was transferred to Babylon and to the period of Nebuchadnezzar. The book of Daniel, such as we have it, is not earlier than the time of the Seleucidæ.

† Jeremiah xx. 14 et seq.

"Because he slew me not from my mother's womb, so that her bowels had been my grave, and she had carried me in her forever.

"Wherefore came I forth from my mother's womb, to see labor and sorrow, and to have my days waste away in shame?"

Let any one compare that passage with the eloquent cursings of Job (iii. 3 et seq.; x. 18) and he will not hesitate to say which of the two authors has copied the other.* The softness, the heaviness, the absence of ring and of parallelism which mark the passage from Jeremiah enable us to lay our finger upon the change which had already been wrought in the poetic language and spirit of the nation at the time when this prophet wrote, that is to say, in the second half of the seventh century. And so there is no longer, I believe, a single Hebrew scholar who does not put the composition of the book of Job at least a hundred years before the captivity, that is to say, about the year 700.†

What generally prevents Hebrew scholars from going further back is the character of the language of the book of Job, which seems to them modern and already touched with the Chaldaism of the later epochs. Gesenius especially insisted upon this consideration;‡ but it must be confessed that the observations of this learned and judicious philologist lack discrimination here. Among all the idioms which he has gathered together, I do not see one which is evidence of an enfeebled language, or which cannot also be found in the writings of Amos and Hosea, and in the song of Deborah whose antiquity nevertheless everybody acknowledges. The language of the book of Job is the clearest, the closest, the

* There are two or three other places where a parallel may be drawn between Job and Jeremiah, but they are less striking. Jeremiah is moreover, subject to reminiscences of this kind; we find in him many passages from the other Hebrew writings. See Kueper, Jeremias librorum sacrorum interpres atque vindex (Berlin, 1837), p. 164 et seq.

† This is the common opinion in Germany. It is also the opinion of M. Munk in France. Palestine, p. 449.

‡ Geschichte der hebræischen Sprache, p. 33 et seq.

most classic Hebrew. We find in it all the qualities of the ancient style, the conciseness, the tendency to enigma, a strength of make as though it were beaten out with a hammer, that breadth of meaning, far from all dryness, which leaves our minds something to divine, that charming ring as of a firm and pure metal. Nowhere do we feel ourselves farther from the slack easiness, and forced flatness of a language which has ceased to be spoken and which is cultivated artificially. The number of difficulties which delay the philologist is an excellent criterion in the question about the age of the Hebrew writings: now in the book of Job, difficulties are encountered at almost every step; in the pieces of the later epochs, on the contrary, in certain Psalms for instance, you have before you a clear, wordy language, offering but very few obscurities. The grammar is undeniably a precious help in questions of this sort; but the *taste* ought also to be regarded. Now here the Hebrew scholar who is a man of taste cannot hesitate. Two or three trifles of grammar will never outweigh in his judgment the induction resulting from the general character of the poem, which is so far removed from all decadence. I say as much for the Song of Songs, which, notwithstanding the opinion of the grammarians, I dare to refer to the most vigorous and freest period of the mind of Israel.

Next to the argument drawn from the grammar, the strongest of the proofs brought forward by those who try to establish the opinion that the composition of the book of Job should be placed near the period of the captivity is drawn from the great development given in this book to the theory of angels and demons. But at bottom this part of the theology of the book of Job, if we except perhaps Elihu's discourse, does not go beyond the circle of beliefs which we find among the Hebrews before their contact with Assyria and Persia. The angels are still within the purely Semitic notion of the *Beni Elohim*, or *Sons of God*. The *Kedoschim*, interceding Saints (v. 1), may just as well be considered a relic of the *Elohim* or *Beni Elohim* as a borrowing from the *ferouers* of Persia. The Satan who figures in the prologue

is not at all Ahriman of the Avesta: he does nothing excep at God's bidding; he is an angel of a more malicious charac ter than the rest, shrewd, and inclined to slander;* he not the spirit of evil, self-existing and self-acting. Refle also upon this: the consideration which I am now comba ing would lead us to place the redaction of the poem in tl period of the Achæmenides, since it was not until about th time that the doctrines of Zoroaster exerted any very mark influence upon the Hebrews. Now the composition of tl book of Job becomes, at so modern a date, truly inexplicab Even Elihu's discourse can hardly be brought down as far that.

Is this as much as saying that we are at liberty to pla the composition of the book of Job back to the period which from the very first we should like to place it, I me to the period of Solomon?† To that grave difficulties a opposed. To mention only a single one of these, no decisi reason authorizes us to separate the prologue and epilog from the rest of the poem; now in the prologue, we see t Chaldeans (*Kasdim*) figuring as a population living by pl der. The *Kasdim* do not appear among the Hebrews in tl character until about the period of Uzziah, king of Jud and Menahem, king of Israel, in the time of Amos, Hos and Isaiah, about 770 before Jesus Christ.

It is to that middle period of the kingdoms of Judah a of Israel, a period when the ancient nomadic spirit was from being extinct, and when the powerful reforms of Josia time had not yet given the nation that strong bent which p destined it to so extraordinary a part, that I like to place composition of the book of Job. The vigorous and clean- style of Solomon's age had not yet given place to the tea preaching of the time of Jeremiah. The book of Prove was in part compiled by the orders of Hezekiah (725–696 fore Jesus Christ), and we see around that prince a kind

* Herder (fifth dialogue upon the Poetry of the Hebrews) saw very well.

† Schlottman does not hesitate to go back as far as that.

academy busied with parabolic poetry.* The song of Hezekiah himself † has many points of resemblance with the poetry of the book of Job. Finally, several passages of Isaiah (about 750) ‡ recall passages in the book of Job in such a way that you feel sure that both authors drew from that common stock of poetry which is, as it were, in the air and belongs to all. §

It is then in the eighth century before our era that all inductions lead us to place the composition of the book of Job. Rome did not yet exist; Greece had harmonious songs, but did not know writing; Egypt, Assyria, Iran (confined to Bactria), India, China, were already old in intellectual, political and religious revolutions, when an unknown sage, who had kept faithful to the spirit of the ancient days, wrote for humanity that sublime dispute in which the suffering and the doubts of all the ages were to find so eloquent an expression.

MORNING HYMN FOR A CHIID.

In at my window peeps the sun;
All my sweet fairy dreams are gone:
Hovering angels, gentle and white,
Have watched my slumbers through all the night.

Father, I thank thee that thou hast shed
The blessing of rest on my peaceful bed;
And now I awake with the birds and flowers
To the gladness and light of the sunny hours.

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* Proverbs xxv. I.

† Isaiah xxxviii. 10 et seq.

‡ Compare especially Job xiv. 11, with Isaiah xix. 5. It seems, indeed, as though one of the two authors had copied from the other; but it is impossible to say upon which side the borrowing took place. I believe, however, with Kueper, against Hitzig, that Isaiah was the imitator.

§ It is in this way also that we must explain the numerous resemblances noticeable between the poem of Job and certain psalms.

Watch me by day as thou didst by night,
That all my thoughts may be pure and right,
And in all my duties, and all my play,
My heart may be full of love to-day.

And so when the weary bird folds her wings,
And darkness its shadow and silence brings,
I'll close my eyes like some folded flower,
And bless in my prayer the sweet evening hour.

M.

EVENING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

DARKLY the shadows fall,
The night has come;
It is my Father's voice
That calls me home.

Calls me to leave my sport,
And, tired with play,
To rest my weary limbs
At close of day.

The stars are shining now
O'er plain and hill,
Like eyes that watch the night
So clear and still.

Sit by my bed awhile, —
Sweet mother, stay,
And ere my eyelids close
Help me to pray.

That He whose love all day
Has on me smiled,
Through the long hours of night
Will guard his child.

M.

CHILDREN'S MISSION.

In many of our charities we know that a large percentage of what we do or give will be lost by the way. That is no valid excuse for withholding our aid. But there are some methods of doing good which economize so carefully and direct so wisely, that whatever is given goes directly to the object, and spends itself entirely in accomplishing the desired end.

In this respect there are no benevolent institutions which commend themselves to us so entirely as those which are indicated by the title at the head of this article. Twenty-two years ago, "The Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute" was instituted here in Boston, seeking the good of homeless, friendless, and destitute children by providing them with homes. The peculiar feature of this society has been to secure good homes in the West. It has been especially fortunate in its officers and agents, Mr. Albert Fearing having been for many years its President, and Mr. Joseph E. Barry having, we believe, from the beginning been the Missionary. It would be impossible to sum up the amount of good which it has done with comparatively small means.

Our attention is called to the subject now by the annual report of the Treasurer of "The Children's Aid Society," in New York. The first President of the Boston Society, Mr. J. Earle Williams, who took, in fact, the leading part in establishing it here, on his removal to New York got up a similar institution there, and, as its treasurer, has carried it on through a most encouraging success. During the first eleven months, beginning March 2, 1853, less than $5,000 have been received and expended. From that time it has gone on increasing both its income and its expenditures from year to year, till in the year ending Nov. 1870, the receipts amounted to $175,935.

During that year there were nineteen day and eight evening schools, with seven thousand different scholars on the roll, and an average attendance of nearly three thousand. There was a Newsboys' Lodging-house with accommodations for two hundred and sixty boys, where they can get a supper for six cents, and a comfortable night's lodging or breakfast for the same. There are also other Lodging-houses for boys and girls. One hundred and fifty thousand meals have been furnished during the year, and twenty-two thousand persons were under the charge of the society.

The society now employ an agent in Chicago to superintend the

emigration of the children. He prepares for parties of children, looks after those who have been sent, and watches over their interests. The number of children who have been sent out to the West by the society amounts in all to twenty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine; and during the last year to two thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven.

It is not easy to comprehend all that is meant by these figures. More than twenty thousand homeless, friendless children, most of them in a condition to learn only lessons of wickedness and degradation, transplanted to comfortable and virtuous homes! More children than are living to-day in Worcester or Lowell, more than are to be found in New Bedford and Salem united, transferred from the streets, from hovels of wretchedness, disease, and poverty, or from dens of infamy and sin, to honest, intelligent homes! We have seen most affecting accounts from the children who have undergone this great change in their condition, and who have appreciated its influence upon their lives. There is no more blessed and Christian work than this. He who has founded two such institutions, and carried them on till the experiment has become a great success, is to be numbered among the distinguished benefactors of mankind. We are pained to learn from "The Nation" that efforts are now making in the New York Legislature, under the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, to pass laws which, on sectarian grounds, must seriously interfere with the benevolent action of these and all similar institutions. The objection to them is that they are entirely free from all sectarian bias. Children are taken from the physical destitution and moral comtamination which are destroying them, body and soul, and, without regard to sectarian distinctions, removed to homes where they may grow up intelligent, healthy, moral, and useful men and women. If the Roman Catholic Church will take care of its own children, provide for their physical wants, and educate them in its own methods, these institutions will not touch them, or in any way interfere with its action in their behalf. But if it continues to leave them as it has done in streets and dens where they are going directly down to perdition, breeding pestilence and crime to such an extent as to threaten society itself with ruin, and these humane hands which are reached out to save them are held back and bound by those who will neither enter into the good work themselves, nor suffer others to enter, and our Legislatures sanction this unchristian and sectarian interference to prevent their physical and moral improvement, what can we look forward to but another reign of ignorance, profligacy, and sin?

THE SOUL'S THIRST FOR GOD.

BY AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

MUCH of our religious life is necessarily due to our religious education. We have been born into an age of advanced knowledge, whose light is shining all around our path in life, illuminating the thousand various objects which we contemplate. We have been trained to read the secrets of Nature, which have been hid from previous generations of the race. The heavens and the earth have disclosed their inner life to us. The stars have marked their lines before our eyes running to all the ends of the earth, and the sea has opened its depths. History has unrolled its records, and we read of the life which once animated a long dead and buried past. The wide range of intelligence permitted to us embraces almost every conceivable subject of thought and study. If our minds are not quick and active, under the stimulus which the age applies, it must be because there is some impediment, weakness, or want, which no instruction can supply.

The religious nature must, of course, feel the quickening impulse. The soul is not left behind in the path of intellectual progress. We are educated religiously, as well as in every other way. We have the revelation made to Moses and the prophets, and the truth which came by Jesus Christ. We can understand the character of the other religious systems, under which a large portion of the human race has lived for many centuries. We know how all these principles of religious life and knowledge have stood the test of time. We know through what human experience they have passed, and by what conflicts and conquests they have been tried. We cannot avoid the influence which they have exerted,—especially can we not escape the influence of that religious system which is peculiar to our own course of life. We cannot shut our souls against the teaching which it has given. Even to some extent imperceptibly to ourselves, possibly against our own inclination and will, we have received a certain amount of religious education,

of which we cannot dispossess ourselves. The place whe we were born, and the circumstances amid which we ha had our growth, have affected us, perhaps, more than we ou selves have been aware. If we had been born into Judais or Mohammedanism, or any one of the various religions i cluded in the generic name of Heathenism, our religious l and our religious belief would certainly have been differe from what they now are. We should have received a diffe ent religious training, the results of which would have be abundantly manifest. But, born into Christianity, surround by Christian influences from our youth, and subjected Christian teaching, we are of necessity more or less und the direction of the Christian truth. Even Judaism, Mohan medanism, and Heathenism feel its influence, and are mod fied by it to a greater or less extent. Christianity is th providential guide of the nations of the world. It has in i the power of God. It is, so far as human intelligence goe the latest form of the divine truth. I have yet to find, in an statement of religious belief which professes to be in advanc of the Christian truth, anything which is superior to th teachings of Christ. To me, so far as I can perceive, Chris tianity is the purest and highest expression of divine truth and will continue to educate mankind until a purer an higher expression shall be made.

This being so, the question arises in the mind whether reli gion is altogether the result of education. Is there not som scope still left for original research and original attainment Is our religious life wholly the product of revelation? Hav we not in ourselves a certain power of aspiration, by whic we are connected with the life and being of the Almight Father, and upon which the truth which comes by revelatio takes hold? Do not our souls thirst for the living God, an is not that thirst supplied? Scientific men are just now dis cussing whether a scheme of creation is not possible withou the presence of divine agency; whether the universe of lif and matter cannot exist without God. "All through Eng land, as through all the continent of Europe," says a recen writer, "the one grand controversy now raging among culti-

vated men is whether the Supernatural exists at all; whether the theory of a sentient First Cause is not a delusion, out of accord with all the facts" which human reason accepts as true. Even such thinkers as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill appear to treat the question of the existence of Deity as an open question, or at least as a question which the human mind is unable to solve. This is not simply an attack upon revelation. It is not a question respecting the truth of certain records of religion. Those records may be true or not, as the case may be. It is not a question respecting the credibility of miracles, which rests on the trustworthiness of the evidence adduced in their support. Nor is it a question respecting the method of interpreting the record. It is a question which reaches down to the foundation of religion itself, in the needs, the aspirations, the hopes of the human soul. If there is no God, then every revelation is an imposture and a delusion, and every religious service an act of superstition. Then must we read the history of the race anew. Then nature, with her thousand tongues, is vocal, not to God's praise, but to man's deception. Then human consciousness has no ground of certainty, and human prayers are of no avail. Launched into space, without guidance and without support, save that which our own limited faculties furnish, we have to make the best of our way through the scenes of the earthly life. Cast forth upon time, without parental care or love, we have to pass through our days, moved to our deepest hearts with filial yearnings which can never be gratified, and die at last without the hope of ever meeting the Father whom our souls most earnestly crave! Is this human life?

Is man a religious being? Or does the word "religion" in the human vocabulary have no meaning? He certainly has a physical nature, by which he is to do the work which is necessary to make the earth habitable. This nature he shares with the brute creation. All animals know how to make or to find suitable dwelling places for themselves. They possess a certain instinct which in the case of the beaver, the bee, the spider, and some species of birds, seems

in this respect to be nearly akin with reason. Man has als an intellectual nature. Of this, too, we are certain; and thi brute creation does not share with him, except to a very lin ited extent. Man is a thinking and a reasoning being. Th we know both by consciousness and by the observation human history. We are conscious of possessing the pow of thought; and we have only to look back upon the pa and around upon the present time to witness everywhere th splendid achievements of the human mind. The conque over nature is an intellectual achievement. The earth is n only made to furnish habitations for the human race, but also becomes the scene of the widest and most effective inte lectual activity. The deepest and most lasting pleasures life are those which belong to the mind, — the intercourse friends, the satisfactions of study, the sense of power, th constantly increasing delight in accumulating knowledge, an others similar. All these things are familiar parts of ou own experience, and, if we can believe the universal test mony of mankind, we are convinced that what is true of ou selves is equally so of our fellow-men.

But there is still a part of our being which is not covere by the facts that we have already adduced. It is that whic we call the spiritual part. The things which supply the phy ical nature do not satisfy this. Even those to which t intellect is attracted, and with which it is most in sympath are not sufficient for the soul's wants. There is a spirit man which reaches forth into a region above the senses a beyond the mind, — a region outside of history and scienc For the spirit, searching all things, seeks its kindred a aspires to God. To every human soul there is some thi and some being divine. It matters not what name the vine substance bears. It may be Dyaus, Zeus, Jove, Jeh vah, Allah, Vishnu, Varuna, the Great Spirit, the Father mankind. The name is simply an attempt of the hum mind, by direction of the Spirit, to express its conception Deity in the forms of human speech. But to the divine su stance man is conscious of having an intimate relation. He simple fact. It belongs to each and every soul. It

longs to all men to a greater or less extent. And in all ages the human soul has endeavored to find some method and some way by which it can effect a complete union with the Divine Spirit, to have this relation more comprehensible and more close. What name this may bear is not of great consequence. Some may call it superstition; some self-deception; some fanaticism; some priest-craft. No matter. The substance exists. Man endeavors by faith and worship to bridge over the chasm between the finite and the infinite, or to fly across it on the wings of prayer, and to raise himself upward to his God. There is the fact, call it by what name we will.

But it may be said. that this fact of which I have spoken only shows man's desire, which may be well or ill founded Then I answer, that there is still another fact: namely, that of man's need. It is not simply a wish or inclination. It is a genuine necessity. We are not sufficient for ourselves, either in life or death. There are some things which we cannot possibly accomplish. There are some times when we are made painfully aware that earthly counsel and earthly help are of little avail; that human reason and human love are insufficient for us, and that we really need the guidance and the aid of some power above our strength, and some presence beyond that of any earthly friend. Human power is weak. Knowledge proves empty. In the supreme moment of one's life the soul really thirsts for God. It longeth, yea even fainteth for him. The heart and flesh cry out for the living God! Here, too, it is not a question of name, but of fact. It is a need of the spirit which all have felt. The mind may doubt and even sneer. Yet still the need exists, and bears its testimony against the reasoning of the intellect, to assure mankind that there is something stronger than the argument which the mind may frame, to disprove the existence of a God. Is the need nothing? Is the aspiration without meaning? Then without signification also is the need of shelter which leads man to build his habitation, and hunger nothing which impels him to seek his food. Then also this desire for knowledge which induces study, and this

activity of brain which sets in motion the power of thought, are mere accidents of being that have no meaning and no results.

But still we are met by the objection, that, although this desire for union and this need of divine help may seem clear to us, yet we are not justified in deciding for others according to our own notions. To this I might reply, that, as we are kindred with all the human race, and as mankind are essentially one, the existence of spiritual needs in ourselves is a sufficient indication of their existence in our brethren of the human family. Whatever allowance may be made for the effects of education, there is still sufficient substantial similarity and sufficient sympathy in feeling to make it evident that the human race is a unit. No human being can cut himself off from his kind, and declare his independence. He may try to separate himself, but the bond, though very elastic, is yet exceedingly tenacious. It does not break, though stretched to great tension. It cannot break. We are all but parts of one great whole. But there is a more obvious consideration. Not only has man felt this spiritual necessity, but he has also endeavored to make provision for it. He has his sacred books, his sacred places, his sacred edifices, his sacred schools, his sacred rites. Man is a worshiper. He tries to learn what religion is. He tries to know who and what God is. If a man were to go into a newly discovered city from which the inhabitants had disappeared, leaving the results of their various labors still standing, he would know the character of the people by observing what they had done. If he found well-constructed habitations, he would judge that they were skillful workers. If he saw buildings devoted to study, — colleges, universities, libraries, the instruments of science, books, and all the various means of intellectual culture, — he would decide that they were intelligent beings, who had minds to train, and who were engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. If he discovered structures which were evidently intended for purposes of worship, containing religious records and writings which spoke of God and divine things, he would conclude that they were religious persons who were

desirous of being instructed in regard to matters of faith and duty, and who sought to bring divine sanctions and divine influences into the concerns of their daily and familiar life. What they did, what they thought, what they were, are all made evident by the monuments which they have left.

The ruins of Pompeii furnish a good illustration of the point which I am now endeavoring to illustrate. The visitor to that most interesting spot can judge of the character of the people who once occupied it by observing the results of their toil, — impressive even in their desolation. They were a working people, skilled in the use of tools. They loved art. They lived in great luxury. They delighted in ornaments. They engaged in business. They liked to be amused. They read books. They had some appreciation of oratory. They worshiped the Gods of an ancient mythology. The evidence is all before the eye of the observer as he walks the deserted streets. And when they had done with earthly things, their funeral rites were celebrated with imposing ceremonies, and their ashes placed to rest in stately tombs which still attest the consequence of their occupants. Suppose the whole earth were like a Pompeii, deprived of its inhabitants by some great calamity, but visited and explored, and now laying bare its records to be read by a race of intelligent beings from another sphere, who were desirous of knowing who and of what character was man, its former inhabitant! Then it would be evident, that, from the earliest to the latest age of man's existence, this globe had been inhabited by creatures possessed of physical strength and great mechanical ingenuity, of intelligent, inquisitive, curious minds, and of devout, God-fearing, God-worshiping souls. The temples and places of worship might be different in different regions of earth. They might be the strange, mysterious circle of Stonehenge; the elaborate pagodas of China and India; the singular buildings which the Aztecs have left; the huge, dark structures along the banks of the Nile; the ruins of Greece and Rome, splendid even in their decay; the remains of that temple which once crowned the heights of Jerusalem; the altars on which the sacred fires of Persia

were kept burning; the mosques of Arabia and Turkey; the magnificent cathedrals and churches of Europe, those piles of architectural grandeur which the centuries have been building; the humbler edifices of Christian worship within the borders of our own land! But the testimony of all would be the same. They would all bear witness to the one great fact of human life: that the light of religion had shone from age to age, and had kindled in the human breast a flame of devotion that had been extinguished only by the extinction of the race!

Now it may be said that all this only proves the fact that man is a religious being, and is impelled to worship some species of deity. But it does not in itself prove that any deity exists. For man may have been the victim of a life-long delusion. He may have been deceived. His entire course may have been directed by a false conception and understanding of his own consciousness. The light which has shone around him and before him may have been an *ignis fatuus*, a will-o'-the-wisp of the imagination, an exhalation from some low-lying marsh of ignorance and superstition. Ah! but this goes too far. It reads history backward. It makes man a different being from what he really is. It derogates from his position in the universe, and makes him of no value in the great scheme of creation. For to possess such magnificent powers as he confessedly has, and yet to be so completely deluded and led astray, betokens a weakness of intelligence and judgment which is ever below the instinct of the brutes. Is it a blind path which man has been traveling for these many centuries? Does it lead no whither? Is there no end towards which it is advancing? Then what is man that he should have so deceived himself and wasted his powers in such vain pursuits? In all the great acts of nature there is present the evidence of design, even in the construction of nature itself. To exempt man from the universal law is simply to destroy him. For it confuses all the facts of his life, and takes from under him the very foundations of his being. No! man lives, — lives in accordance with certain laws which everywhere prevail and cannot be abrogated. He

was created with a certain design. He acts for a certain clear end or object. He reaches after the perfection of his nature. He aspires toward a spiritual, eternal, infinite Being,—the Almighty God, the Creator of the universe, the Father of mankind! Is he altogether deceived? Then is all nature a deception. Without an almighty, wise, intelligent, spiritual Deity no one can give a reasonable explanation of human life. With Him all things are clear. It is no matter of surprise that the Psalmist should say, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Even one of the most confirmed skeptics of this later age, recalling his imagination, which had gone down into the depths of unbelief, could come to no other decision than this: "The whole chorus of nature raises one hymn to the praise of its Creator. You alone, or almost alone, disturb this general harmony. You start abstruse doubts, cavils, and objections. You ask me what is the cause of this. I know not; I care not. That concerns not me. I have found a Deity, and here I stop my inquiry."

I have endeavored in this paper to show or rather to suggest to the reader where and in what are the grounds of our religion and our religious life. There are other cognate subjects which belong to the entire discussion; such as the need of a revelation, the doctrine of divine providence, the nature and efficacy of prayer, and the like. These deserve a separate consideration. Let us once decide upon the fundamental grounds of religious faith, and other subjects become easy. The basis of our religious life is in the depths of our devotional consciousness, in the heights of our own aspirations. Our human nature joins on to the divine nature, receives its impulses from that, is attracted towards it, and is conscious of being connected with it in kindred. It is not superstition. It is not the result of priestcraft. It is not the exercise of a love of power upon human credulity. Our souls really thirst for God; they cry out for God. And not only ours, but the soul and heart and spirit of humanity itself. Is this the only thirst for the satisfaction of which no fountain is opened? Is this the only cry which, sounding out into the universe, finds no response? Is it but an empty sound? No!

When we thirst for God, we shall be filled from the springs his infinite life. When we cry unto Him there is an answ which comes down from the eternal spirit of the universe our hearts, and his spirit strengtheneth us with strength our souls. We are not deceived in this matter. We cann be deceived. It is the being of God that has for us t springs of life, from which we drink and thirst no more. is the voice of God which speaks comfort and strength to c souls. We walk these earthly ways, and God is with us. \ rejoice in the exercise of our affections, and are assured tl they are outflowings of a divine love. We delight in the hi discourse of reason, and feel that it is the reflection of divine mind. We find our peace in devout communings, a become conscious of our connection with a divine spirit. T path of life lies open before us, leading to the heights of p fection around which the divine glory is shining. Saints a prophets, Jesus Christ and his apostles, all the best and ı blest of God's children, have walked this way; and to th it was the way of eternal life. Were they deceived? tl ey deceive us? Then welcome the illusion! But they not deceive us. We accept their companionship and th guidance, and with them enjoy the happiness and streng which only the divine truth can impart, — the happiness a strength of the earthly life to expand, in God's good tin into the eternal blessedness of the heavenly state.

TOLERANCE.

It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men w differ from you most in opinion may most resemble you in nature may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian, former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to hin second self; whereas he left unmolested the worldly man, who, (fering from him in all the deeper emotions of the soul, did not c to differ from him in matters of religious opinion. — *Arthur Hel*

REV. ALONZO HILL, D.D.

We have been grieved to hear of the departure of this good man, who died in Worcester, on Wednesday, the first day of February, at the age of seventy. He was born in Harvard, fitted for college at Groton Academy, graduated at Cambridge in 1822, and was settled in Worcester as associate pastor with the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., in 1827. He was a most faithful pastor, a good preacher, a public-spirited and useful citizen. Without ostentatious demonstration, but quietly and with pains-taking thought and labor, he went on in his work from year to year, and in connection with able and earnest coadjutors, such as John Davis, Levi Lincoln, Stephen Salisbury, and others less widely known, but hardly less influential in their sphere, he did what could be done for the cause of learning, of morals and religion, and of whatever might tend to elevate the tone of public sentiment, relieve human suffering, lessen the amount of crime, or promote the happiness and well-being of the community in which he lived. His great aim was to bring religion into the common pursuits and thoughts of life. "Religion and the world," he said, "have been kept too far apart. It must not be so now in that future which is hastening to meet us. Let the house of God be the hospital for man's spiritual maladies, and the sanctuary of peace. If this church shall have taught the religion of Christ with fidelity and freedom and power; if it shall have watched over the highest interests of this people, and have built them up in a most holy faith and affection,—then it shall be held in honor by all good men."

These separate sentences, taken from his sermon on the dedication of his church in 1851, give the key-note of his pulpit services.

The first time we heard him preach, he was in a strange place. We did not know who he was, and wondered who among the ministers in our denomination who were personally unknown to us could preach so well. The first sermon of his that we remember to have read was that which he preached at the funeral of the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer D.D., of Lancaster, and we do not remember ever to have read a better sermon of its kind. The picture which he presented of the wise and good man, whose Christian life and teachings gave new impressiveness and beauty even to the beautiful hills and meadows amid which he lived, is one that has never faded from our mind. In his sermon called out by the death of John

Waldo Lincoln is this sentence: "He never told you how much he loved you, nor how much he was interested in any good object; but he dropped the token of his affection in your path, left the gift before the altar, and went his way." Does not this single sentence, in its quiet description, bring before us the image of one whom we would honor and love? And he who could write in this way must have had one of the best qualities of a sermonizer.

Dr. Hill was a man whom it was always pleasant to meet. There was an air of kindliness about him which seemed to linger with us after he had gone. He was interested in the best things. He was loved and trusted by the best men. He did a great work so modestly that its greatness and his ability in doing it were hardly thought of. His health had been failing for several years, and now in the ripeness of his Christian virtues, with a heart full of love and kindness, and in the ripeness of a good old age, amid the tears and blessings of his people, he has ended his labors and gone to his reward.

From an interesting account of Dr. Hill's funeral in "The Worcester Daily Spy," of Feb. 6, we extract two passages. The first is from the report of the remarks made by Rev. E. E Hale, at the funeral: —

"He loved and felt the presence of God everywhere, but was indifferent to the praises of men; his own consciousness of the right being the greatest reward he sought.

"The speaker said the last time he met our venerated deceased friend was on an occasion he should never forget, when he protested with earnestness against any attempt to fasten a creed upon the denomination. He could have no man adopt a creed he did not in his heart believe or accept. He believed in God, whose benignity is equal to his greatness and whose loveliest attribute is his mercy, and he believed in Jesus Christ, that miracle of ages expressly raised up and endowed with heavenly gifts, that he might reveal the will of God and bring the whole human family to his footstool."

In the sermon preached the Sunday following the funeral, by Rev. E. H. Hall, the junior pastor, now his successor in the pulpit which he so long occupied, are the following sentences respecting Dr. Hill's life: —

"The serenity of its closing hours seemed but a token of its fullness and its perfect fidelity. We read in it the soul's calm consciousness of powers actively exerted for a worthy end, and of a life-work finished. The

laborer's toil had ended, and the hour for rest had come. Certainly as we look back upon it, there is a singular harmony and completeness in that life's course. How little that we could add or change. His was in the best sense a religious life, and his religion was his first and chief concern. The tenets of his faith seem to have been simple and plain, and held with unalterable firmness. Liberal at heart and by the deepest conviction, watching with interest the changes of theological belief, alive, 'as he himself declared, to the importance of true and ennobling religious ideas,' he was yet a model of liberality and charitableness and generosity toward others honestly differing from him.

"Every kind and thoughtful word, every loving act, every generous impulse, every unsuspecting confidence, dropping down deep into the soul and carrying its true reasoning with it, is seen and felt for what it truly is. Not till men die do we really know what that life has been. Not till the tree falls, and the soil is here and there displaced, do we know how far and wide its roots have struck. Look around to-day, and see the many lives into which this life hath entered, the many hearts around which its fibres have entwined themselves, the many rich memories which cluster around it, and confess how noble is the foundation of such a soul: look around until death is forgotten and the grave's victory disappears, and we see truly how mortality is swallowed up of life."

COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.

SHE thought by heaven's high wall that she did stray
Till she beheld the everlasting gate:
And she climbed up to it to long, and wait,
Feel with her hands (for it was night), and lay
Her lips to it with kisses: thus to pray
That it might open to her desolate.
And lo! it trembled,—lo! her passionate
Crying prevailed. A little, little way
It opened: there fell out a thread of light,
And she saw winged wonders move within:
Also she heard sweet talking as they meant
To comfort her. They said, "Who comes to-night
Shall one day certainly an entrance win;"
Then the gate closed, and she awoke content.

— *Jean Ingelow*

THE PERPETUITY OF RELIGION:

OR, WILL THE COMING MAN GO TO CHURCH?

BY REV. JAMES T. BIXBY.

A SHORT time ago the advocates of what they choose to call Free Religion held a series of Conventions in some of the prominent cities of the West. At these meetings, one of the principal questions which they discussed was, "Will the Coming Man go to Church?" and the almost unanimous opinion among them was, that the coming man would *not* go to church. "The existing church," said Mr. Towne, "will be as empty as the Catacombs, and as useless as the Pyramids." . . . The coming man, on account of his humanity, will not go to church, neither will he go to heaven. . . . Only one man in forty now attends church."

"In Boston," said Miss Peckham, another prophet of the coming evanescence of the church, "only three per cent. of the men attend church." If there would be *any* church in the future, it was agreed by all that it would be entirely different from the present church. It would be an institution devoted solely to the improvement of men's condition here, and his duties to his fellow-men, without reference to man's condition hereafter, or his duty to God. The religion (if it could be called so) which the Church of the Future would have, "will not necessarily include," says Mr. Vickers, "a recognition of God."

Now I know that these Conventions were small, — the body which they directly represent not numerous. I know that the important question is not so much whether the coming man will go to church, as whether the man of to-day will. But such utterances as these are serious signs of the times. These public declarations and speculations are tokens of a wide-spread, secret feeling and tendency of to-day. "What the *coming* man *will* do, is only another way of arguing what the enlightened man of to-day, emancipated from all traditions and customs, *ought* to do.

It is a serious fact, which ought to be noticed and attended to, that there is an extensive and powerful tendency at the present day to neglect attendance upon religious services. I suppose it is true, as Mr. Frothingham said, that he has visited whole blocks of houses in New York, where no one went to church. Among the literary, scientific, and more prosperous classes of our community, there is an alarming proportion of men who do not attend church at all. Some of them are professed skeptics. Some are men so absorbed in other pursuits as to be indifferent to religion. Some are men who think that by reading book or paper at home, they can gain more good than by going out to church. Some have been so repelled by the irrational doctrines and injudicious methods of the popular sects that they will have no more to do with religion in any shape. In our cities, especially, I suppose such men are much more numerous than we have any idea of.

But, although this is a dangerous feature in the present condition of religious life amongst us, although it is an evil that calls for our best efforts to correct it, it does not at all justify the expectation so confidently expressed, that the church will, in the future, be deserted by mankind. It will abide on the earth as long as human beings live here, and men will never cease to seek its sanctuary until they cease to be intelligent and moral beings, and pain and temptation and death meet them no more in their path through life.

For, in the first place, wherever there is intelligence, it will perceive in the universe the proofs of a Creator. The human mind, by a law of its constitution, wherever it sees an *effect*, infers a *cause behind;* wherever it perceives changes, it infers a *changer;* wherever it detects adaptation of means to ends, it is irresistibly led to believe in some intelligence arranging and designing that combination. The Esquimau told the missionary that he had often reflected how a kadjak, or canoe, with all its tackle, does not come of itself, but requires to be *constructed* with much care and skill; and how a bird is a much more wonderful contrivance than the best kadjak; and yet the bird is no man's workmanship. "I bethought me," he said, "that a bird proceeds from its parents, and they from

their parents. But there must have been some *first* parents. Whence did they proceed? I concluded that there must be some one who is able to make them and everything else, some one more knowing and powerful than the wisest man." The Psalmist, reflecting on the wonders of hearing, sight, and knowledge, asks, "He who planted the ear, shall not he hear? He who made the eye, shall not he see? He who giveth man knowledge, shall not he know?" Such is the course of reasoning that naturally suggests itself to every man on looking most casually at the universe. Now these adaptations in the universe are infinite. Take up what branch of science you will, and you come across hosts of them. Take up optics, and you come at once to an eye, made more perfectly than any optician's instrument, — self-adjusting to light and darkness, to long and short distances; anatomically washed and cleansed, and fitted with a self-acting spring-door, — made achromatic in a similar way to that by which the telescope-maker gets rid of colored fringes; only much more perfectly.

Take chemistry, and you find that the elements, carbon and hydrogen, of which our common combustible substances are composed, are the only ones that do not, on burning, fall again in solid flakes, the only ones that change into a gas and become absorbed, almost unperceived, in the atmosphere. You find that all our artificial light depends on the delicate adjustment of the affinity of oxygen for carbon and hydrogen, by which the hydrogen is liberated a small fraction of a second before the carbon, allowing the solid particles of the carbon to be set free and ignited for a moment, before they combine with the oxygen. Take botany, look at the orchids, and you find that the perpetuation of the species is dependent on the transportation of the pollen from one flower to another by means of insects. To secure the certainty and effectiveness of this operation, the flowers are furnished with contrivances whose complication and ingenuity almost exceed belief. There are baits to tempt the nectar-loving moths with rich odors exhaled at night and lustrous colors to shine by day; there are guiding ridges to compel them to pass certain spots; there are adhesive plasters nicely ad-

justed to fit their probosces, or to catch their brows; there are hair-triggers carefully set in their necessary path, communicating with explosive shells, which project the pollen stalks with unerring aim upon their body.

In the same way, we might go through every branch of science and show how it witnesses to God. These adaptations of means to ends, these testimonies to an intelligent Creator, will always exist. They are a part of the world itself, and will always stand as golden tablets, proclaiming the name of God as long as the world lasts. I do not fear that any future investigation will remove the force of these arguments. The more man studies the mysteries of nature, the more wonderful they are found. The more we learn about the universe, the more complete is found to be the unity of its laws and forces and correlations, the more skill and wisdom does it demand in whomever or whatever was its Creator. Compare the proofs of God's unity, omnipresence, and beneficence open to David or Paul, with those visible in these latter days to a Paley, an Œrsted or a Faraday. See how much more numerous, subtle, and far-reaching are the evidences of intelligent design and order that present themselves to such a man as Prof. Pierce, or Prof. Agassiz, than those that led a Cicero or a Socrates — nay, a Pascal or a Pope, from nature up to nature's God!

The very theories and hypotheses of modern times which so many religious men dread, e.g., the Nebular Hypothesis and the Development Theory, if they ever become established *facts* instead of *theories*, will only make the creative wisdom and power required still greater. If the world has been made, not each part or thing as a *separate* creation, but has been woven or developed by the inter-action of certain original laws or forces, — how much more wonderful the intelligence required to originate and adjust these *forces* so that they should evolve such harmonious results! As it requires far greater skill to make a *loom* that will *weave* cloth, or *knit* stockings, without man's help, than to make them directly by *hand;* so, if the universe has been evolved by a certain *machinery* of laws and forces, whose working from the first has

never been interfered with, how much greater the need of an omniscient Mind and omnipotent Will to have so adjusted them, that they should bring forth, as they have done, an inimitable order, beauty, and perfection!

And as the world speaks and will ever speak of God, so man's own nature, from out its deepest depths, is ever telling him of God, of duty, and immortality, — of all the great verities of religion.

Man is conscious of a moral law, of an implanted impulse leading him to obey it. He feels intuitively that that law must be obeyed at all hazards; that those who do so deserve reward; that those who disobey it deserve punishment. Unless these universal intuitions of the moral sense are delusions, unless these moral laws are idle dreams, there must be a law-*giver*, — an author perfect and holy as his law is, — a future life where this exact retribution for every act and feeling is made a reality. All races and nations from the earliest times have possessed these beliefs. In the earlier ages, when man's reason was but little above the brute, these intuitions were dim and imperfect. But with the purification and sharpening of his intelligence, he has become more and more conscious of an infinite and holy Deity, and an existence beyond the grave. See how these truths become clearer, as you read through the history of the Jewish race in the Old Testament, rising from the faith of Abraham to that of Moses, from Moses to David; and from David to Jesus, the son of Sirach; from Jesus of Sirach to Jesus of Nazareth. Look at the successive religions and see how the divine illumination has more and more fully streamed in upon man, leading him from the adoration of snake and crocodile up to fire and cloud, from Nature worship up to Pantheism and Anthropomorphism; then again up to Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, till at last blossomed forth Christianity, the *consummate* flower of the religious consciousness. The stream of Christian thought, again, has been constantly working itself clearer, disengaging the sound and vital seed from ancient chaff and outgrown husks; and modern times and inquiries have only brought us additional proofs of the fun-

damental truths of religion. "Every step I have advanced in knowledge," says a great man of science, "has lightened the physical difficulties of the doctrine of immortal life, by revealing to me more and more the infinite *possibilities* of nature." "The long story of the ages," as Miss Cobbe, has well said, "is the development of man's religious nature from stage to stage, from Fetichism to Polytheism and Monotheism. To say, with the Positivists, that this will end in the negation of all that *personal* reverence, allegiance, and love which have constituted the heart of religion, and that nothing will be left but an abstraction of 'Humanity,' to whom will be offered the mere smoke and ashes of a fire of worship long gone out, —this is not, as they assert, to carry on the series of progressive steps, but to step *off* 'the great world's altar-stairs' into the abyss. To believe in no God is no development of old forms of belief in many Gods or in one God; it is simply the stultifying of all the noblest part of the past, — of all the labors, prayers, and martyrdoms of the men who have been the glory of our race."

If the coming man will be, as it is assumed, an improvement on the man of to-day, — if he is to be a man more fully developed, — clearer of spiritual sight, warmer of heart, stronger in soul, — if he *ascends* on the line where the world has in past times mounted, instead of becoming less religious, he will become *more* so.

In the next place, not merely is man's nature so constituted as to make him religious, but it demands religion. His organic wants cannot be satisfied without religion. His normal development cannot be reached except with it. He needs religion, both individually and in his social capacity. He wants a Staff upon which he can lean; he wants a Majesty which he can reverence; he aspires after a Beauty and a Perfection greater than anything finite can show him. He yearns to penetrate the veil that hangs over his destiny. Whence am I? Whither do I go? to dust, to rot in the ground, to lower or to higher life? If there is such a higher life, how shall I live so as to attain it? What is my duty in these perplexities, and distractions, and conflicts of the

world? These are questions which have ever been aske and *will* ever be asked.

Could man go through the world and meet only plea ure and sunshine, he might go, perhaps, as careless as t thoughtless lamb that skips the sod before the butche shambles; but he must pass through the furnace of afflicti he must endure the rack of pain and the blow of misfortu He needs the protection and solace of religion to enable h to bear up under these. He must feel that these events a ordered by One infinitely wise and good, who knows bet what is good for him than he does himself. He must beli that there is a Better Land, where the inequalities of t world will be rectified, and where he will be requited for wh ever hardness he has manfully endured here below. Co he go all through life, without trial or suffering or calami he would find at its end an inescapable terror, — the m dreadful of all, — the grim spectre, Death. *There* is a m tery that must ever give him pause. *There* is a strait which he must call upon religion for support. When y child, your mother, or your wife hovers on the narrow l that bounds our earthly horizon, — when the pulse begins beat slow, and the eyes to glaze with the film of death, what care you for literary lecture, or scientific treatise, new triumphs of discovery. What blank despair, if this, t we have loved and called a soul, be but a vortex of mat and motion, soon to be dissipated to the winds.

Or, when the icy hand of death is laid on our own hea how idle are our crowded coffers, our elegant wardrobes, c ámbitious knowledge, if we have none of those spiritual tre ures that are alone counted at the bar of divine justi Standing by the bedside of his dying mother, confessed German satirist who had thrown as many bitter mockings religion as any man in his generation, "I thought over the great and little inventions of man, — the doctrine souls, Newton's system of attraction, the Universal Germ Library, the Genera Plantarum, the Magister Matheseos, t Calculus Infinitorum, the right and the oblique ascension the stars and their parallaxes. But nothing would answ

And she lay out of *reach*, lay on the *brink*, and was going, and I could not even see where she would fall. Then I commended her to God, and went out and composed a prayer for the dying, that they might read it to her. She was my mother, and had always loved me so dearly, and this was all I could do for her. . . . We are not *great*, and our happiness is that we can believe in something greater and better."

And again, when Heine himself came face to face with the same dire shadow with the keys, again he had to bow down in awe and repentance — again the better soul within arose and reasserted itself. "When we lie on our *death-bed*," he owns, "we become very gentle and tender-hearted, and would willingly make peace with God and man. I confess I have scratched many, and bitten many, and been no lamb. But since I have been in need of God's mercy, I have made a truce with all my foes. Yes! I have made peace with the Creator as well as with the creature, to the great displeasure of my enlightened friends who reproach me for my relapse into the old superstition, as they are pleased to term my return to God. . . . Happily they have no instruments of torture at command except their writings. But I will confess everything without torture. I have really returned to God, like the prodigal son, after feeding swine with the Hegelians for many years; the divine homesickness came upon me and drove me forth through woods and vales, over the dizziest pathways of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but I could make nothing of him. This poor visionary creature is interwoven with and grown into the world. Indeed he is almost imprisoned in it, and yawns at you without voice, without power. To have *will*, one must have personality, and to manifest one's self, one must have elbow-room."

Yes! this divine homesickness that brought poor Heine back from the far country of his selfish pride, and lonely self-reliance, and bitter skepticism, is *native* to man. God is his Father, heaven his home, — and he cannot be at peace until he turns and seeks that home and confides in that Father.

Again, we need religion in the home and in society, as well as for our private strength and comfort. It is the sanction of

religion that cements our homes. It is religion that fosters the mutual love and self-denial that alone make the intimate life of the family endurable. Without the sense of duty and the consequent obligations of obedience and gratitude in the child, and of care and help and guidance in the parents, the home would be a place of discord, ruin, and repulsion, and would *explode* the moment its members could do without each other. It is the same with society. Religion is the sap that nourishes it, and that forms the fibre that holds it together. Let men be thoroughly convinced that there is no moral government of the world; that might is right; that thieving is no sin, if *un*-discovered; that there is no All-seeing Eye to behold the murder done in darkness; no avenger of the innocent; no justifier of the oppressed; no retribution in the future for our sins—and how would greed, and passion, and lust break forth into a carnival of crime. The world would become a den of robbers; a perpetual orgy of vice and sensuality. Take away the restraints of conscience, and how idle would be the efforts of police and armies and government to enforce the laws. Take away the healing and redeeming influences of charity and benevolence, and what sores of poverty and vice would cover society. But without religion, how inert would be the consciences of men, how torpid benevolence, how weak the virtues of ordinary life!

The supply that feeds and keeps alive these moral and social sentiments comes from a belief in God and our common relations to him. A single church is a better repressor of crime than a hundred constables. The church and the Sunday-schools, alone, go to the root of the malady,—the perverted will and the vitiated heart. We who have always lived amongst churches do not know what society would be without them. But ask the pioneer who has lived on the frontier, in the mushroom towns that spring up in the wilderness, far ahead of the missionary,—ask him the character of a town without a church, and he will tell you of a social anarchy where each man has to carry his revolver in his belt and his life in his hand; where gambling, perjury, and

beastly drunkenness, high-handed outrage and unblushing plundering, make night a riot of sin, and change the day of rest — the day that should have been the Lord's — into a day when all the hosts of Satan seem to be let loose. And the frontiersman will tell you how the first thing that began a change was the advent of some traveling missionary, some circuit preacher, holding religious services in the street, or in some store or loft; and how, as a Christian church was established and spread its influence around, the town was gradually transformed into an order-loving, peaceable, honest, and virtuous community. Show me a community where religion is despised, where the church is deserted by all but a handful, where belief in God and immortality is sneered at, and you will find that that community is one whose pith and marrow is eaten out of it; a community where patriotism is decayed, where heroism is defunct, industry languishing, and courage sapped. Trace down the course of history, and you will see that the irreligious ages have been ages either of decrepitude or disorder; that the ages of strong and healthy faith have been the epochs when nations have flourished. When Athens reared her inimitable temples, and Phidias carved the statue of Jupiter, Athens rode mistress of the seas. When the fire of religious enthusiasm burned hot in the breasts of the Saracens, nothing arrested their victorious march. When Europe had her age of faith, the Crusaders wrested back again the Holy Land. But when Lucretius scoffs at worship as the juggle of priests, the Roman Empire commences that decline whose end is its gigantic fall. When Voltaire is "tired of the name of Christ," and the encyclopedists and men of letters think enlightenment is synonymous with *dis*-belief, we find, as the speedy consequent, the darkest era of disorder and blood that the modern world has ever seen. In these recent months, is not the connection plain, to every discerning eye, between the disastrous and sudden collapse of France and that decay of moral principle and a healthy and prevalent religious tone that has allowed the development of its foolish vain-glorying, its unprincipled ambition, its lust for empty show and glory, and its official corruption, unfaithful-

ness and demoralization. No nation can enjoy stability, c der, and prosperity without religion.

Religion is thus a need of the human soul, as hunger a thirst are needs of the body. This need is indestructib It is not in the power of either ignorance or refinemer either oppression or luxury, to extinguish it. Different *for* of religion may perish, but religion never passes away. may slumber, it may doze; but it never *dies*. It may frost-bitten by the winter of skepticism, but it comes again from the roots stronger than ever. A *little* philosop may turn men from it; but they who drink deep of the P rian spring come back to the well of living water that sprin eth up to eternal life. There are times, indeed, when faith it seems to suffer an eclipse, but it is only for a time. The was an age in Roman history when even the unlearned, a cording to the testimony of Juvenal, had outgrown the tr ditional faith in a future retributory state, and when Epicur was praised for delivering mankind from the fear of the god —yet four centuries after, the Roman Senate, through t lips of its noblest representative, pleaded before the Emper for liberty to worship these same gods, and a majority the whole empire had adopted a religion which with impli faith held to these "outgrown" beliefs as the very corne stones of their church, — a church which still endures, a still maintains those despised doctrines with undiminish trust.

So in the time of Robespierre, a knot of theorists thoug that they had utterly removed Christianity from the soil France; but in the next generation the insulted faith ca trooping back stronger than ever. So *to-day*, if religi seems ebbing away in some quarters, we have but to wai little while, and we shall see the tide turn and rise hig than ever.

Do not mistake a transitory mood for a permanent tend cy. History may have temporary aberrations, but its eve tual and dominating course will surely be in the line that t needs implanted in man's constitution are ever pressing, a where, at the same time, man's Creator designs him to

Do not be so credulous as to believe that this strongest and oldest sentiment of religion is a device of priests. As well say that the love of beauty is a delusion concocted by the painter, or the need of clothes an invention of tailors. If you could sweep away all churches, interrupt all religious instruction for a generation, religion would spring up afresh and build anew its temples. Religion is *inherent* in man, and it requires such an institution as the church through which to work, just as justice, and family affection, and desire for knowledge, are inborn with man, and require the bench of justice, the home and the school-house for their instrumentalities. Men may try experiments for a season, try lectures, and newspapers, science, lyceums, spiritual circles and other substitutes for divine worship, but they will return at last to the church of God, the worship of their Creator, and the study of their spiritual and eternal interests.

But the Church of the Future, I think likely, will be very different in many respects from the church of to-day. It will draw less from authority and tradition, and more from nature and reason and the soul's intuitions. It will look back, only to look forward. It will be a place, not for weakness, servility and gloom; but for manliness, and freedom, and cheerfulness. It will slough off the irrational dogmas and monstrous superstitions that now disfigure many of its branches. It will bid good-by to sectarian jealousies; to claims of exclusive possession of truth; to the fences that now shut in the water of life. It will bid all men drink of that water freely. It will recognize God's inspiration, not as descending down the channel of *one* race merely, not as coming only to a half-dozen favored individuals, in a distant past, but it will own it as imparted to *all*, in proportion to their ability to receive it, shed forth *now* as much as of old.

The religion of the Future will have less of creed and ceremony, and more of feeling and action. It will become more practical, — try to incorporate religion more into man's daily life, — take his amusements and business under its guidance and superintendence, as well as his worship, — watch over, and help him, and have him under its protection through the

week, as well as on *Sunday*. It will be more like the Unio
for Christian work, or the Young Men's Christian Associ
tions, than like the present churches.

But while the Church of the Future will thus be pur
more rational, more practical, more humanitarian than t
present church, it will be equally removed from that ba
bleak, ungracious structure which its projectors call "Fr
Religion." The Church of Future will be reverent. It w
not sneer at prayer, nor at religious teachers, nor will it d
care God, reject Christ, ignore heaven. It will cherish wh
ever holy and tender instinct it finds in man, as his riche
possession and surest guide. It will be a believing church,
well as a thinking church. It will recognize faith as t
needed supplement to science. It will no more find m
born omniscient then than now, and it will see that he nee
and that he gets instruction in that spiritual knowledge th
is most important to him. It will have the common sense n
to throw away entirely the treasures of the world's religio
history and experience, all the fruits of former study, and
the past inspiration of humanity, because of a few blemishes
them; but will carefully purge them and keep all that is pu
and helpful. If it cannot keep its faith in the Bible as an i
fallible Book, in Christ as Deity himself, it will yet reta
them in a rational veneration as the best-tested sources th
we have of religious truth and inspiration. If man will
"more humane, — a pure, great-hearted lover of his rac
as it is prophesied he will, will he forget the Christ who w
the world's great *teacher* of that love for man? Will he i
nore the Divine Fatherhood, that alone makes all men brot
ers? Will he forsake that piety which is the rain fro
heaven which keeps full every reservoir of social phila
thropy? No! he will have too just a perception of the r
lations of things to do *that*. He will have the wisdom
put his eternal interests before his temporal ones, and in h
attempt to create a heaven here on earth, he will know th
he can be successful only by the aid of that solution of th
problem of evil, that solace in hardship and sorrow, that el
vation and quickening of our ideals, aspirations, and energi

s given by the belief in a real, eternal, and ineffable above.

, I believe, will be the Church of the Future. I know r soon it will come. That will depend on the fidelity nembers of the existing church. They must awaken :w life; work energetically in its behalf; endeavor to :nlarge, and quicken it; present its claims to those ss it by; bring in the great body of the unchurched; ıem cordially; show them how these Christians love ther; display their regard for it by the sacrifices they or it, and the generosity with which they sustain its ons.

ese prophecies of the downfall of the church shall :hose who believe in it to such efforts, the threatened ll bring forth great good.

THE SPIRIT TO THE SOUL.

HEED the revealing,
Forever stealing
  Through mind and heart:
The Holy Spirit
That all inherit,
  Of God a part!

Pleading so meekly,
Urging so sweetly,
  All for its own:
Never essaying,
Through our delaying,
  An angry tone.

Ever pursuing,
Tenderly wooing
  Us to its love:
Wearying never,
Watching forever
  Where'er we rove.

Love without ceasing,
In strength increasing, —
  Deep, warm, and true:
Pouring its blessing,
Its fond caressing,
  Ever on you!

Guarding from error,
Soothing in terror,
  Brightening joy:
Changing to gladness
The weary sadness
  Of earth's employ.

Telling the beauty
Of works of duty
  Lovingly done;
The joy supernal,
The life eternal,
  Thus surely won.

Turn from the bustle,
The ceaseless hustle,
  The din and strife,
The fleeting treasure,
The mocking pleasure,
  Which men call "Life"!

Heed the revealing,
Forever stealing
  Through mind and heart:
The Holy Spirit,
That all inherit,
  Of God a part!

S. H. C.

MISBELIEF AS TO THE SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

THE following are to be read in the Gospel of Mark, as having been the words of Jesus to the eleven, before being received up into heaven and sitting on the right hand of God: "In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." And these words the Catholics claim as having been fulfilled in their church. "A promise to the church, which was fulfilled immediately! The Catholic Church, with the Pope in the chair of St. Peter, is attested as the true church against all heretics and dissidents by the miraculous powers with which it is endowed, and the miracles of which its members are often the channels and the objects." And the Protestants reply, "Imposture! The wily talk of the scarlet woman! Pious cheats! The very way that is to overturn the certainty of the Christian miracles, by making them stand on the same footing with the miracles which you Catholics pretend."

Says Dr. Middleton, one of the loudest of these Protestants, "It must be confessed, however, that this claim of a miraculous power, which is now peculiar to the Church of Rome, was universally asserted and believed in all Christian countries, and in all ages of the church until the times of the Reformation. For ecclesiastical history makes no difference between one age and another, but carries on the succession of its miracles, as of all other common events, through all of them indifferently to that memorable period." Now it may be very true, as Dr. Middleton adds, that cheating images were then broken to pieces at Paul's Cross in London, and particularly that the crucifix of Boxeley, commonly called the Rood of Grace, was publicly taken to pieces, so as to expose the machinery, by which it was made to move its lips and eyes, hands and feet, brows and head, as though by a divine

power. But it does not follow, that, because at one time at Boxeley there was a rood of imposture, therefore everywhere and through all ages, and in everything Catholic, assertion of the miraculous must have been imposition. Nor would it follow that those controversialists were infallible, or fit for implicit trust, or simply even sufficient for the work, "who made it their business to search into the records of past ages, where, though it was easy to trace the marks of the same peculiar fictions, exerted in the same manner and for the same end, even up to the early times of the primitive church," it was yet found "difficult to fix the origin of them, or to mark the precise era in which the cheat first began."

Dr. Middleton holds that the refutation of miracles in connection with the Catholic Church "is a great and manifest advantage gained to the Protestant cause." But his opening his mind, in this manner, must have consoled some of his opponents, for what he had said about the opening of the machinery of the Boxeley Rood. That the Catholic is the one true church, because of miracles among its members,—this argument of the Catholics has seemed to Protestant divines irresistible, in any other way, than by denying the occurrence of the miracles. Whereas they might have granted the reality of the miracles, but have denied the exclusiveness of the Catholic inference. They might, too, have allowed the Catholic miracles; and have alleged, at the same time, that among Protestants there were just as good miracles, though not subordinated to clerical uses. This, however, would have been an argument, which perhaps Middleton would not have employed, even if it had occurred to him. In his judgment, miracles in happening would have discerned between the clergy and laity. For it is one of his objections to the credibility of miracles in the second and third centuries, that they were "committed not to those who were entrusted with the government of the church, not to the successors of the apostles, to the bishops, the martyrs, or the principal champions of the Christian cause, but to boys, to women, and, above all, to private and obscure laymen, not

only of an inferior, but sometimes also of a bad character." But now it is not said by any Father, that miracles were wrought by persons of a bad character. But that miracles would have been more credible, if wrought by bishops than as occurring through laymen, is a strange presumption for any one acquainted with Christian history, especially for Dr. Middleton, who knew very well the manner of the election of English bishops. The clergy of a cathedral receive permission from the monarch to elect a person to a vacant bishopric. Being assembled together, they invoke the assistance of the Holy Ghost to direct them in their choice. But under penalties, which have never yet been dared by a refusal, they elect any clergyman whom the monarch, or prime minister rather, may designate, and of whose name they have been privily advertised. Now this fact Middleton was acquainted with. And, in his opinion, the bishops of the second, third, and fourth centuries were mainly tricksters. And yet he would seem to have thought, that the Holy Ghost could have had no choice, when it wished, but must have worked its wonders through bishops, no matter who they were, or how appointed.

Were a Catholic theologian to press me with the argument which Middleton attempts to elude, I should say, "I grant that there have been, and that there perhaps even now are miracles in your church. But I deny that by them everything connected with your church is endorsed, — theological dogmas, and the decisions of general councils. I deny that in your church by the miracles of the saints anything else is sanctioned than simply the saintly. I deny that by miracles among its members your church is distinguished from on high as being Papal, or is exalted against the Genevese, the Lutheran, or the English churches, or even against such individuals as Jacob Boehme and George Fox. The Catholic Church attested by the marvels attendant on St. Francis of Assissi, St. Catherine of Siena, and St. Philip Neri! Then the subdivisions of Protestantism are apparently just as wonderfully ratified by the healing powers of Greatorex, by the report from the spiritual world made by the Seeress of

Prevorst, and by the interviews of Oberlin with the spirit of his wife, and by some of the experiences of George Fox."

It is true that the lives of Greatorex and the German seeress, and of fifty or a hundred other Protestants of miraculous experiences, have not been made subservient to their purposes by the Protestant clergy; but they are certainly none the less credible for that. So then here are miracles against miracles. But indeed there never has been as remarkable a manifestation of the miraculous in the Catholic Church as there has been against it. For never since the early days of the Christian church has the Spirit manifested itself by such a variety of gifts, by such signal interpositions, and in a manner so marked, and for such a length of time, as among the Protestants of the Cevennes, while resisting unto blood, the proselytizing persecutions of Louis XIV. And they are as well authenticated too, as anything, which has ever been sanctioned at Rome by the Congregation on Rites. There were frequent cases of individuals being guided and protected in a manner possible only through angels; there were many instances of information supernaturally imparted; and conventicles of Protestants forbidden by the King, were distinguished as churches by the Holy Ghost, and by gifts not unlike those of which St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, and especially, prophecy, by which the secrets of the heart were manifested, and men were convinced of God having been there of a truth. There were singular examples, too, of praise perfected out of the mouths of babes and sucklings; and there were experiences of a sword, which, for success, was like that of the Lord and of Gideon; and there were precise, wonderful instances of pursuit in war, like what was promised by the Lord, as to five chasing a hundred, and a hundred putting ten thousand to flight. And besides having all those signs and wonders for their encouragement, these faithful sufferers frequently heard, in the stillness of the open country, choirs of voices in the sky, as though of heavenly hosts praising God.

It is not necessary to suppose that these Camisards were the best people of France because of their having been

attended by spiritual wonders. For, age after age, the "peculiar people" were but a sorry lot, notwithstanding what Moses was, and Samuel, and Elijah also, and Elisha, and all the other prophets from Isaiah to Malachi. Nor need it be thought that the "French prophets" were the best persons in their mountains; because certainly Balaam would not seem to have been the best man of his time, though he was wonderful as to inspiration; and the prophet Jonah may even be said to have been of a mean, selfish disposition. Nor perhaps is it absolutely necessary to believe that they were directly from the highest heaven, — those influences and agencies by which the Camisards were visited, and by which their prophets were inspired, and so it is not to be concluded that all the deeds of the Camisards were vouched for from heaven because of there having been inspiration amongst them. Between the land which we tread, and the new earth with its new heaven above, there must be, as certainly there would seem to be, an intermediate region, whence possibly sometimes, with the Divine permission, movements may originate, which have men for their objects.

The career of Jeanne Darc had not an ecclesiastical purpose at all, but was directed to a political end, — the extrusion of the English from France. Her life has recently been illustrated by the publication of documents which had been lying hundreds of years in the archives of Rouen. That life of hers, fully and fairly told of, no candid, intelligent person can read without thinking if there possibly can be such a thing as inspiration, that then certainly Jeanne Darc must have been prompted and guided from the same level and direction in the spiritual world, and from the same region, as that whence more than three thousand years ago Deborah the prophetess was commissioned and guided against Sisera and his host of Canaanites.

But, really, in every direction, history is a witness as to the quickening of human nature by spiritual influx.

In Scotland there was a long struggle, ecclesiastically, consequent on the Reformation; and the fiercest part of which was in connection with the attempt of the English govern-

ment to force their Book of Common Prayer on the Scotch people for use. There is a volume relative to the era of that terrible struggle which is entitled "The Scots' Worthies." That book is all alive with evidences of the Spirit. Of course the life which it commemorates is not of the same altitude, historically, as what the apostles lived, but yet it is wonderfully like "the acts of the apostles" as to the manifestation of the Spirit.

How was it with Stephen the proto-martyr of the church? By the speech which he made before the council at Jerusalem evidently he was a man all alive in his soul with a sense of Jehovah as his forefathers had known of him, and therefore with faith in God for himself. His was a soul that opened out to God; and, because of what he had known, his soul opened out towards God, especially as being the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was confronted with death in the black look of the council aginst him. "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

And just as it was with Stephen at Jerusalem, eighteen hundred years ago, so was it in Scotland within the last three hundred years. And men who were almost dead as to the body, because of persecution, had their souls, as it were, blossom with wonderful graces, and had their spirits grow miraculously sensitive as to that world which surrounds us, invisibly, like a cloud of witnesses.

"Miracles which authorize the Catholic Church, do you speak of? Why, then there have been miracles expressly against it. Though the truth probably is that there have been neither the one nor the other; and that the miracles were not meant to be on either side, simply as being a side. For as I understand the matter, your map of the true church does not agree with that of the Master. On the great plain of human life, there are some lines which you make to converge on Rome; but which I maintain should be drawn in the direction of where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. And the Master takes in some things which you leave out,

and he shuts out some other things which you include as bulwarks. And so firmly drawn is this line, and so finely discriminating sometimes, that I see plainly that it may include the Pope, and yet cut off the chair which he sometimes sits in at St. Peter's; and that though it may enclose the Basilica on the Vatican, it yet certainly shuts out the Palace of the Inquisition, standing behind the colonnade on the left. And on that true map of the church, with its lines rightly drawn, miracles do not point either to Rome, or Geneva, or London, but indicate rather 'the hiding of the power of God,' and the direction of the New Jerusalem."

There may perhaps be in church history some instances of the miraculous, which might at first sight appear to be exceptional, but generally it would seem that the vast multitude of miracles, which are ranged by Catholics as testimonials to their church, testify, when allowed to speak for themselves, simply the goodness of God, or illustrate the marvelousness of the capacities and relations of man's spiritual nature, or show some angel of the Lord encamping near the man that fears him. Middleton fancied that he was obliged to deny the miracles of the Catholic Church, in order to keep his own church free of the Papacy: but he might have safely granted their reality.

Mere denial may be almost heroic sometimes, but sometimes also it may be very weak. And religiously it is what more people are competent to than a doctor of divinity. For indeed "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The Christian Fathers believed familiarly and firmly in there being spiritual revelations and visions in their respective times. And that they did so, Middleton acknowledges abundantly; but says he, "To cut off therefore all reasonings and inferences about them, let it be understood that we dispute the facts." That may be well enough for people, who only want somebody so say something on their side, and for whom any man is a prophet who gives back the echo of their own nonsense, and especially if he should be able to bluster in robes, and dogmatize aloud from a high place. But oh, the mischief of these poor people, with their weakness for idols!

It is objected to the miracles alleged by the Fathers of the second, third, and fourth centuries, that they were not sufficiently public; and that although various kinds of miracles were pretended, yet that it was only the exorcists, who challenged investigation in the market-place. This is an objection which is to be found in the pages of a heathen caricaturist. And Middleton joins in it occasionally, notwithstanding that he shows himself to have been aware that even the apostles probably attempted miracles only on a divine impulse. But this he forgot in his eagerness for a good position against a particular point. In his Vindication of the Free Inquiry, he says, "The position which I affirm is that after the days of the apostles, no standing power of working miracles was continued to the Church, to which they might perpetually appeal for the conviction of unbelievers." And then he defines more exactly still what he means. "That God can work miracles whenever he pleases, nobody I dare say, will deny: but whether he has wrought any or not, since the days of the apostles, is an inquiry, which I do not at all enter into. The single point which I maintain is, that the Church had no standing power of working any." Now this point, really there is no disputing, for it is true. And not only was there no standing power of miracles in the Church after the days of the apostles; but indeed there never was any, at any time. It would seem as though power over unclean spirits, had been more at the will of its possessor than any other gift: and yet, perhaps even that was never with any one absolutely a standing power. And with the apostles certainly it was not so; for an instance is recorded, in which after they had received power and authority over all devils, they yet could not cast one out.

A standing power for working miracles did not cease in the Church, with the days of the apostles, for indeed it never existed. And there is no reason for supposing that the apostles ever professed to have it; or ever pretended to work miracles at any time they chose, and at any place they pleased. In the New Testament, there is nothing whatever to countenance the fancy, that the apostles, as they preached

from place to place, availed themselves of any standing power of miracles, for enforcing their discourse, saying, "And now, O Greeks, to prove to you that this foolishness of the cross is the true wisdom, we will work a miracle. And to satisfy you Romans that those things in Jerusalem were so, under your Pontius Pilate, see now the signs and wonders, which we will show on this blind man." There is nothing like that in the New Testament. There is no reason for supposing that the apostles ever thought that they could name the day, hour, and place for raising a dead man to life; no reason for supposing that they could promise absolutely to cure any one, whom they pleased; no reason for supposing that ever even they fancied, that it might be at their own will, to speak with foreign tongues wherever they might need; and no reason for supposing that they could predict the future, whenever their auditors were curious, or they themselves were anxious.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

JEWISH HIEROGLYPHICS.

A TASTEFUL little book has appeared lately from the press of John Wilson, entitled "Traces of Picture-writing in the Bible." Hearty sympathy with Dr. Miles's purpose prompts us to give the results of his study a wider circulation, that they may excite inquiry and direct investigation. As this is his laudable motive, he will pardon our use of his materials.

Almost everybody knows that picture-writing preceded every other: that it belongs to the infancy of nations as of individuals. If nothing of the sort has been as yet found among Hebrew remains, may not traces of familiarity with hieroglyphics be traced in Hebrew literature? Is there not many a passage which their previous use by the nation would illustrate? Is there not here

a new key to the sacred treasure offered to every patient hand.

For instance: the Egyptians denoted a day by a curved line: so do the American Indians: so do some of the deaf and dumb. Now, the Hebrews must have once used some sign like this, because we read, "Make me to know the measure of my days: thou hast made my days as a handbreadth," &c.: implying that time was marked among them by a longer or shorter line, as, "The cutting off of my day," and "He shortened my day," seems to prove. Most of all, the Master says, "Which of you can add a cubit to his stature?" where our translators were perplexed by the application of a lineal measure to the length of one's life.

So, too, the many texts about overshadowing wings, as, "In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice," imply that the Jews had some pictures of Divine Providence like those huge wings of Egyptian temples with a head between, — one of the most striking emblems, we may add, in all that vast collection, scattered up and down the Nile. Kindred to this is the representation of Deity's displeasure by an averted countenance, which must be found among the temple-inscriptions of many nations. The Hebrews were evidently familiar with this representation, as is shown sufficiently in the Psalms: "Hide not thy face far from me: the face of the Lord is against them that do evil."

Thus, a cup was used in ancient hieroglyphics to denote a man's lot: and the early Jews must have had many such pictures, as their literature swarms with the expressions, "The Lord is the portion of my cup: my cup runneth over: the cup of trembling: the cup of consolation: the cup of salvation: the cup of the Lord's right hand."

Amongst the most obvious signs, however, is that of the representation of a royal proclamation by a trumpeter: which we think the Jews must have used beyond a doubt by the frequent recurrence of such phrases as, "Blow the trumpet in the land: the Lord God shall blow the trumpet: do not sound a trumpet as the hypocrites."

The most beautiful and Christian picture-writing is that which Jesus so often employed in representing death by sleep: the prose translation, one may say, of a young man's lying down with closed eyes upon a tomb. It is seen in the Old and New Testament alike, as, "They are asleep: thou shalt sleep with thy fathers: many

that are asleep in the dust of the earth shall arise: many bodies of saints which slept arose: I go to awake Lazarus out of his sleep."

Were Dr. Miles's suggestions sustained by our experience, the human frame would afford the most copious, impressive, we might say eloquent illustrations. And that is precisely the case with the Hebrew scriptures. As we are about to show in conclusion, man himself furnishes a large share of the picture-writing in the Bible.

There was an Assyrian hieroglyph (which interpreted itself) of a conqueror planting both feet upon his captive's neck. So the Jews write, "Put your feet on the neck of kings: thou hast put all things under his feet."

Thus the Egyptians represented silence as the deaf mutes do now, by a man's hand upon the lips; and so Job says, "I will lay my hand upon my mouth:" and Solomon, "If thou hast thought evil, lay thine hand upon thy mouth."

Another of these human pictures is only too obvious, the representation of prayer by uplifted hands: "I will lift up my hands in thy name: lift up the hands that hang down: the deep lifteth up his hands on high." "I will spread abroad my hands unto the Lord: when you stretch forth your hands I will hide mine eyes."

And then the expression of joy by clasping of hands, another natural hieroglyphic, everywhere understood by the deaf, and in use among the young, — as, "Clap your hands all ye people: let the floods clap their hands: the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

So a man's sitting, walking, bending, must have been pictures written out in words when hieroglyphics passed out of date. That "David sat before the Lord," could hardly have been true in the literal sense, any more than that there were those "who sat in the region and shadow of death." So walking as expressive of action in general. "Enoch walked with God: walk not in the counsels of the ungodly: the pestilence that walketh in darkness." And last, not least in significance, the bending of the body as a natural expression of reverence, as "Kings and queens shall bow down to thee: the sons of them that are afflicted shall come bending unto thee." These all imply, though they do not prove, the progress of language from carving to writing, form poetry in fact to prose, from the freedom of childhood to the greater constraint of a nation's maturity.

F. W. H.

"ALL SOULS ARE MINE."

EZEKIEL XVIII. 4.

"ALL soul's are mine," the great Jehovah saith;
Mine by creation, by redemption mine;
And through all change of life, or sin, or death,
By all things human, and by all divine.

From thine eternal essence came they forth,
Pure from thine own sweet, sole divinity;
A thousand beauties sparkling at their birth,
Ten thousand more by grown affinity.

Sweet, sacred tie! and thou, O Lord of life,
Wilt honor it and hold it ever dear;
All souls are thine, to save from sin and strife,
Thine to lift up, and with thy presence cheer.

Great Source of Love, how shall we speak thy praise?
How shall our trembling faculties unite
To roll the harmony through endless days,
With rapt, immortal vigor and delight?

Give us thy grace, we pray, this boon to see —
The living wonders of a gift so dear,
The rosy loves, thoughts, joys, — the heaven to be,
Grounded and settled in a truth so clear.

All souls are thine, and all thence tend to Thee;
Through death and hell at last the glory breaks;
Love triumphs over all, and man shall be
Pure image then of what his soul partakes.

W. M.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

— *Wordsworth*

GEORGE TICKNOR, LL.D.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. TICKNOR, who died in Boston on the 26th of January, came nearer to our ideal of what a Christian scholar should be than any other person that we have known. The intellectual and moral elements were singularly harmonized in him. The first work of his that we read, the memoir of Nathaniel Appleton Haven, was of such a character that it would be difficult to say whether the political or moral, the literary or religious element, was that which predominated in its composition. Few works of the kind have ever been more gracefully prepared, or within their sphere have exercised a more beneficent influence, especially on the minds of young men. The same may be said, only with a much stronger emphasis, of his last important publication, the life of William Hickling Prescott, — a labor of love, if there ever was one, written from the fullness of a mind overflowing with tender remembrances, and pervaded by a friendship which seemed almost to partake of the sacredness of a religious emotion. Mr. Ticknor was a great scholar. His knowledge, minute and exact, reached farther, and in more various directions, than that of any other man among us, unless we should except his friend, Mr. Francis C. Gray. That which seemed a kingdom to another was only a single province in his wider domain of knowledge. His reputation as a scholar will rest for centuries on his History of Spanish Literature. But we remember listening with even greater interest and admiration to his lectures on French Literature. We suppose that he had studied with equal care and thoroughness the literature of Italy. Our first insight into the early writers of England, and the first comprehensive view that we had of the vast resources of English poetry in its best and richest periods, was gained from a course of lectures given by him outside of his regular course of instruction in Harvard College. It is not too much to say that his connection with the University created an

epoch in its history. He not only gave a new impulse to the study of the modern languages, but by the enthusiasm which he awakened in regard to the greatest works of genius, and the grander ideas of a liberal education which he introduced, and held up by precept and example, his influence was a benefaction to many of the finest minds of that period.

It may be mentioned as an instance of the conscientious fidelity with which he gave himself to his work there, that, during the whole period of his connection with the College, from 1816 to 1835, he never once failed to meet an engagement with his classes, though sometimes, in very bad traveling, it took him two hours and a half to go from his residence in Boston to his lecture-room in Cambridge. This fidelity, extending even to the minutest details in whatever he undertook, was a marked feature in his character, and to this in no small measure was due the extraordinary amount of work which he did and knowledge which he gained with so much apparent ease. He was never driven by his work. Everything was so well arranged that he appeared to be a man of leisure. But we do not remember ever to have found him unoccupied. Every moment was employed, and no waste of time or strength was ever caused by the want of a wise and exact method.

He was a great scholar, and held a position which no other scholar among us has ever held. By his natural tastes and mental abilities, by his habits of thought and study, by his thorough and widely extended knowledge, by his social disposition, his large acquaintance with men as well as books, and the felicitous circumstances in which his life had been placed, for half a century he, above all others, was the one to represent our American scholarship abroad, or to dispense its refined and generous hospitalities at home. During no small portion of that long period, what choice spirits he was able to gather round him at any time to welcome the distinguished foreigner to this country! He was himself one of the last who remained of that goodly company. "There are a few of my contemporaries," he said the last time that we saw

him, "who come to see me pretty often, — my classmate Gen. Thayer, Mr. Cogswell, Mr. William Minot, and Dr. Bigelow. They are older than I am; but they can move about better than I." Dear and honored names, now almost the sole survivors of that brilliant circle that made Boston, hardly less than Edinburgh or London, a name and a power in the world of thought and of learning. His acquaintance with eminent men here reached through a period of sixty years, including Buckminster and Channing and Norton, Parsons and Shaw and Jeremiah Mason, Quincy and Otis and Bowditch, Webster and Choate and Everett, the Prescotts, father and son, Kirkland, Sparks, Walker, and Felton, the three Jacksons, lawyer, physician, and merchant, and the Adamses in four generations.

But the kindly qualities in Mr. Ticknor's nature are what come to us most gratefully. With all his severity of principle, he was a lenient judge in dealing with the weaknesses of others. Our first knowledge of him, except as a teacher, was in a matter of this kind. A foolish student from Exeter Academy, on a visit to Boston, had passed himself off as the near connection of an eminent lawyer, and under this false pretense had procured money from Mr. Ticknor, who very soon discovered the fraud. But he took great pains not to expose the young man too severely. It may, he said, have been his first offense. He may see his folly, and redeem himself, if he should have an opportunity. But if he should be exposed and punished it will probably break him down and ruin him forever. Here was the judgment of a kind heart. And we believe that few men in all the relations of life, and especially in their relations with the weak, the erring, and unfortunate, have been more merciful than Mr. Ticknor.

He was a most humane and liberal man. He studied thoughtfully the problems which came up during his day for the relief of suffering, and always on the side of humanity. If from a constitution in some respects tending to despondency he had a less cheerful confidence in the perpetuity of free institutions than his friend Mr. Prescott, no one labored

more heartily than he to secure the conditions which alon can make a democratic government possible. He believe in the education, not of a class, but of the whole peopl This showed itself throughout his life in his sympathy wit young men seeking for knowledge, his interest in all wh were engaged in the work of education, and especially in h efforts to place the Boston Public Library on the most liber foundation, so that its influence should be felt as widely possible among all, and particularly among the less privileg classes. He went hand in hand with Dr. Channing in h demand for freedom of speech, as well as in the stand whi he took against slavery, and wrote for his monument wi t great satisfaction, as we remember well, the words, "Honor throughout Christendom for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing the Great Cause of Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom." If in later days he defended Mr. Webster's Seventh-of-March Speech in articles even more remarkable for their ability than the speech itself, it was not because he loved slavery. But his only hope in the permanency of our government lay in faithfully submitting to every obligation imposed by the Constitution. He looked forward with unspeakable horror to a civil war between the different sections of the country, not only because he foresaw the cruelties and bloodshed of such a war, but because he believed it would end in the establishment of a Southern empire, which must take away forever all hope of freedom for the slave. In this apprehension of evil, and of evil only, which caused him to regard the war with a shudder of grief and almost despair when it came, and in the painful distrust of the capacity of the people for self-government, which was a part of the same mental tendency, were the only symptoms that we ever saw in him of the morbid susceptibility which often clouds the happiness and seriously impairs the usefulness of literary men.

We remember hearing him say, during the war, that he thought Mr. Everett allowed himself to be too much carried away by the enthusiasm of his son. We have no doubt that in the active and zealous part which Mr. Everett took in sup-

port of the government, he was, in this way, unconsciously stimulated, and carried farther than he would have been if he had been left entirely to his own more cautious and less sanguine nature. And we could not but think that, if Mr. Ticknor had been saved from the one great disappointment and sorrow of his life, and the son who died in childhood had been spared to him, the infusion of manly zeal and courage, which must have come to him from the relation of such a father to his son, would have supplied the only thing that was wanting to fill up the measure of his domestic felicity, and might have helped to form in him the habit of looking forward with greater hopefulness to the future in its bearing on public affairs.

Mr. Ticknor was a man of very rare ability. He chose his calling wisely. His success in it was perfect. But if he had not elected to be a great scholar, he might have been a great lawyer or merchant, or a great statesman. His talent for business was hardly less than his aptitude for study. His memory was something almost marvelous. Incidents and conversations which took place thirty or fifty years before seemed to be as vividly and as minutely in his mind as the events of yesterday. When we consider through how rich and wide a range his memory and his personal experiences reached, it is sad to think of the vast amount of knowledge, such as no man has, or ever can have now, that has passed away with him. But his personal qualities are what we love best to remember. The encouragement which he gave to young students just when they needed it most, and gave as if it were more a favor to himself than to them, has been beautifully and delicately commemorated by Horatio Greenough in a medallion, representing a poor artist working by the light of a lamp which a hand unseen by him is replenishing with oil. Mr. Ticknor's house was not the resort of distinguished foreigners alone. Poor exiles and emigrants from the continent of Europe, thrown here without friends or money, with no knowledge of our ways, and but a slender acquaintance with our language, were received by him with the same courteous hospitality as their more prosperous country-

men, and found in him a most helpful and judicious frien ready to put himself out of his way, and to spend both tim and pains and money in devising and securing for them th means of gaining a livelihood. Many a dark hour has thu been lighted up, many a weary heart has been cheered, ar many a hesitating and discouraged youth of genuine abili has been placed on the right road.

His generosity in lending his books far and wide is a tra which will be best appreciated by those who love their boo as he did his. It was a pleasure to see him introduced young persons. There was a singular charm and sweetne in his bearing towards them, — second only to the deferenc kindliness, and almost reverential regard which marked h intercourse with the aged. His courtesy was not somethin assumed, but the inspiration of a kindly nature, diffusin itself as a genial atmosphere around those who came withi its reach. He was most faithful and steadfast in his frien ships. No differences of opinion threw over them a shado of coldness or distrust. The whole province of literary hi tory probably furnishes no more delightful example of frien ship than that between himself and Mr. Prescott. It bega in their early youth and continued as long as they lived. extended to all the members of their two households. was strengthened by a similarity of tastes, and undoubtedl heightened in its enjoyments by the wide differences of ten perament, which made each the fitting complement of th other. The elder of the two lived to prepare a memori of his friend such as no man living can now prepare fo him.

Mr. Ticknor was a man of quick and tender sympathie He had given a great deal of thought and personal attentio to the consideration of the best methods for relieving th poor, both by private benefactions and public charities. F many years he was Treasurer of the Massachusetts Congr gational Charitable Society, and probably knew the wants every family in the commonwealth which had been left needy circumstances by the death of a Congregational mi

ister; and no one could perform the duties of such an office with a more painstaking care, a wiser method, or a more delicate and considerate kindness. He enjoyed great advantages in life, but he looked upon them as sacred trusts, not exempting him from labor, but imposing heavier responsibilities. What he said of Mr. Prescott might, perhaps, with equal truth, be applied to himself: "His life, devoted to hard labor, . . . with the prevalent idea, not only of cultivating his own faculties, and promoting his own improvement, but of fulfilling his duties towards his fellow-men, was necessarily one of constant careful discipline; but behind all this, and deeper than all this, lay, as its foundation, his watchfulness over his moral and religious character, its weaknesses and its temptations." He was a sincere and hearty believer in the religion of Jesus, as taught in the New Testament, and always objected to any other standard of faith. As he said of Mr. Prescott: "He did not find in the Gospels, or in any part of the New Testament, the doctrines commonly accounted orthodox, and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them." But while decided in his religious convictions, and sympathizing heartily with Buckminster and Channing in their great work to emancipate the souls of men from human creeds, he did not regard himself as belonging to the Unitarian denomination so much as to that larger communion of free and liberal believers, who, in all branches of the outward church, or in the privacy of their own hearts, are seeking to live Christian lives and to teach the truths which Jesus taught, that so they may help to establish God's kingdom on the earth. He lived in grateful remembrance of the many blessings which had followed him through life. He knew that his time was near at hand. He anticipated the coming change without fear and without presumption. His faith, the unseen source of all that is best in his character and life, showed itself in the gratitude with which he looked back, in the love with which he looked around him, and in the serene and modest confidence with which he looked upward and forward.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

PRIMORDIA GENTIS.

A valuable course of historical lectures by Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., just finishing at the Lowell Institute, has brought before a large audience the least known part of the History of New England, — the Provincial period, — in a very vivid and picturesque way. The lectures which dealt with some of the ecclesiastical phases of that time were particularly interesting. It is to be hoped that Dr. Ellis will soon publish and bring within the reach of the large public who are attracted by such studies these fruits of his labors in a field whose richness will surprise those who have thought it a barren wilderness. To an earlier period belong the volumes of Mr. Upham on the Salem witchcraft, which reproduce not only the shadow, but the lighter features of that extraordinary chapter of human history. In lately reading this work, we have been freshly impressed with the completeness with which the New England character and characteristics existed in the germ in the rude beginnings of society in Salem Village, and doubtless in many similar scattered settlements through the country.

An interesting picture is that presented by the following paragraphs, which we glean from the various pages of Mr. Upham's book: —

"Indeed, anything like regular schools was rendered impossible by the then existing circumstances. Clearings had made a very inconsiderable encroachment on the wilderness. There were here and there farmhouses, with deep forests between. It was long before easily traversable roads could be made. A schoolhouse placed permanently on any particular spot would be within the reach of but few. Farmers most competent to the work, who had enjoyed the advantages of some degree of education, and could manage to set apart any time for the purpose, were, in some instances, prevailed upon to receive such children as were within reaching dis-

tance as pupils in their own houses, to be instructed by them at stated times for a limited period. Daniel Andrew rendered this service occasionally. At one period, we find them practicing the plan of a movable school and school-master. He would be stationed in the house of particular persons with whom the arrangement could be made, a month at a time, in the different quarters of the village, from Will's Hill to Bass River. Of course, there was a great lack of elementary education. For a considerable time, it was reduced to a very low point; and there were heads of familes, — men who had good farms, and possessed the confidence and respect of their neighbors, — who appear not to have been able to write. . . .

"Their manners appear to have been remarkably courteous and respectful, showing the effect still remaining upon their style of intercourse and personal bearing of the society and example of the great number of eminent, enlightened and accomplished men and families that had resided or mingled with them during all the early period of their history. In their deportment to each other, there was that sort of decorum which indicates good breeding. They paid honor to gray hairs, and assigned to age the first rank in seating the congregation. The 'seating' was to continue for a year; and a committee of persons who would command the greatest confidence was regularly appointed to report on the delicate and difficult subject. Their report, signed by them severally, was entered in full in the parish record-book. The invariable rule was, first, age; then office; last, rates. The chief seats were given to old men and women of respectable characters, without regard to their circumstances in life or position in society. Then came the families of the minister and deacons, the parish committee and clerk, the constable of the village, magistrates, and military officers. These were preferred, because all offices were then honorable, and held, if they were called to them, by the principal people. Last came rates, — that is, property. The richest man in the parish, if not holding office, or old enough to be counted among the aged, would take his place with the residue of the congregation. The manner in which parents were spoken of on all occasions is quite observable, not only in written documents, but ordinary conversation, — always with tender respectfulness. In almost all cases, the expressions used are 'my honored father,' or 'my honored mother,' and this by persons in the humblest and most inferior positions in life. The terms 'Goodman,' and 'Goodwife' were applied to the

heads of families. The latter word was abbreviated to 'Goody,' but not at all, as our dictionaries have it, as a 'low term of civility.'

"It was applied to the most honored matrons, such as the wife of Deacon Ingersol. It was a term of respect; conveying, perhaps, an affectionate sentiment, but not in the slightest degree disrespectful, derogatory or belittling. Surely no better terms were ever used to characterize a worthy person.

"A patriarchal authority and dignity was recognized in families. The oldest member was often called, by way of distinction, 'Landlord,' merely on account of seniority, without reference particularly to the extent of his domain or the value of his acres. . . .

"This 'company' had frequent drills, probably from the first, in the field left by will afterwards for that purpose by Nathaniel Ingersol. After, no doubt, it paraded on the open grounds around the meeting-house, or in the fields of Joseph Hutchinson after the harvest had been gathered. It marched and countermarched along the neighboring roads. It was almost as much thought of as the 'church,' officered by the same persons, and composed of the same men. It was a common practice, at the close of a parade, before 'breaking line,' for the captain to give notices of prayer, church, or parish meetings. . . .

"A contribution-box was either handed around by the deacons, before the congregation was dismissed, or attached permanently near the porch or door. Rate-payers would enclose their money in papers, with their names, and drop them in. When the box was opened, the sums would be entered to their credit on the rate-schedule. There was always a considerable number of stated worshipers in the congregation who lived without the bounds of the village, and often transient visitors or strangers happened to be at the meeting. It was a point that had not been determined, whether moneys collected from the above descriptions of persons should go into the general treasury of the parish, to be used in meeting their contract to pay the minister's salary, or be kept as a separate surplus."

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The proclamation of King William of Prussia to be Emperor of Germany, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, has been called the most dramatic event of this century of wonders. It carries the mind back over the vast and various

events of nearly two thousand years, — the empire that was built up on the old Roman Republic, — the accession of Charlemagne to the Empire of the West, the long line of rulers over the Holy Roman Empire whose story Mr. Bryce has so well told, through Charles V. to Francis II. of Austria, who let the ghost of that empire be finally laid at the bidding of Napoleon, who thought to restore it in another form in his own person.

And now, at the palace which is dedicated "to all the glories of France," the king of the most Protestant power in Europe takes up the ancient title, standing amid the ruins of the ancient enemy of Germany, now humiliated to the very dust. The far-sighted and unscrupulous statesmen who have taken this new step doubtless mean something very practical, — neither the revival of old sentimental associations, nor an appeal to mere antiquarianism, but a further consolidation of power, which, if they could shape the issues of things, would bode no good to civilization and peace. But surely an empire every stone of whose foundations is laid in blood and suffering cannot be enduring. The hope of the future is in the noble German people, who have many traits which fit them for something better than to become the tools of a military ambition, and who may well direct events hereafter quite otherwise than their rulers plan. The religious aspects of this great historical event are well stated by "The Christian Union:" —

"We ought not to forget that the new German empire is Protestant, not merely in the faith and the traditions of its reigning house, but in the spirit that breathed it into life. The education that has given victory to its armies is of Protestant origin. The faith in God and the right which has inspired its warriors is Protestant in its heroic and calm courage. The battle-songs which have been sung by its armies might have been sung, as many of them were, by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. The political supremacy on the continent which has been sought for three hundred and fifty years by a great Protestant power has at last been secured. A Protestant Emperor, demanded and accepted by that part of Germany which is Catholic, is no insignificant sign of the times. Around

the lofty dome that surmounts the old *Schloss* in Berlin is emblazoned in letters which glitter in the sunlight the declaration, 'There is no other name given under heaven by which we can be saved.' There may be much pedantry and formalism in the faith of this Protestant kingdom, and no little atheism and sensualism in its Rationalistic unbelief; but a people that in the hour of trial has always called upon God, and in the hour of its triumph has never forgotten to thank him, is certain to be honored of God sooner or later."

ECCLESIASTICAL DILETTANTEISM.

The "Christian Witness" has a very spicy notice of the "Churchman's Year Book," which is a fine instance of the wholesomeness of a little free criticism among those who "dwell together in unity." It says:—

"Altogether we consider the 'Year Book' most valuable, and heartily recommend it to every Churchman. This, however, does not prevent us from censuring the wretched ecclesiastical dilettanteism which is exhibited in inserting the name of every bishop throughout the world that could be found, while every non-episcopal church is ignored. Thus the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of Europe, outnumbering all other Protestant bodies of the world, Episcopalians included, are as if they were not to this 'Year Book,' while 'Chaldeans,' 'Melchite Greeks,' 'Maronites,' 'Cardinal Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,' 'Bishops in Partibus,' Bishops Demissionary,'—if anybody knows what that means,—and whatever other trash of the sort there be, are carefully recorded. Our Moravian brethren are fortunate enough to get in, but Sweden, Denmark, and Norway apparently have no church of any sort. Holland is represented by three Jansenist Bishops, of whom few natives of that country ever heard, seeing the whole Jansenist body only counts five thousand adherents, hardly enough to start a new church even in America. The Reformed Church is of course nowhere in the imagination of the sapient editor, although it used to be rather a troublesome thorn in the sides of Philip II., and the regular Roman Catholic Bishops of this country are oracularly termed 'Intrusive Tridentine,' and consigned to the infamy of a foot-note. . . .

"We are almost inclined to order a copy of it to be sent to every Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States and Turkey,—leaving

England, Ireland, &c., to take care of themselves, — to inform them that although bishops, they are 'intrusive,' that the 'Churchman's Year Book' says so — and that they must decamp. Perhaps they will — who knows?"

THE CLERGY AND THE STAGE.

In the commotion which has been raised of late over the course of a clergyman in New York, who declined to officiate in his church at the funeral of an actor, many hard and bitter things have been said, some of them unjust to the clergyman referred to, and giving a wholly wrong statement of his position. It is to be remembered that he was asked not merely to read the Burial Service of his church, but to do it publicly, at a service which is not usually held in a church, unless over a person of some prominence and as a mark of particular respect. He did not refuse to read it at the house of the deceased; but, holding views of the danger and corruption of the stage which have been held by a large part of Christendom, he refused to take part in this public tribute. It is also to be noticed that, as "The Protestant Churchman" says, —

"The complaint is that the clergyman, to whom we have referred, declined to officiate at a public funeral of a man who was not his parishioner, at the request of one to whom the clergyman was under no parochial obligations. Now setting out of the account the particular circumstances of this case, we would like to know whether any persons, outside of his parish, have any such claim upon the public services of a clergyman as would entitle them to abuse and denounce him publicly if these services are declined. Clergymen generally accord such services cheerfully and without remuneration. It is to their credit that they do so. But if for any reasons a clergyman chooses to decline rendering them, we do not see that persons who have never established any right to them have any right to complain. If persons wish to be sure of what may be called the public honors of the Church when they are dead, it will be well for them to identify themselves, in some way, with the institutions of religion while they are living."

Doubtless the gentleman referred to takes a darker view

of the character of the stage, and of the persons connect with it, than do most of our readers. But it is only too tru that many things in the past have partly justified this vie of the subject, and that the influence of the stage to-day i a very tangled web of good and evil mingled. The best an swer to his position is not to upbraid him through the Bohe mians of the New York press as the worst of criminals, bu for the members of the dramatic profession to refute the olc charges against them by moral living and religious character. Another paragraph of the article just quoted says, very justly, —

"He might be mistaken in his views. We certainly do not hold them. But there are persons who do. But whether mistaken or not, we do not see why he is not at liberty to act in accordance with his conscientious convictions. Where is the intolerance? In the clergyman who quietly declines to officiate on an occasion where there is no claim on his services, or in those who hold him up to public obloquy, and endeavor to break down his influence and drive him from his position for acting in accordance with the demands of his conscience?

"Although we should have done differently in the present case we are not disposed to see a clergyman publicly denounced for ex ercising one of his unquestionable rights — whether that right is a conscientious one or not — without saying a word in his defense Least of all are we disposed to be silent when the clergyman i one in whose Christian character we have the highest confidence and whom we know to be incapable of wantonly inflicting an injur upon the feelings of the living, or the memory of the dead."

SELF-STYLED "ORGANS."

A self-styled "Organ of Radical Christianity," bearing as it motto the text from the Apocrypha (which in this case is ver good Scripture), "The love of the Lord passeth all things fo illumination," utters the following modest and Christian oracle "It is time peremptorily to remand Jesus to his proper, hum ble place, as in himself a quite common and erring man." I this connection we are tempted to make a comparison witl the organ of the Indian sect of Brahmos, not to the advan

tage of the spirit and temper of the "radical Christian," who has been brought up under American lights. When Brahmo Juddoo Nath Chuckerbutty accused Christ of "selfishness and arrogance," "The Indian Mirror" remarked: "It rends our heart to think that any one professing the Brahmo name should pronounce such an impious malediction on the blessed Jesus."

INTOLERANCE.

One of those strange traces of the old mediæval intolerance which occasionally come to light in the English character lately occurred in England. A young man of irreproachable character was to be buried in West Tavistock, Devon. The clergyman was notified, but did not appear. The reason was, that he could find no certificate that the young man had ever been baptized, and so he did not feel at liberty to read the church service over him.

This reminds us of a large city in Germany, where, on a visit in 1867, we learned that according to law no two natives could marry unless they had been previously confirmed. They could not be confirmed without having been baptized. They could not be baptized without having been vaccinated.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

To the interesting account, quoted by Rev. E. H. Sears, in his Random Readings in the January number, of Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, the author of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," may be added the following moving incident, related by Dr. Cuyler, in "The Evangelist." He says:—

"Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs for worship. It crossed to America. It was heard with delight in our prayer-metings. It was married to the noble tune of "Bethany," and everybody caught the glorious strain. In noon-day gatherings for prayer, it soon became so familiar that if any one 'struck up' the hymn, the whole audience joined in and sang it from memory. Last year Profs. Smith, Hitchcock, and Park, as they rounded their way down the foot-hills of Mt. Lebanon, came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students standing in a line sing-

ing in full chorus. They were the students of the 'College of Beirut,' at Abieh, and they were singing, *in Arabic*, to the air of Bethany. As the Professors drew nearer they caught the sublime words, —

"'Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'

"'I am not much given to the melting mood,' said Prof. Hitchcock, when describing the thrilling scene, 'but when we rode through the ranks of those Syrian youths, I confess that my eyes were a little *damp*.' If it be permitted to the departed people of God to witness the transactions of earth, we may imagine with what rapture the glorified spirit of Sarah Flower Adams overheard her heart-song thus chanted in the land of sacred story."

It is stated that the New Church (Swedenborg) denomination numbers seventy societies. Half of these are without ministers, and the Theological School has but four students.

After this number of THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE the Topics of the Month pass from the temporary editor into the charge of the editor of the Magazine, whose experienced hand our readers will be glad to welcome in this department also, now that the greater leisure resulting from freedom from parochial cares enables him to assume it.

H. W. F.

THE morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled;
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh! mayst thou smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Arabic.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

ASTROLOGY.

"The Atlantic" for February contains "A Chapter of Modern Astrology," by William L. Stone, in which the facts are vouched for as authentic. Dr. Noah Stone, of Guildford, Conn., father of David M. Stone, the editor and proprietor of the "New York Journal of Commerce," when a youth fell upon some works on Astrology, studied them, and for awhile applied the knowledge with perfect success. Once he told where an old farmer's lost cow was to be found, though seven miles off, just how she was caught, and in what condition she was. Twice when vessels which were due failed to return and were thought to be lost at sea, he told just where they had been, what detained them, and when they would return, to the day and hour, — all which was verified even to minute details. He was then frightened at his own gift, and gave it up as the black art, and burned his books. Whereupon the writer thinks there might have been something after all in the astrology of the Middle Ages or in that of the old Chaldee soothsayers.

How little there is that is new under the sun! And how often do the old phenomena repeat themselves under new names! The case in hand is plainly the same as the Necromancy of the Hebrew Scriptures, or the Oracles of the Hellenic religion, and like the Chaldean and mediæval astrology reproduced in the Spiritualism of to-day.

THE BUDDHIST DECALOGUE.

Büddhism was called by Malcom, the devoted Christian Missionary in the East, the best religion which man ever invented. Another missionary calls it "the shadow of Christianity," — say rather the foreshadowing, — as it shows the wants and instincts of the human heart reaching after a higher and purer faith.

Mrs. Leonowens extols Büddhism as being in its ritual, as she found it in Siam, hardly distinguishable from Catholicism; and she gives a charming picture of the happy and peaceful death of the Büddhist high priest. However, she details some horrible practices and superstitions under it, while she praises its pure moral code. The following precepts will show some striking resemblances

to the Hebrew decalogue. They are the ten commandments Büddhism: —

"I. From the meanest insect up to man thou shalt kill no animal whatsoever.

"II. Thou shalt not steal.

"III. Thou shalt not violate the wife of another nor his concubine.

"IV. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.

"V. Thou shalt not drink wine, nor anything that may intoxicate.

"VI. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred, and bitter language.

"VII. Thou shalt not indulge in idle and vain talk.

"VIII. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

"IX. Thou shalt not harbor envy, nor pride, nor revenge, nor malice, nor the desire of thy neighbor's death or misfortune.

"X. Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of false gods.

THE BOSTON MINISTERS.

They have got home again. In a "Saturday Evening Transcript," we observe over half a column of notices, many of them to the effect that the Boston ministers would preach in their own pulpits the next day. Where they had been, or how long absent, "The Transcript" does not tell us; but we presume it was on the Master's business, and that they return with joy like the Seventy. Their congregations must be delighted to see them back in their pulpits.

BUGS AND HUMBUGS.

Now that the season for gardening approaches, we are moved to an attempt at enlightening the great farming public with some of our experiments. Among the fruits of the earth, *currants*, in our estimation, hold nearly the first place. For food and for drink they are wonderfully refreshing; and to look upon their purple clusters, whether you eat them or not, is grateful to weak and weary eyes. Two years ago my currants blossomed and set so beautifully that it was a luxury even in anticipation to walk through rows of them and contemplate the prospect. What was my dismay on going out one morning and seeing the half-eaten leaves covered by myriads of that new pest, the currant-worm. I tried to murder them in detail, but all in vain. The more I killed them the more they multiplied. Seeing advertised in flaming capitals "Gould's Fertilizer," which was sure death to insects, and currant-worms in particular, and sure life to all the vegetable kingdom at the same time; death to squash-

bugs and life to the squashes; death to canker-worms and life to the apple-trees, — I ordered a quantity last spring, and though not malicious by nature, I did anticipate most delicious revenge on my insect enemies. I made a decoction of the fertilizer, and the carbolic acid looked exceedingly rich considering the murderous work it was to do. The currant-bushes put forth again fresh and green, and hung down their beautiful blossoms appealing mutely for protection. About the time of the currant-worm's appearing I sprinkled the leaves according to rule with Gould's indubitable remedy. The worms did not subside, but the currant-bushes did. The leaves turned pale and sickly, while the currant-worms kept coming forth with inexhaustible profusion. I have succeeded in pretty nearly finishing off the bushes, so that there will be little left for these striped rascals to feed on the coming year. I tried the same experiment with the squashes. I succeeded in pretty nearly killing the plant, to the evident indignation of the bugs; not that they cared much for "Gould's carbolic acid," but the loss of the squashes disturbed their philosophy. One of my neighbors tried the same experiment with his apple-trees. He spread "Gould's Fertilizer" under the trees according to prescription. In due time the canker-worms showed their appreciation of it by covering the trees till they looked as if the fires of Sodom had rained over them. We came to the conclusion, that, while the bugs are a great nuisance, humbugs are a greater, inasmuch as bugs advertise themselves by appropriate signs, but humbugs by most inappropriate lies.

Soon after these disastrous experiments I was on a visit to a friend who is an amateur gardener. I was surprised to find his currant-bushes green and flourishing and pretty well loaded with clusters, while, looking over the fence into his neighbor's garden, the bushes were stripped entirely bare. "How in the world did you save them?" was a very natural, and in my case a very eager inquiry. "Take a pound of copperas and dissolve it in seven gallons of water, and sprinkle it over the bushes with a watering-pot. My bushes were getting covered with the worm, but one application dosed him effectually. I advised my neighbor over the fence to do the same, but neighbor's wife objected, fearing the copperas would poison the currants, and so he sprinkled them with lime; and you see the result." My friend found a second application necessary a few weeks later when the pest reappeared: and the result was a large and beautiful crop of ripe currants, and how wholesome they were I had practical evidence, as he sent me several boxes of the

delicious fruit, I suppose out of pity for us, who, between the worms and the humbugs, had lost ours entirely. A pound of coppers costs ten cents and saves the currants. The humbugs kill the fruit but save the worm. That is the difference.

WHITEFIELD AND TENNANT.

Tennant of New Jersey was one of the great preachers of his time: great because of his deep and burning convictions which made him eloquent. Whitefield and Tennant were talking on the prospect of death.

"Does not the thought give you joy, Mr. Tennant, that you may soon be called home?"

"I have no desire about it, Mr. Whitefield. My death does not concern me; my duty is to live as long as I can, as well as I can, and to serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he calls me away. If I had sent my servant to plough, and should afterwards find him asleep, and he should say to me, 'Alas! the sun is so hot, let me go to the house!' might I not say to him, 'Thou sluggard'?"

GOOD HEALTH AND LAUGHTER.

"Good Health" is always good, — the periodical, we mean, which bears that name. The number for February has a most useful and agreeable variety, giving excellent advice, and spicing it with anecdote and humor. Here is what it says on the benefits of laughter:

"Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively, — probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified, — it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient 'so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time,' just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, — a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient."

SUNSET GLORIES.

The following sonnet, copied from "Chambers' Journal," is called by "The Transcript," not inaptly, "splendid word-painting." It should be read in a clear evening at twilight, as the golden cloud curtains of the west are shutting down, and the stars, one by one, are coming out like eyes of love just opening upon the earth.

"A WINTER EVENING.

"Lo! as the marshaling shades of eve invest
The wide gray earth, and wide wide heavens gray,
How the cold clouds crowd round the smoldering west,
To warm them at the embers of the day!
A while, and through the gathered gloom of night,
A star-point pierces keenly here and there;
And here and there a flickering cottage-light
Comes out upon the upland bleak and bare.
Huge and uncouth, the surge of eastern hills
Swells up the sky, and seems a monstrous ark
Launched in a sea of gloom. A wailing shrills
Through the vast void, peopling the hollow dark
With spirit-voices; while at times, afar,
Perfecting God's great law, drops down a star."

In its merely physical aspect, however, as seen by the natural eye, there is nothing in the same compass to be compared with Byron's description of the dying day.

"Filled with the face of heaven which from afar
Comes down upon the waters, all the hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star
A magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; *parting day*
Dies like a dolphin, which each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest till 'tis gone, and all is gray."

But for clear discernment of the spiritual meaning there is in nature, and the moral lessons it perpetually unfolds, Wordsworth is unrivaled. He never looked upon any of her changing aspects without verifying anew how day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge, as witness his "Evening Ode" and his sonnet composed during a storm. And here is his matchless description of a glorious sunset:—

"SKY-PROSPECT.

"Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There combats a huge crocodile — agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs — and recedes — destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades
Where spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,
Silently disappears, or quickly fades;
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth!"

To this incomparable "word-painting" we must add the following from Longfellow, exceedingly sweet for the blending of natural and spiritual beauty: —

"THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

"The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

"The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

"The sea is but another sky,
The sea a sky as well,
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

"So when for us life's evening hour
Soft-fading shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heavens blend;

"Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know."

ZIZZIE, THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

Zizzie belonged to Capt. Borsay who was wounded in the battle fore Sedan. We find this item about the dog in "Good Health." e was eight months old, and followed his master into action. His aster was shot through the thigh and fell, but Zizzie continued to low the regiment. In the middle of the night his wounded mas- in the hospital was aroused to consciousness by something ntly licking his face. It was Zizzie. Through some thousands wounded the faithful creature had found his way to his master, sisted on being his nurse, and has not left him since. Such char- ters as Zizzie and the dog "Spot," whose marvelous exploits have tely been given in "The Transcript" on very good authority, ght to redeem his race from proscription, and plead persuasively r kindness towards "our dumb animals."

THE WAR.

Now that the Franco-German war hastens to its termination, we ope that American sympathies, which have been strangely fluctuat- ng, will settle in the right direction. France is crushed and bleeding, nd degraded to a second-rate power, and her sufferings, especially s regards her peasantry, move the pity of every Christian heart. This should not blind us to the merits of the conflict. Wherein Germany has been in the wrong from beginning to end we fail to ee. War is a terrible business, but if done at all it should be done horoughly and quickly, so as not to be done over a second time. On the part of Germany it has been purely defensive and in the nterest of human progress and civilization. She could not with any consistency and safety have ceased from it till France, the ag- gressor and robber of provinces, had become so disabled as to act he robber no longer. If Bismarck had been a mere sentimental- st, the Germans would have furled their banners and marched ome after the battle of Sedan, and then the shout of "On to Ber- n" would have resounded from Paris and met with a response roughout the provinces. But Bismarck was a statesman, and saw at there would be no permanent peace till the robber was dis- med, and the sham governments of Paris extinguished, and a vernment which he could treat with established in their place.

As to the alleged cruelties inflicted by the German troops upon e French people, such as the letters of Mr. Nathaniel Allen de- ribe, we have no doubt they are all true; for they are the inevita-

ble consequences of such a war. Half a million soldiers could not subsist in the heart of France without plundering its provinces and inflicting terrible suffering, and no discipline could prevent individual cases of cruelty and brutality. Precisely the same things are told of Sherman's army in its great march to the sea. Such is war; and any nation that invokes this arbiter must make up its mind to such calamities. But if France, as she intended, had entered the Rhine-land and taken Berlin, and let loose her devils upon the German people in the shape of Zouaves, we should have heard of atrocities much more black and terrible. But the cause of righteousness prevails, thank God! which we trust will be the cause of enduring peace.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Throughout the course of this war the contrast between the German and French despatches has been very striking. The former have been remarkably truthful; the latter remarkably mendacious. They illustrate the difference between Lutheran and Jesuitical education: one dealing only with realities, the other dealing largely in appearances and shams.

A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

Can I make white enough my thought for thee,
  Or wash my words in light? Thou hast no mate,
To sit aloft in the silence silently
  And turn those matchless heights undesecrate.
Revered as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he
  Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate;
Alone as Galileo, when, set free,
  Before the stars he mused disconsolate.
Ay, and remote, as the dead lords of song,
  Great masters who have made us what we are.
For thou and they have taught us how to long
  And feel a sacred want of the fair and far:
Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire —
  Our only greatness is that we aspire.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MECHANISM IN THOUGHT AND MORALS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pp. 101. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Dr. Holmes's address at the last Phi Beta Kappa celebration here meets us again, with notes and additions. It is one of his most brilliant productions, sparkling with wit and brightness which seem in his hands to be an inherent part of the subject-matter itself, so that the reader has to pause and think in order to realize how dull in ordinary treatment would be the weighty subjects which he makes so attractive. Even those among his hearers who dissented most widely from his positions must have admired the keen thrusts of his polished rapier; and it was no slight triumph to hold an audience as he did, after days of the most exhausting summer heat, while he dealt with the points of most earnest controversy in science and theology.

The first portion of the address is a study of the subtle relations between thought and its instrument, the brain. Probably most readers feel a certain shrinking, as they see the dissecting-knife cutting so near to the vital organs, and it is not unnatural that they should dimly forebode that the author has a materialistic purpose to exclude thought and life, except as the resultants from purely material forces. But the answer is surely just, that, on the ground which he himself chose, the consideration of the material phenomena was what was in order; and Dr. Holmes would probably agree with us, that the limitations of his subject excluded the whole cycle of facts in the spiritual order which run side by side with the physical mysteries which he has so vividly pictured. Is not the whole point of the anti-materialists really conceded in that sentence where it is implied that, in the case of a wrinkled infant of second childhood, "the Power that gave him memory" can "repeat the miracle by restoring it"?

The portion of the address which treats of mechanism in morals presents a grave indictment against much of the popular theology of Christendom. No doubt the charges are just, as regards the effect of the technical dogmatic statements on a hard and selfish type of character. Yet it seems to us that Dr. Holmes, in his

indignation at every form of Calvinism, at which he has an aversion as if it were the embodied principle of evil, lays too little emphasis on the gravity of real sin, and does not fully state the deep spiritual working and effect of religious experience in the relations of the soul with God. May not, also, the comparison between the lines of Horace and those from the "Dies Iræ" be fairly supplemented by a comparison between the *lives* of the Augustan poet and of the monks and others like them, who not only wrote the hymns of the Church, but lived them?

ROMAN IMPERIALISM, AND OTHER LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

If Prof. Seeley be indeed the author of "Ecce Homo," as seems probable (though we believe the authorship has never been distinctly avowed), this volume is sure of many readers. And it deserves them; for the series of studies contained in it, though varying in interest and value, are fresh and attractive. The three lectures on Roman Imperialism charmed many of our readers when they were first published (in "Fraser's" we think it was). They are a valuable contribution toward the better understanding of the early history of Christianity, and it is only to be regretted that Prof. Seeley did not enlarge his sketch into a full historical picture. The other seven papers in the volume deal with various topics. The educational essays are very broad and modern in their spirit, and while containing much that is of exclusively English application, are not without their bearing on questions which are agitated here.

The two chapters on Milton are very interesting, but not without a vein of paradox. What shall we say of a statement like this: "Milton (in his political writings) was a pamphleteer, only a pamphleteer of original genius;" — or of the grave comparison of the author of the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" with Thomas Carlyle?

The paper on "The Church as a Teacher of Morality" is very suggestive. The following paragraph from it will not be thought to have lost its point in crossing the Atlantic: —

"It must be admitted that a certain amount of solitude is the indispensable condition of all study; the facts collected in the world must be arranged and generalized in private. A perpetual round of petty engagements is false to progress even in practical studies. We suffer from this

nalady in all departments of culture at once at the present time. Not ɔnly in the Church, but among the teaching class at the Universities and n schools, as idleness was the besetting sin of the last age, industry is he besetting sin of the present: or more correctly, the idleness has ɔeen succeeded by a merely external and superficial industry. Our con-ɾersion seems to have begun, not at the heart, but at the extremities. The hands and feet have thrown off their listlessness, and move to and ro indefatigably; the tongue, throat and lungs tax themselves prodi-giously; but the change will be more in form than in substance till it ɔenetrates to the brain and will. In all the professions, a man's first luty now is to renounce the ambition of becoming distinguished for ac-ivity; the temptation chiefly to be avoided is that of undertaking more vork than can be done in first-rate style. The quality of work must be mproved, and for that end, if necessary, the quantity reduced. A higher ınd calmer sort of activity must be arrived at, — economy in energy, ex-ɔenditure without waste, — heat without haste. The moral teachers of he community should set the example of an industry thus tempered, of ı proper distribution of life between contemplation and action. They ıre the last persons in the world who should allow their work to be ɪpoiled by the unreasonable expectations of others. How can they di-ect the actions of others if they have not independence enough to lirect their own? The question for all people, but particularly for them, ı not how they are expected to do their work, but how their work may est be done; and the higher the kind of work the more necessary it is ıat the worker should claim and use the privilege of doing it in his wn way. If he is to submit to any other opinion in such a matter, at ıast let it be an authority above him, not an ignorant clamor from be-eath."

ıD CLERUM: Advice to a Young Preacher. By Joseph Parker, D.D., author of "Ecce Deus." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1870.

Most books of such advice are dead before they are alive; but ıis volume really contains a great deal of practical and useful uggestion. It is a reprint of an English book, and therefore con-ıins things not adapted to the American meridian; but the essen-ıal difficulties which beset the clerical profession are the same ı both countries, and so the matter of Dr. Parker's little work will et other clergymen thinking to some profit. There is some pun-ency in the report which he professes to give of a conversation ıith a brother minister, whose theory of the parochial labor was ıat it consisted of an endless round of calls and meals. "'But, Ir. Bodens, if you will excuse me, may I ask when you find time ɔ study?' 'Study, sir,' he replied, 'who wants so much study?

Study your people, say I; go amongst them as shepherd among the flock; study their ways; make yourself acquainted with their wants; and you can write out a skeleton or two on Saturday night.' 'Is it right, then, to eat so many fat things, and to pay for them with a skeleton?'"

MY STUDY WINDOWS. By James Russell Lowell, A.M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Prof. Lowell's study windows open on a large and fair prospect in this volume, and the best part of the prospect is the eyes that look out from the windows and interpret it to his reader. The papers here gathered up are gleanings from the last fifteen years' work in that field of prose writings in which he is as undisputed a master as in the realm of song, and they seem the more perfect as we read them thus again. The critical judgment, the exquisite wit, the large appreciation, wedded to an English style as rare as it is delightful, make the literary criticisms on Carlyle and Percival and Chaucer and Pope models of their kind. More personal to the writer, and therefore yet more choice, are the papers which speak of Josiah Quincy and of Thoreau, — above all, the generous tribute to Emerson. The essay on Abraham Lincoln will not fail to remind its readers of the wise and statesmanlike influence exerted by Mr. Lowell's political writings during the war, and of Mr. Lincoln's own hearty recognition of it in a letter printed in "The North American Review," which showed how such words of sympathetic and just appreciation went to the heart of the lonely President. In yet another kind, the paper on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners" is in his best vein of delicious, sunny humor; and those entitled "My Garden Acquaintance," and "A Good Word for Winter," add the flavor of Dame Nature to the volume. However, we are only saying what everybody has said a great many times, and what everybody will say again as he turns the pages of this delightful book.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1871. Pp. 524.

This goodly volume is written by a prominent clergyman of the Methodist Church, and is noteworthy for the breadth of spirit and the catholicity by which it is characterized. The author be-

'es that the religion and philosophy of the Greeks were a provi-
ıtial preparation for Christianity, and that the Being who made
mind and soul of man never left Himself wholly "without wit-
s" in the world; and accordingly he recognizes the good in the
:ient forms of faith and thought with a generous sympathy. The
ıdamental axiom of his book is thus one which was familiar to
: earlier teachers of the Christian Church, but has been too gen-
ılly superseded for centuries by a one-sided denunciatory attitude
vard antiquity, now happily passing away.

Beginning with a description of the people of Athens and of
hens itself, marked by considerable power, the work proceeds in
cceeding chapters to discuss the religion of the Athenians, the
ɔblem of the knowableness of God, the Pre-Socratic school, Soc-
tes himself, Plato and Aristotle, and the Post-Socratic school,
th two closing chapters on the special religious ideas which were
ıbodied in Greek philosophy, — on its "propœdeutic office."
though not a treatise based on original researches, but following
: guidance of special students in its important conclusions, it is a
rk of ability, the fruit of considerable study, and shows a com-
tent acquaintance with the great writings of antiquity and with
: modern schools of philosophy, and is interesting and instruc-
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'EAN INGELOW has fairly established her position as the nearest
ng woman poet to Mrs. Browning's vacant throne, if, indeed, she
:s not yet sit thereon. Her "Songs of Seven" have been pub-
.ed by Roberts Brothers, in a cheap illustrated edition, price
cts., with very dainty illustrations. The same publishers also
ıe Miss Ingelow's new volume of poems entitled, "The Moni-
ıs of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood," finely
strated, price $1.50. The longest poem in this volume, from
ch it takes its name, has tender depths of religious feeling, and
athes the spirit of the true Christian self-consecration which it
ılcates. Among the poems of the affections the Long White
.m is particularly to be mentioned; but the flower of the volume
hat on the Snowdrop Monument in Litchfield Cathedral, which
ms to us the most perfect of all Miss Ingelow's poems.

ERY DAY. By the author of Katherine Morris. Boston: Noyes,
Holmes, & Co. 1871.

A wholesome, earnest tale, inculcating the Christian consecration

which should be put into "Every Day." Its key-note is sounded in these its concluding words: —

"Who shall measure the good or evil we all may do according as we spend the days that make up the sum of our existence? The fearful tragedies of life, no less than heroic acts of self-sacrifice, are enwrapped in the tiny seeds sown day by day in the heart through word and action.

"'Every Day' has told an imperfect story of two young lives for a period in time. What story shall every day tell for us all in the 'eternal years of God?'"

WE GIRLS. A Home Story. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. With illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1870.

Mrs. Whitney's characteristic brightness marks this new story. We follow the fortunes of the Holabirds with interest, and are glad when the missing deed is found and the old grandfather's long deferred justice is done. The account of the way that the whole family took hold of household work together is especially good, and sets forth the most practicable form of co-operative housekeeping. It is to be regretted, however, that a writer so widely read should not exert her influence against the use of slang language already too prevalent among young girls, instead of encouraging it.

MIRIAM, the new poem by Whittier, is a tale in verse, designed to show that there is good in all creeds, and to enforce a lesson of charity and humanity. The lesson is excellent, and in Whittier's tone and spirit, but the artistic execution is not the poet's best. The minor poems are gems of the first water. The tender humanity of the poet, and the hunger of the heart after the highest good and the most satisfying faith in God, man, and immortality, are manifest. S.

MY APINGI KINGDOM: with Life in the great Sahara. By Paul du Chaillu. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

The marvelous tales of M. du Chaillu, are very entertaining reading. His account of his sovereignty in the Apingi country, where an African tribe worship him as a Great Spirit holding thunder in his hand, and he is served by sixty-four cooks, makes a pretty heavy demand on the credulity of his readers; but the monkeys and elephants and Moorish caravans and bits of natural history which

ke up the rest of the book furnish a wholesome pabulum for boy ders, and instruct as well as interest.

E KANSAS CITY BRIDGE. With an account of the regimen of the Missouri River, and a description of the methods used for found- ng in that river. By O. Chanute, Chief Engineer, and George Morison, Assistant Engineer. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand, Publisher.

This is a detailed account of one of the most difficult and im- rtant engineering enterprises ever accomplished in this country, the building of the first bridge across the Missouri River. The rk is intended particularly for engineers; but it is written plainly, h only a few technical terms which do not explain themselves, d may be read by any intelligent person who is interested in rning how the most formidable obstacles in nature may be over- me by the skill and ingenuity of man.

RTH AND EDUCATION. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The plan of this story is excellent, which is to show how much re valuable education is than birth. We can hardly understand w radical and almost revolutionary such a doctrine must seem in ountry like Sweden, where birth has been for centuries the rul- power. There are some very fine characters, especially the old r, and we have read it with much interest, though the tone and ver of the work are hardly kept up to the end, and a better nslation would have made a more agreeable book of it.

SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the discovery f America to the year 1870. By David R. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870. Pp. 425.

The change for the better in the school text-books within a genera- n is marvelous. This volume is excellent for its purpose, and an nirable manual. What more wonderful story than this sober nar- ve contains, of the rise of a great nation in a wilderness, of its velous growth, its terrible purgation by war, its days of return- peace? The work is fully illustrated with good wood-cuts and ps; it gives a very full and accurate account of the course of Great Rebellion, and contains, in an appendix, the Constitution he United States and a valuable chronological table.

IN THE CLEARINGS. By K. G. Wells. FAITHFUL TO THE LIGHT. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1870.

These two volumes continue a series published by the Unitarian Association for use in Sunday-school libraries, for which purpose they were written, and obtained a prize, and are admirably adapted to be included in the too short list of suitable books of their class. They relate, in an interesting way, the first, the adventures of a family of two brothers and two sisters who go into the wilds of Maine to make a living, and so make a clearing into life; the second, the story of the little daughter of a lighthouse keeper, who is left in charge of the light in her father's absence, and several other very pleasing shorter stories.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA. By Walter Savage Landor. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

This reprint of a very delightful book is full of the very atmosphere of the period which it reproduces, and could have been written only by a scholar whose mind was saturated with Greek literature, and a poet who was inspired by the best spirit of that literature. The publishers should have the thanks of all lovers of real books for making this accessible to American readers. It is much to be desired that it might be followed by a good American edition of Landor's peerless "Imaginary Conversations." We cannot forbear to quote the following poem from Cleone to Aspasia:

"You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow,
Bringing a little on the bill at once,
And fixing it attentively and fondly,
And trying it, and then from your soft breast
Warming it with the inmost of the plumage.
Nests there are many, of this very year
Many the nests are, which the winds shall shake,
The rains run through, and other birds beat down;
Yours, O Aspasia! rests against the temple
Of heavenly love, and thence inviolate,
It shall not fall this winter, or the next."

THE REPORT OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BROOKLYN UNION FOR CHRISTIAN WORK gives a good picture of a good work. The Register of Boys, with its eighteen hundred names, is, we believe, peculiar to Brooklyn, and is an admirable idea.

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. JAMES T. BIXBY.

THERE are some questions which cannot be discussed too much. They may be worn threadbare, but they are too momentous to be shoved out of sight. Such a question is that of the relation of science and religion. On it depends at once the freedom of the mind and the hopes of the soul.

In Isaiah's conception of the Messiah, the Jewish ideal of a perfect man, and in Peter's conception of a true Christian, the spirit of wisdom and understanding is to be combined with the fear of God: faith and virtue are to be supplemented by knowledge; or, in the phraseology of to-day, "science and religion" are to be united. But at the present day there are many who hold them irreconcilable. It is notorious that a large proportion of men of science scout all religious doctrines as baseless fancies, old superstitions whose rusty fetters every one who seeks positive knowledge should altogether cast off. The religious world, on its part, treats science with no less contempt. There is hardly a discovery of modern times which has not, when new, been anathema-

tized by religious prejudices as impious and unscriptural. The Pope's Encyclical Letter denounces modern science as godless and blind. Protestant divines cry out, "Amen." "The church," say the Catholics, "the Bible," say the evangelicals, "is the only source of true knowledge."

For religion and science thus each to discredit the other is, I believe, a condition fraught with the utmost danger to both. Neither can deal a blow at the other without wounding itself.

If science, in the first place, denies the legitimacy of the conceptions and doctrines of religion, she denies the legitimacy of her own. They rest on grounds of precisely the same general character. Does science, for example, seek to invalidate the belief in free-will, in soul, or in God, because each of them rests for its proof only on intuition? But what other guarantee than this has science for the veracity of the senses and the truth of phenomena? Nay, what other guarantee than a similar intuition has science for the very basis of its whole system, — the doctrine of the uniformity of nature?

Does science refuse to admit mind and soul as real existences because they are intangible, imponderable, incomprehensible in essence? What physicist ever comprehended the essence of matter or force? What *savant* in his most delicate balances ever weighed heat? or with his finest pincers grasped a piece of light? Does science proclaim that the only thing we can *know* is given by experience and observation, and that inference and analogy are to be ruled out as supplying nothing worthy the mind's confidence? What becomes then of the whole department of geology, or that of palæontology, of archæology, or of ethnology? What man of science ever *observed* an ichthyosaurus pursuing its prey through the sea of the Liassic period, or a Pre-Adamite man chipping out his flint arrow-heads? What *savant* ever stood by and *saw* glaciers filling up the basins of the Scotch lakes, or our Aryan progenitors marching forth from the table-lands of central Asia? Take away what inference and analogy

have contributed to science, and its stately structure tumbles into a dust-heap.

But if science cannot pull out the pillars which support religion without tumbling the roof on its own head, religion is still less able to reject science with safety to herself. If religion forbids us to trust God's own handwriting on the tablets of nature, if she forbids us to trust the original documents which are open to every one's inspection, how can she expect the world to accept the revelations which came originally only through the distorting medium of human faculties, and which have descended to us down a long line of transmissions, transcriptions, and translations, by the hands of fallible men?

It is a fact patent to every one that science has on its side all the best energies of the modern mind. For four hundred years it has driven religion from post to post. Its slow, sure progress, like an Alpine glacier, has never lost a foot of ground it has once taken. Science has under its control the currents of the world's belief. The facts that its *savants* establish to-day in twenty-five years will be the creed of all educated men. If religion is irreconcilable with science, her fate is that of the Ptolemaic system.

Religion and science, if they would live and flourish, must then be reconciled. In what way shall this be done? Shall we adopt the method which Frederick Maurice and others advocate, and which Baden Powell and Faraday and so many more have practiced, — that of assigning to each of them a separate half of the field of knowledge, each to exercise independent authority in its own half, but never intrude into the other's half?

Such a mode of harmonizing the two rivals may be very convenient, and, in theory, looks very well; but it is impossible and injurious in practice. The field of knowledge and belief cannot be partitioned off into two such independent domains. Science and religion interpenetrate and mix at a thousand points. The questions of prayer, of miracles, of the nature of mind and soul, of demoniacal possession, the

creation, the deluge, the origin and place of man in nature,— how are you going to run the boundary line when you come to these? A man cannot honestly make himself into two individuals, and as a professor of physiology believe in protoplasm, as a professor of religion in soul; as a palæontologist know that the earth was full of death for thousands of years before man appeared, as a theologian believe that death came in through Adam's sin; as a *savant*, believe in necessity, as a Christian, believe in free-will; as a physicist, know that a solid piece of iron will always sink in water, as a church-member, believe that Elijah's ax-head swam. Thus to take turn and turn about, first with science and then with religion, is a kind of double-dealing which soon destroys not only intellectual clearness, but moral honesty, and is a far worse foe to religion than any open battle.

Is there then any method of reconciliation left? Yes; this one: to take the testimony of *both* religion *and* science; to weigh in the scales of reason what each offers; accept that which is most weighty, from whichever side it comes; use science to correct the errors of religion; use religion to supply the deficiences of science.

Religion, on the one hand, needs science to guide and correct it. In its climbing instinct, it stretches up its hands and clutches and clings to whatever it comes across. In its first gropings for an object of worship it embraced stumps and bones and rocks. Then, when it found out the powerlessness and unworthiness of these, it reached up to higher objects, hill and sky, sun and moon; then, as it learned more of these, it raised its reverence to a company of human gods, a sense-stealing Bacchus, an amorous Cupid, a cunning Apollo, a jealous Juno, and so on. Then, with the growing comprehension of the unity of all nature, it rose to the idea of a single, supreme God, — a Zeruane Akeraune, first of beings; a Jove, father of the gods; a Jehovah, beside whom there is no other god, — and thrust down the other deities into the position of divinities, nymphs, spirits, and devils. Still religion had not got above superstition. She still clung for a long while to burnt offerings and washings and fastings; macerations and

masses; interferences by good and evil spirits; ideas of God as wrathful, jealous, appeasable, sitting in the heavens and laughing at his foes, repenting of what he had once done, interposing to mend his work. Gradually, increasing knowledge pulled one after another of these rounds also out of the hold of religion, and her yearning fingers reached up still higher on the ladder of divine apprehension, until at last it grasped the conception of the universal, eternal action of one Infinite, Perfect Spirit, without parts, without partiality, and without shadow of turning, to be worshiped only in spirit and in truth.

Thus has science continually unclasped the hands of religion from idol after idol; but it has only been to lead her higher, to give her something larger and purer. It has taken away the fear of an offended Majesty, but it has given confidence in an unchanging Perfection. It has taken away the Eden of the past, the home of our race before its fall, but it points to a fairer one before us which ever invites the attainment of our constantly approaching footsteps. It has taken away the idea of a creation finished once for all in a certain six days of the year 4004 B.C., but it has given us instead a continual process of moulding and perfecting, carried on for a hundred million years. It has turned its telescope to the solid firmament of Genesis, which separated the waters which are above from those that are below, and that firmament has dissolved before it; but through the opening it shows system behind system blazing at immeasurable distances in the depths of an infinite vista. Every new discovery of science makes the field of the divine agency larger and more teeming; makes God's care of the world more long continued, more patient, and more minute; makes his handiwork more vast and intricate, his glory more august. Thus has science elevated and greatened religion. Religion has still many things to learn of science. She needs especially to learn the importance of going at once to facts, and thoroughly studying them, instead of sitting in her study spinning theories out of fancy. She needs to learn the method of studying facts as well as its importance, — how

to compare, to criticise, to sift, to throw away the chaff and keep only the solid grains. She needs, above all, to acquire the habit (which science makes the first requisite in its disciples) of a conscientious acceptance of whatever facts and logic require, however opposed to any preconceived notions.

And as religion thus needs the help of science to give her purity and stability, so science rises and becomes perfected only by being religious.

"The great deeds of philosophers," says Huxley, "have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious frame of mind."

Science claims for herself the whole field of real knowledge. She aims to collect and set forth all the facts of nature and all the generalizations from them that can be made with reasonable certainty. It is only a partial, imperfect science that can be irreligious. A true science must study and formulate the laws, not merely of external nature, but of human nature; not merely of body, but of mind and soul. It must recognize the fact that the fundamental truths of religion and morality are self-evident as well as those of geometry, and that the belief in a God and in a future state is primitive, universal, and necessary, just as much as the belief in the uniformity of nature or the indestructibility of force. And true science must not only observe and admit these facts as so many isolated and meaningless phenomena; she must recognize them as involving other facts, and she must go on and draw out what they imply. As she synthesizes the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, and finds a cause in an indwelling force of gravity, so she must synthesize the phenomena of human consciousness, and find its cause in an indwelling, immaterial soul. As she recognizes flint knives among the bones of a mammoth, or bits of pottery under ten thousand annual layers of Nile mud, as requiring living, intelligent persons as their makers, so she must recognize the intelligent adaptation which penetrates the universe, the vast plan which weaves the world's infinite parts into one whole, as also requiring an intelligent author,

and that this can be found only in the existence of a conscious, creative, and infinite mind. Science must recognize that it is not enough to pass from effect to effect, from antecedent phenomena to consequent phenomena, however interminable be such a line. She must see that the mind demands the reality that underlies all phenomena, the cause that stands behind every effect, and that it demands not merely secondary causes, but *first* causes. Science must see that it is not enough to show that an improvement in organic structure once coming into existence *survives*. It must see that it is not enough to trace a form or a force back through a series of gradual modifications to a chaos or nebula where it lay *latent*. The mind demands none the less, "What brought it into being originally?" "Who or what formed and planted at first in the elements of chaos or nebula those seeds which have unfolded in the course of development into the wondrous fruit of the present world?" "Who or what worked and guided from age to age and year to year that harmonious series of changes, those close-linked and ever-progressive modifications?" For, as Newton said, "from blind necessity no change, no modification, can arise;" and from *chance* surely, no orderly, harmonious, and constantly progressive series can ever come.

Science has already refused to stop at phlogiston, caloric, electric fluid. It has refused to admit these special substances as real *agents*, but has gone on to universal *laws*, and from these to the permanent *forces* behind them, — heat, light, electricity, &c., — and then from this plurality of forces it has gone on still further to the single universal "force" of which special forces are only varied manifestations. It should stop here no more than there. This is no more a real agent than any of those things. It must go on beyond this universal "force" to the living will, in which, as Grove, Herschel, and Spencer themselves admit, we alone know "force," and recognize that Living Will as the Author of all the changes in the universe. Thus science, if it follows out its own principles, must see at last in its bewildering thesauruses of facts, in the countless records that crowd its muse-

ums or lie hid in the vast bosom of nature, in all that it has learned or will learn, only a leaf or two from the autobiography of an Eternal Spirit, and it must become consciously what it has ever been unconsciously, — the Psalmist of God's glory.

Science at present fails to do this. She leaves her sentences without a subject; her portrait of the universe, like Leonardo Da Vinci's figure of Christ, without a head. She busies herself so much merely with that which the finger can touch and the eye see, that she believes there is nothing else. She needs religion to point her from the law to the law-giver; from the effect to the cause; from the force to the Living Will. She needs religion to remind her that steam and telegraph are only valuable as means for the development of the inward life, and that strata and stars have their highest interest for us only when they tell of their Creator.

Thus do science and religion mutually need each other, and mutually help each other.

To widen, purify, and make stable; to save from the building of unsubstantial air-castles, and from blind clasping of objects unworthy of notice, — be this the part of science.

To inspire, ennoble, and crown; to turn from peering and picking in the earth to look up to the heavens; to lead from the mine to the mount of vision, — be this the part of religion.

No longer combatants, but coadjutors, neither opposed nor fenced off from each other, but bound together in holy espousal, the bride and the bridegroom of knowledge, thus shall —

> "These twain upon the skirts of Time
> Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be."

Rouse man to a consciousness of what he is, and he will soon become what he ought. — *Schelling.*

MISBELIEF AS TO THE SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

(CONCLUDED.)

At Ephesus, Paul said to the elders, "And now, behold, I o bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things nat shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witness-th in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." n every city from the lips of some inspired person, bonds ınd afflictions were predicted for Paul, drawn along as he vas, bound in spirit to Jerusalem. But though he knew not vhat was to befall him there; and though he was jour-ıeying really to Rome, by that constraint which was upon ıim, for Jerusalem; yet there is no reason for supposing that t was at the apostle's own will to have had the Holy Ghost in ıny city, prophesy for him more fully than it did. The power or miracles might wait on the will of the apostles, but also evidently it had a will of its own. The decision of the apos-les and elders, relative to the observance of the Jewish law by the Gentiles was, as they expressed it, what "seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." In the early church, usually the gifts of the Spirit were communicated by the laying on of hands, but yet they were divided severally, to one man the gift of prophecy, to another man the gift of healing, and to nother of miracles, not, however, as the apostles, but only as he Spirit would.

But indeed even with Jesus Christ himself, it would seem, hat at times at least, something more was necessary for the vorking of a miracle, than the decision of his will. The ower itself may always have been willing to be used by im; but yet in its employment, there would appear, some-mes a consideration of the spiritual state of individuals and neighborhoods. Thus in his own country, where they were fended at him, as the carpenter and the son of Mary, "he uld there do no mighty works, save that he laid his hands on a few sick folk and healed them. And he marveled be-ıse of their unbelief." But how was it that healing the

sick was easier than some other mighty works? Was it not that his sympathy for suffering availed the miraculous power, as some counterbalance against the hindering effects of the unbelief, which was about him? Again and again, in their incredulity, and some of them perhaps not without condescension as they thought, the Pharisees and Sadducees asked him for the sight of a miracle, for a sign from heaven. And after his assumption of authority in expelling the money-changers from the temple, also the Jews asked him, "What sign showest thou unto us; seeing that thou doest these things?" But never on any occasion, was there a miracle for persons in that temper; nor yet for Pharisees and Sadducees trying him. It may have been because they would not have believed, though one had risen from the dead; or it may perhaps have been that in this spirit, there really was what would have hindered a miracle, even in the act of being wrought. Sometimes, no doubt, not only were some objects which were acted upon, incapable of faith, but also the persons standing near, would seem not to have been specially showing it, when Jesus worked some of his miracles; as when the net of Simon was filled with fish, in an instant, on its being let down on his advice; as when the storm at sea was suddenly calmed by his rebuke; and as when the fig-tree withered away with his word. But it is to be remarked, that at the times of his greater miracles, even when nothing is said of faith, there was yet evidently great interest in him, great excitement about him, a very general sympathy with him, and therefore faith of some kind; as on those occasions, when the multitudes were miraculously fed in the desert; when the people followed him out of the cities, and he, being moved with compassion, healed the sick; and when in the mountain, where crowds had followed him to lay the diseased at his feet, the blind being healed by him saw, and the lame walked, and the dumb spake; and as in the land of Gennesaret, where the sick were laid in the streets of cities and villages and the open country, in the hope of touching but the border of his garment. But that often faith was a condition on which persons were healed, or their friends

promised a cure, is evident from many direct statements. Said Jesus to a father who had brought his child to him for help, "If thou canst believe: all things are possible to him that believeth;" and to Jairus, whose daughter had been announced as dead, he said, "Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole." Two blind men craved his mercy; "and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith let it be unto you. And their eyes were opened." To blind Bartimeus crying out by the wayside, "Jesus said, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole; and immediately he received his sight." A Roman centurion had solicited him for the life of his servant, which was in danger, and had shown faith greater than any one in Israel. "And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." In the borders of Tyre, a Canaanitish woman besought him for her daughter, and being told that the children of Israel had the first claim upon him, "She said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their Master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." At the grave of Lazarus, the words of Jesus to Martha were, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" And on one occasion, there was a miracle connected with him, which Jesus himself had not intended, — the effect of virtue, which went out from him, to a poor suffering woman, who had pressed through the crowd behind to touch but his garment, if she could. "But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." In Jesus indeed there was power, but on this occasion, it had not been directed by his look or word or will. The manner in which the faith of this poor woman availed for a miracle, illustrates the time, when as a prophet in his own country, he could do

scarcely any mighty work, because of being surrounded by unbelief. And that unbelief could not only prevent a miracle, but could even stop it in the working, is evident from another incident connected with Jesus. Peter urging Jesus, was invited by him to walk on the water and come to him: and actually he did walk on the water, but with seeing the storm he grew frightened and began to sink. The imperfection of the miracle was explained by Jesus, as he stretched out his hand and caught the apostle, "And said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" The miraculous power of Jesus then was evidently not what Dr. Middleton calls "standing power," not what could have been appealed to at one time as well as another, in one place as well as another, and for all persons alike. But really it was largely contingent for manifestation on the temper of neighborhoods, and on the faith of individuals. And if this were so with him, to whom the Spirit was not given by measure, then certainly it was so with the disciples, for they were not greater than their Master. And thus at Lystra, when the cripple leaped and walked, by a miracle, it was with Paul's "perceiving that he had faith to be healed." And the miracle, which was at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, was wrought "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth;" and said Peter afterwards, "His name through faith in his name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know."

Some persons wonder why it was necessary that persons should have faith, before being healed; and others suspect, that, for that reason, they were only the credulous who were cured. As subjects for miraculous power, why should it have been necessary for human beings to have faith, any more than for loaves of bread? Myself I should answer, that probably it was because the miracle began in the soul, and from the soul reached out through the nerves into the diseased body; and that faith is a state of the soul, on which the divine power can act favorably, being indeed exactly what is asked for, when it is said, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Faith in Jesus was not simply a com-

plimentary attitude towards him, and it was not merely thinking him to have been no impostor. But by faith in Jesus of Nazareth was meant a spirit pliant to the Holy Ghost; and also that feeling about God, from which it is easy to think, hope, and believe such things, as that he might send his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and on account of sin; and as that, the first Adam having been of the earth earthy, there might for a second Adam be the Lord from heaven; and as that under the reign of death and against it, there might be manifested a Prince of Life, whom indeed men might kill, but whom also as his Holy One, God would not suffer to see corruption, and whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things. Faith, too, is the opening of the soul to God, and is that childlike, expectant attitude, to which always the Father gives something or other of the Holy Spirit. By it, more or less effectually, man is put in affinity with the Godhead, so that he can be enlightened by its wisdom, and by its incorruptibility be cleansed from disease both of body and mind; and be so re-enforced with might, as that possibly he could, with a word, cast a mountain into the sea.

Things are acted upon, in different ways according to their characters, inanimate matter in one way, and a living body in another, and a body incarnating a soul in still another manner, and a soul hardened in unbelief quite differently from a believing spirit. And it may be that with the apostles when "they began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," the Holy Ghost was the same, as when Ananias from his presumptuous sin against it, fell down dead.

That a standing power of miracles cannot be proved to have existed after the days of the apostles, disproves nothing, for it never really existed, nor was it even professed by the apostles. In the earliest days of the Christian church, and even with Jesus Christ, a power for miracles was no standing power, but was indeed and especially for its highest uses a conditional, contingent power. But this power was none the less instructive, that it could sometimes be paralyzed by human unbelief, none the less wonderful, that it could not be

shown at will, and none the less divine, that it was inscrutable. A standing power for working miracles would probably have been a pernicious support for the early Church; for, if it could have been used at will, its effects would soon have ceased to be regarded as signal and wonderful.

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed,"—if instead of leaning on your own understandings, and instead of living wholly from yourselves, and wholly to yourselves, if only in soul you had as much connection proportionately with God, as there is between God and a mustard-seed, there would be nothing impossible to you. Evidently in the earliest days of the Church it was from leaning on God, that persons were qualified for miracles. But then that ability so to lean is itself, in some sense, miraculous; is "faith: and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." It is not only the fruit of the Spirit, but also it is the gift of the Spirit.

Faith is spiritual affinity, and it may therefore often be the opening of the soul to spiritual forces. But this is a truth of which probably Middleton never had the slighest perception, notwithstanding his having been a doctor of divinity as well as a great classical scholar. He to get accepted and installed as judge of Origen and Chrysostom and Augustine! The mere scorn of his hand to be accounted as answer enough for them! Perhaps in college and church there have been quite as strange times, during the last century, as ever anywhere in any age before.

Let facts be facts; and never let a theological student get behind Middleton, or any of his kin, as a defense and blinder against the truth, even though the spiritual vision may be at first pained by it.

Miracles are evidences of agents and laws more subtle and perhaps higher than we know of. Miracles are not casualties, any more than are the meteors which amaze men, and which are exceptional to the skies. There are laws which concern mesmerism, as to its operation. And there are laws of pure spirit, which, probably, may operate through a stream of magnetism, as a menstruum, or gross channel for a fine power. And by the wonderful constitution

of his body, through which he is in affinity with almost every force and property of nature; and by the soul within him, through which he belongs to "where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God," it may well be, at certain critical periods of the world, and also not unfrequently through the experiences of individuals, by whom "things are spiritually discerned," that there may transpire "signs and wonders," which evidence one law and another, one quarter and another, and one agency and another, of this universe, whereinto we are born "of the earth, earthy," but wherein also we may become and "be called sons of God."

And now come two or three words as to Middleton himself. That there are epidemics of the soul, as well as of the body, is one of the great lessons of history. And a very curious experience has been that, as to belief, which has been fashionable, with many people, during the last century. Skepticism is the state of a mind which does not believe or acquiesce, because simply it wants to know more, and may therefore believe in there being more to be known of. But there has been very little proper skepticism, for more than three or four generations. And, as to this world of the five senses being interfused by spirit, the denial has commonly been simply brutal, and as though to the structure and convenience of a house, a mole should say, "I do not think so; I do not see that; I deny it, out and out. That is what I do for my part."

A man may believe on evidence, and just as properly he may not believe for want of enough of it. But there is such a thing as denial despite of testimony; and more common still than that is the state of mind which does not want to know anything more about a troublesome subject, even though it should be in theology. Often it is easier to ignore a fact than to accept it: because, for a clergyman or an author, the recognition of a fresh fact may sometimes be the beginning of a mental revolution.

The skepticism of large minds may be very wholesome. But that self-control which keeps credulity in check is one thing, and mere inability for believing is quite another.

Inability for believing,—is there such a thing as that? Oh, certainly! For are there not persons who do not believe in virtue? And are there not men who are sure that the word "disinterestedness" is a synonym for their favorite word, "humbug"? And just so there are persons for whom the mere word "miracle" is a grievance and a provocation. There are men who boast themselves of unbelief as to spirit and miracle. But inability for believing is really a strange thing to boast of. For a man might just as well boast himself bodily of a stricture of the gullet. There are many predisposing causes which affect belief as to the spiritual world. And evidently Dr. Middleton was one of the earliest to feel that doubt as to spirit which was caused by natural science, so largely, till its sphere was better ascertained and understood than it was at first.

The account of the Christian Fathers, given by Middleton, is a vilification, and no proper estimate. On metaphysical points, they were some of them very weak; but that is no reason why they should, all of them, be ruled out of court as witnesses about facts of their own knowledge. They may, one or more of them, have been as proud of their bishoprics as Middleton himself was of his own good places; but then never by any illogical body has Middleton himself been charged with bad Greek, because of his having had a good incumbency as a clergyman.

His way of talking about miracles is well enough as long as his adversary will allow it, but no longer.

That definition of a miracle as being an act suspending the laws of nature is what will become more and more suspicious the more the men are examined with whom it originated. Already it is high time to have done with it.

No intelligent person, to-day, is justified in objecting to the miraculous narratives of the Scriptures, merely because of some believers, during the last century, having been bad at definitions.

For letting the Fathers themselves witness against Middleton there is no room here. But in illustration of what has been advanced as to faith in connection with miracles, Ne-

ander may be quoted, who says in his Life of Christ, "There is no instance of Christ working a miracle where a hostile tendency of mind existed."

Let St. Bernard stand for a hundred saints of the Middle Ages; he was widely known and wonderful for the healing power which went out of him, and especially during a journey along the Rhine. He was astonished at himself, and much perplexed. These are his words as translated by his biographer: "I cannot think what these miracles mean, or why God has thought fit to work them through such a one as I. I do not remember to have read, not even in Scripture, of anything more wonderful. Signs and wonders have been wrought by holy men and deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor deceit. I know that I have not those saintly merits which are illustrated by miracles. I trust, however, that I do not belong to the number of those who do wonderful things in the name of God, and yet are unknown of the Lord." At last, however, he concluded that miracles were wrought through him not for his own glory, but for the glory of God, and not because himself he was good, but because of the goodness of the Almighty.

Bernard's statements about himself, refuted by what Irenæus was or said, a thousand years before, as Middleton would have us think! It is ridiculous. Ten words from the saint — words just enough to bring the sound of his voice — are an answer sufficient for Middleton, in the ears of right-minded people.

However, it is a monstrous thing to think of, — the influence which Dr. Middleton has had in the church directly and indirectly through the prejudice which he created, not only against the study, but against even the very names of the Christian Fathers, and the historians of the church, in the Middle Ages. Though there is no doubt but that Dr. Middleton, in doing what he did, thought he was doing God an ingenious service.

During the last century, by scholars morally blind, so many bonfires were made for lighting up the sun of righteousness in the heavens that it is wonderful through the earthly smoke

how William Law could ever have made his "Serious Call," or how Charles Wesley ever could have had light enough from above whereby to write his hymns. And in the age when Dr. Conyers Middleton was popular it is no wonder that scarcely fifty people had eyes for Swedenborg, or for seeing even a glimmer of light in any direction to which he could have pointed.

The doctrine of the New Testament, as to the Holy Ghost, has been negatived very often for fear of its consequences. Many men shrink from the Spirit as though it were itself fanatical. And there are Christian ministers, who pray for it, and who yet try to reason it away. It is maintained as a reality by priests, but not seldom, as it would seem mainly because of their holding themselves to be its official channels. From unbelief and misbelief about the Spirit, so vital and practical as a doctrine, how could there be any other result than the present state of the world, theologically?

Some of the first things in Christianity are the last to be thought of, at the present day, if indeed they are ever remembered at all; such as the priestly character of every true Christian before God, and the fact that kings, ordained priests and also beggars, are all alike for the Holy Ghost, as its vessels and its agents. The confusion of tongues, which there was at the Tower of Babel, was not worse than what there is at this moment in the church among Christians, whether they own to bishops or do not, and whether they repeat creeds or protest against them. Often indeed Christians, who mean almost the same thing, cannot understand one another; because one speaks in the dialect, intellectually, of Calvin; and another utters himself in forms of speech shaped for his use by studious monks and by Doctors of the Church; while yet still another tries to express himself, as he thinks he ought to do, in the phraseology of daily life, and as though in the presence, not of the God of history only, but of the God also of the passing moment. But by all these persons a very important and simple matter is not commonly regarded. For a clear explanation of the doctrine of Plato, as familiarly as possible, Platonic words must be borne in mind. That indeed

is plain enough. And for mutually understanding one another as to "the things of God" it is necessary that believers should keep themselves withinside the circuit of Scriptural phraseology, and especially for critical purposes "speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

What ignorance there is theologically, among even so many highly intellectual men! That ignorance of theirs, so common on even a popular subject, is almost enough of itself to argue something vicious in the present state of theology.

There is what offers itself to the public, with some acceptance, at present, as being the highest growth of intellect, which yet by the trick of its speech, and by the folds of its cloak, is to be recognized as the same old thing which Paul knew of as "science, falsely so called."

The pulpit of the present age is often to be seen richly ornamented and grandly housed. But yet the last thing from it which a congregation would hope for, or even wish, would be an utterance which might possibly be supposed to have been, in any degree, influenced or graced by the Spirit.

And now and then, even in some church which is called Christian, is to be heard a voice, confident, and in a weak way almost jubilant; and it cries, "Let us be glad together; for religion means the reliability of science, and that is what we all know about. Also, brethren, the word "God," venerable as men make it, that word is only another name for the great fly-wheel which drives the universe, and blessed are they who are in no fear of being hurt by it. Amen."

Anti-Christianity! But what indeed is there of that which may not be expected, when even Christian ministers can open their Bibles, for making Paul himself seem as though he had been a Rationalist, by that very epistle which he wrote to the Corinthians, as to the manifestation of the Spirit and its gifts? And when a man can be a clergyman, and yet know no more of pneumatology than that it is a word of Greek origin, what wonder is it in these materialistic times if now and then a minister should be heard actually preaching against Christ, without knowing it!

Were some Christian to-day gifted, as a discerner of spirits, what strange things there certainly are, which he would have to tell of, with going from one church to another! It would be plain then, with the use of doctrinal phraseology, that often people seem to say one thing with their lips, while their souls would be saying something better, but for want of the proper words. And it would be curiously evident that whole congregations may join in the fond repetition of creeds, which, as far as their understandings are concerned, might as well be algebraic formulas. And it would be manifest, occasionally, that a preacher, doing his best, as it were, may speak verbosely and grandiosely and warmly, while having very little to say, and while being mentally very like a certain old friar. At Naples, on a festival-day, the friar exhibited a hair from the head of some ancient saint. A believer, standing by, because he could not see, would fain handle that hair. "Alas!" said the friar, as he closed the box, "this sacred relic is now so worn away, that it is many years since I myself have seen it."

Where there is so little understanding as to the Spirit, and so little faith in it, what wonder that there should be all manner of confusion! The church is full of the smoke of false lights, and because of it, men not only cannot see, but they sicken, as to their souls, and despair.

Often and mainly, it is by doubt that we are hindered of the Spirit. It is because, truly, we cannot ask that we do not receive. It is because we are powerless for knocking that no mystic gate in heaven opens over against our souls in prayer.

How many persons are of little faith because of the thoughts, unintentionally, which were given them, as children, along with their playthings and food! And how many students have been turned away from the truth, by misleading sign-posts, erected by narrow-minded men, in times of controversy!

But long after the words "Catholic" and "Protestant" shall perhaps have even become obsolete will be read the words of Peter, on the day of Pentecost, concerning the Holy Spirit as a gift: "For the promise is unto you, and to

your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

And to the end of the world, under Christ, will one soul and another be ripened by the Spirit, against that solemn hour when the feeble flesh will have to loose the soul and let it go. And while men last on this earth, and it has not been abandoned of by Christ Jesus, human life will corruscate, from time to time, with "signs and wonders," because of the Spirit, through which there is living affinity between souls in the flesh and souls that are out of it; and through which, also, there is a possibility by which men may have their spirits quickened directly from that fountain head of wisdom whence worlds derive their characteristics, and at which, too, only the highest angels can drink at will.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S TALK WITH HIS FATHER ABOUT SENDING HIS BROTHER EZEKIEL TO COLLEGE.—"'I told him that I was unhappy at my brother's prospects. For myself, I saw my way to knowledge, respectability, and self-protection; but, as to him, all looked the other way; that I would keep school, and get along as well as I could, be more than four years in getting through college, if necessary, provided he also could be sent to study. He said at once he lived but for his children; that he had but little, and on that little he put no value, except so far as it might be useful to them. That to carry us both through college would take all he was worth; that, for himself, he was willing to run the risk; but that this was a serious matter to our mother and two unmarried sisters; that we must settle the matter with them, and, if their consent was obtained, he would trust to Providence, and get along as well as he could.'

"All was referred, therefore, to the decision of the mother; and her decision involved the family means for her whole remaining life, and for the lives of her unmarried daughters.

"Her husband told her that the farm was already mortgaged to meet the expenses of Daniel's education; and that if Ezekiel, too, were sent to college, it would take all that they had. Her answer was ready: 'Well,' said she, 'I will trust the boys.'"—*Life of Daniel Webster*, Vol. I., p. 34.

THE CHARACTER OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ERNEST RENAN,

BY F. T. WASHBURN.

IN the March number of the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE appeared a translation from M. Renan entitled "The Date of the Book of Job." The translation which follows is another and much the most interesting part of the same essay from which that was taken. A portion has been omitted, but what is given is given unchanged. I dissent from much in the essay, and especially from the view given in it of Christian immortality, but it seems to me valuable for its suggestiveness, and for the power and beauty of much of it, and for a certain faith which finds expression in it.

All who read it must regret exceedingly that M. Renan was disappointed in what would have added very much to the value of his work. "In talking last winter," he says, "with M. Ary Scheffer about the poem which I was translating, I obtained from him a promise which, if it could have been carried out, would have been the best of commentaries for the philosophical and moral comprehension of the book of Job. The chief parts of this wonderful book had graven themselves into his thought in strong images: he wished to fix these in drawings, which would have been etched, and joined to the present effort. Those who are acquainted with the elevated style which M. Scheffer, in his later years, had begun to apply to the scenes of the Old Testament, will easily picture to themselves what sublimity his pencil would have lent to scenes like these: Satan criticising the weak sides of the Creation; Satan lying in wait for the good man to take him unawares; the just, strong in his conscience, upholding his innocence even against God, and other subjects still which his beautiful imagination created upon that ancient and impressive story. Death only allowed him to finish one of these compositions. Rarely has the strong feeling which he had for religious things inspired him better. Satan is coming forward before God, as if he would penetrate boldly into the divine obscurities of the plan of this world, while the sons of God are ranged around in silence, some adoring with closed eyes the secrets of Providence, others penetrating with the insight of pure souls into the mysteries which do not reveal them-

ives to the reason. The respect due to the works of the illustrious ad, and the recollection of the continual changes which he made his most finished compositions have alone prevented me from ving this beautiful drawing to the public. Alas! what lessons of oral elevation, what a source of deep emotions and of high oughts were lost to our age, so poor in great souls, with the last h of that man of heart and of genius!" — *Translator.*

To comprehend the poem of Job well, it is not enough to ce it at its date; we must restore it in thought to the race ich created it, and of which it is the most perfect expres- n. Nowhere do the dryness, the austerity, the grandeur ich mark the original works of the Semitic race show mselves more nakedly. Not for a moment, in this strange ok, do we catch the vibration of those fine and delicate ords which make the great poetic creations of Greece and India so perfect an imitation of nature; whole sides of the man soul are wanting in it; a kind of grand stiffness gives poem a hard look, as though it were written in brass. t never has the eminently poetical position of man in this rld, his mysterious struggle against a hostile force which does not see, his alternatives, equally justified, of submis- n and of revolt, inspired so eloquent a plaint. The great- ss of human nature lies in a contradiction which has uck all wise men, and has been the fruitful mother of all h thought and of all noble philosophy; on the one hand, conscience, affirming right and duty as supreme realities; the other, the facts of every day inexplicably contradict- these profound aspirations. Thence a sublime lamenta- n, which has lasted from the beginning of the world, and ich to the end of time will carry up to heaven the protes- ion of the moral man. The poem of Job is the sublimest ression of this cry of the soul. In it blasphemy touches on the hymn, or rather it is itself a hymn, since it is but appeal to God against that which the conscience finds king in God's work. The pride of the nomad, his cold, se- e religion, wanting in all devotion, his lofty personality, ne explain this singular mixture of exalted faith and dar- stubbornness.

The imagination of the Semites never got beyond the narrow circle traced around it by the absorbing and exclusive thought of the divine greatness. God and man face to face with one another in the desert, — that is the sum, and as they say nowadays, the formula of all their poetry. The Semites * were ignorant of those kinds of poetry which are founded upon the development of an action, as the epic and the drama,† and of those kinds of speculation which are founded upon the experimental or rational method, as philosophy and science. Their poetry is the song; their philosophy the parable.‡ The period is wanting in their style, as reasoning in their thought. Enthusiasm, as well as reflection, is with them expressed by vivid, short phrases in which we must not look for anything like the oratorical numbers of the Greeks and Latins. The poem of Job is beyond contradiction the most ancient master-piece of this rhetoric, of which the Koran, on the contrary, is the example nearest us. We must give up all comparison in dealing with methods so foreign to our taste, and to the grave and sustained structure of the classics. The action, the regular advance of the thought, which make the life of the Greek compositions are wholly wanting here. But a vividness of imagination, a force of pent-up passion, to which nothing can be compared, burst, if I may venture to say so, into millions of sparks, and make each line an entire discourse or philosophic theme.

It is especially by his manner of conducting the reasoning that the author of the poem of Job astonishes us, and brings out strongly the features of his race. Abstract relations can

* I speak here especially of the primitively nomadic Semites, the Hebrews, Moabites, Edomites, Saracens, Ishmaelites, Arabs, &c., whose genius is best known to us, thanks to the religious and poetical works which they have bequeathed to us.

† The Song of Songs, to be sure, shows us the lyric drama in its beginnings, but hardly developed. It is doubtful, in spite of Ewald's ingenious arguments, if this curious *libretto* were ever represented.

‡ I use the word "parable" here not in the special sense which we give it, but as the equivalent of the Hebrew word "maschal," which designates the sententious poetry of the didactic books, in contrast to the word "schir," which designates songs and lyric poetry.

only be expressed in the Semitic languages with the greatest difficulty. The clumsiness of the Hebrew language in expressing the simplest reasoning is something surprising. The form of the dialogue which in the hands of Sócrates became for the Greek mind so admirably precise an instrument, only serves here to veil the absence of strict method. From one end of the poem to the other the question does not take a single step forward; there is no trace of that *dialectic*, often subtle, but always singularly close, of which Plato's dialogues and the Buddhist *soutras* show us the model. The author, like all the Semites, has no idea of those beauties of composition which result from the severe discipline of thought. He proceeds by vivid intuitions, not by deductions. An insoluble problem is put; an immense striving of the spirit is spent to solve it; the deity appears at the end, not, as in the classic drama, to unravel the enigma, but to show still more vividly its unfathomable depth.

Far from us the thought of demanding in these antique books the qualities which we owe to our degeneracy. If they strike us as a revelation from another world, if they cause in our souls that deep emotion which the first and original expression of every great thought brings with it, is not that enough to explain the admiration of the ages, and to justify the enthusiasm which has awarded them the title of sacred? One circumstance, moreover, transforms the want of method, which offends the logician in the book of Job, into a sublime beauty. If the problem at issue were one within the reach of the human mind, it would be shocking to see the rules of scientific investigation so grossly outraged. But the question which the author puts to himself is just the one which every thinker raises, but finds insoluble; his embarrassment, his disquietude, that way of turning the fatal knot over and over without finding the clew to it, contain much more philosophy than the trenchant scholasticism which claims to impose silence upon the doubts of the reason by answers of apparent clearness. 'Contradiction, in such matters, is the sign of truth, for the little which is revealed to man of the plan of the universe reduces itself to some

curves and some arcs, whose fundamental law we do not clearly see, but which meet together at the height of the infinite. In maintaining in presence of each other the eternal needs of the heart, the affirmations of the moral sense, the protests of the conscience, and the testimony of the reality, lies wisdom. Thus the general thought of the book is perfectly true. It is the greatest lesson that could be given to intemperate dogmatism and to the pretensions of the shallow mind to meddle with theology; it is in one sense the highest result of all philosophy, for it signifies that man can but veil his face before the infinite problem which the government of the world offers to his meditations. The hypocritical pietism of Eliphaz and the hardy intuitions of Job are equally powerless to solve such an enigma; God himself is careful not to give up the key to it, and instead of explaining the universe to man, he contents himself with showing how small a place in the universe man occupies.

. . . . . .

The book of Job is the expression of the incurable trouble which took possession of men's consciences at the time when the old patriarchal theory, founded solely upon the promises of the earthly life, became insufficient. The author sees the weakness of that theory; he revolts with good reason against the crying wrongs to which a shallow interpretation of the decrees of Providence gives rise; but he finds no way out of the closed circle which man could only get beyond by a hardy appeal to the future. His effort to shake off the old prejudice of his race remains fruitless, or only results in perpetual contradictions. Some partizans of the old theory, forced to it by the evidence of facts, allowed that man is not always punished during his lifetime; but they maintained that his crimes fall back upon his children, who, according to the patriarchal ideas upon the oneness of the tribe, were in some sort himself. The author does not accept this view; for, in order that such a punishment should be efficacious, the guilty must know of it: now, in *Sheol* (the underworld),

: knows nothing of what is passing upon the earth.* At oments, Job seems to lift the veil of future beliefs; he ›pes that God will make him a place apart in the underorld, where he shall stay in readiness until he returns to e;† he knows that he will be avenged, and the vivid intuion of justice to come, carrying him beyond death, he deares that in his skeleton he shall see God.‡ But these ıshes are always followed by deeper darkness. The old ıtriarchal conception returns and weighs upon him with all ; heaviness. The sight of man's misery, the slow destrucons of nature, that horrible indifference of death which rikes without distinction the just and the guilty, the happy ıd the wretched,§ carry him back again to despair. In the ıilogue he falls back purely and simply into the theory hich for a moment he had tried to get beyond. Job is 'enged; his fortune is rendered back to him twofold; he es old and full of days.

We may say that, of itself, the Jewish mind never cometely got out of that fatal circle. The poem of Job is not e only work remaining in which the unrest and perplexity ıich were the inevitable consequences of the imperfection Jewish ideas upon the last things come to light. Two alms, the xxxvii. and the lxxiii., express || with much vividss a thought very much like that of the book of Job, the alousy and indignation of the good at the success of the cked. One whole book, whose date is unhappily very unrtain, *Koheleth* or *Ecclesiastes*, turns in the same circle of ntradictions, but seems much farther from a moral solution. ıe author of the book of Job finds the solution of his ubts in a return, pure and simple, to the precepts of the cient sages. *Ecclesiastes* is much more deeply touched th unbelief. He ends in a kind of Epicureanism, in fataln, and in a distaste for great things. But that, in the des-

* See Job, xiv. 21.
· See Job, xiv. 13–15.
: See Job, xix. 25–27.
; See Job, xxi. 23–26.
Compare, also, Proverbs, xxiv. 19, et seq.

tiny of Israel, was but a passing accident and only true of some isolated thinkers. The destiny of Israel was not to solve the problem of the individual soul, but to put boldly the problem of humanity. Thus the doubts of *Ecclesiastes* and of *Job* only occupy the people's mind at moments when it has not a very clear view of its duties. There is no trace of such a doubt in the prophets. We find it only in the *sages*, strangers almost to the great theocratic spirit and universal mission of Israel.

Even in those times in which the Jews imposed their thought upon the world, can we say that it was by a philosophical immortality that they consoled man and raised him to the heroism of the martyr? Surely not. The resurrection was for them not the revenge of the individual for the wrongs of the present life, but the revolution which was to substitute the reign of a heavenly and peaceful Jerusalem for the actual triumph of brute force. It was with the hope of a final upheaval, which would be the coming of the *kingdom of God upon the earth*, that Christianity overcame the world.* In that the new-born Christianity kept up very literally the tradition of Israel. The utopia of Israel did not consist in creating a world to serve as compensation and reparation for this world, but in changing the conditions of this world. It was when that mighty dream had faded before the obstinate keeping-on of the old world, and when the near renewal of the universe was no longer looked for, save by some belated millenarians, that the change took place, and what until then had been understood of a total and near renewing of mankind was transferred to a personal judgment and to the destinies of the individual soul.

At first sight certainly it seems inexplicable that the men who of all the world were most possessed by the sacred fire of their work, a David, an Elijah, an Isaiah, a Jeremiah, should not have had that system of ideas upon the future of man

* The dogma of the *immortality of the soul*, in the philosophical sense, did not appear until pretty late in Christendom, and was never reconciled very naturally with the primitive Christian idea, the idea of the resurrection.

ch we are accustomed to look upon as the basis of all gious belief. But it is just in that that the greatness of el appears. Israel did better than invent a clear system uture rewards and punishments to satisfy her imagina- ; she found the true solution of great souls; she reso- ly cut the knot which she could not untie. She cut it by on, by the obstinate pursuit of her idea, by the vastest ition that has ever filled a people's heart. There are blems which we do not solve, but which we leap. That he human destiny is of this number. They perish who at it. They only come to find the secret of life who w how to stifle their inward sadness, to make shift with es, to silence those enervating doubts at which only weak s and wearied ages stop. What matters the reward, n the work is so fair that it enfolds within itself the nises of the infinite?

hree thousand years have passed over the problem agi- d by the sages of Idumea, and, in spite of the progress he philosophical method, it cannot be said that one step been made towards its solution. Looked at from the t of view of the rewards and punishments of the indi- al, this world of ours will be a subject of everlasting dis- , and God will always inflict flat contradictions upon e clumsy apologists who shall wish to defend Providence that desperate base. The scandal which the psalmist *at seeing the peace of sinners*, the anger of Job against prosperity of the ungodly, are feelings justified in all s. But what neither the psalmist nor the author of the k of Job could comprehend, what the succession of ols, the mixture of races, a long education of the moral e could alone reveal, we have learned. Beyond that chi- ical justice which the shallow good sense of all ages has ed to find in the government of the universe, we per- e higher laws and a higher direction, without the knowl- e of which human things can only appear a tissue of uities. The future of the individual man has become no rer, and perhaps it is well that an eternal veil should

cover truths which only have their reward when they are the fruit of a pure heart. But a word which neither Job nor his friends pronounce has acquired a sublime meaning and worth; duty, with its incalculable philosophical consequences, by being imposed upon all, solves all doubts, reconciles all oppositions, and serves as a foundation upon which to build up again what the reason destroys or suffers to fall. Thanks to that revelation, neither equivocal nor obscure, we affirm that he who shall have chosen the good will have been the truly wise. He will be immortal; for his works will live in the final triumph of justice, the sum of the divine work accomplished by humanity. Humanity works out the divine as the spider spins his web; the march of the world is shrouded in darkness, but it moves toward God. While the wicked man, the fool, the trifler will wholly die, in the sense that he will leave nothing behind in the general result of the labor of his kind, the man devoted to good and beautiful things will share in the immortality of that which he has loved. Who lives to-day so much as the obscure Galilean, who, eighteen hundred years ago, threw into the world the sword that divides us, and the word that unites us? Thus the works of the man of genius and of the man of goodness alone escape the universal decay; for they alone count in the sum of things gained, and their fruits go on increasing, even when ungrateful humanity forgets them. Nothing is lost; whatever of good the most unknown of virtuous men has done counts more in the eternal scales than the most insolent triumphs of error and of evil. Whatever form he give to his beliefs, whatever symbol he employ to clothe his affirmations of the future in, the just man has thus the right to say with the old patriarch of Idumea: "Yea, I know that my avenger liveth, and that he will appear at last upon the earth. When this skin shall have fallen into shreds, stript of my flesh, I shall see God. I shall see him for myself; mine eyes shall look upon him, not another's; my reins within me are consumed with waiting."

SYMPATHY OF RELIGIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have read with much interest an address bearing this title by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. A pretty good idea of the address may be given by a few sentences: —

"Our true religious life begins when we discover that there is an inner Light, not infallible but invaluable, which 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world' . . . The great historic religions of the world are not so many stranded hulks left to perish. The best of them are all in motion. All over the world the divine influence moves men. There is a sympathy in religions, and this sympathy is shown alike in their origin, their records, and their progress. . . . They all show the same aim, the same symbols, the same forms, the same weaknesses, the same aspirations. Looking at these points of unity, we might say there is but one religion among many forms, whose essential creed is the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, — disguised by corruptions, symbolized by mythologies, ennobled by virtues, degraded by vices, but still the same. . . . Therefore I believe that all religion is natural, all revealed. What faith in humanity springs up, what trust in God, when one recognizes the sympathy of religions! . . . How it cheers and enlarges us to hear these great thoughts and know that the Divine has never been without a witness on earth. . . . Paul himself quoted from the sublime hymn of Cleanthes to prove to the Greeks that they, too, recognized the Fatherhood of God. The early Christian apologists, living face to face with the elder religions, made no exclusive claims. Tertullian declared the soul to be an older authority than prophecy, and its voice the gift of God from the beginning. Justin Martyr said, 'Those who live according to Reason are Christians, though you may call them atheists. . . . Such among the Greeks were Socrates and Heraclitus and the rest. They who have made or do make Reason (Logos) their rule of life are Christians and men without fear and trembling.' 'The same God,' said Clement, 'to whom we owe the Old and New Testament gave also to the Greeks their Greek philosophy by which the Almighty is glorified among the Greeks.' Lactantius declared that the ancient philosophers 'attained the full

truth and the whole mystery of religion.' 'One would suppose,' said Minucius Felix, 'either that the Christians were philosophers, or the philosophers Christians.' 'What is now called the Christian religion,' said Augustine, 'has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian.' Jerome said that 'the knowledge of God was present by nature in all, nor was there any one born without God, or who had not in himself the seeds of all virtues.' . . . "The great religions of the world are but larger sects; they come together, like the lesser sects, for works of benevolence; they share the same aspirations, and every step in the progress of each brings it nearer to all the rest. For us, the door out of superstition and sin may be called Christianity; that is an historical name only, the accident of a birthplace. But other nations find other outlets; they must pass through their own doors, not through ours; and all will come at last upon the broad ground of God's providing, which bears no man's name. The reign of heaven on earth will not be called the Kingdom of Christ nor of Buddha, — it will be called the Church of God, or the Commonwealth of Man. I do not wish to belong to a religion only, but to *the* religion; it must not include less than the piety of the world."

This is very fine. We believe in this train of thought so far as it recognizes the hand and the spirit of God in all the great religions of the world, though we think that Mr. Higginson exaggerates their virtues, or rather loses sight of the faults which disfigure them. "We have no right," he says, in comparing Christianity with other religions, "to pluck the best fruit from one tree, the worst from another, and then say, the tree is known by its fruits." This is certainly true, and much harm has sometimes been done by the Christian apologists who have done so. But the advocates of other religions, and Mr. Higginson among them, pursue precisely this course. They select from Chinese, Persian, Greek or Indian sages, their choicest thoughts, and hold them up as samples of their writings, leaving behind other doctrines which they taught with equal zeal, and which vitiate their whole system of morals and religion. Without here laying stress on this vicious practice in their method of treating

ubject, we would gladly accept all that they tell us of is good in other religions. This does not alter our po- ı in regard to Christianity. All that is true in them, and atter how much it is, all that is beautiful and affecting, ı them that reaches beyond their sectarian limits, and ıgs to reason and humanity, may be found in the words life of Jesus. We do not repudiate them because we ve in him. We accept them, and believe in him all the , if possible, because all these higher qualities live and themselves in him, and with them something which is er than they. We rejoice in all manifestations of divine and goodness as evidences that God has not left him- vithout witness among men. For in Christ, in his words ife, we find, not "*a* religion, but *the* religion," which wel- s into its communion all longing souls, and would en- hem with its truth, its piety and faith, and extends its hospitality to everything that is holy and divine. It s in no antagonistic attitude towards Socrates, or ha, or Confucius, but its followers shall come from the ı, and the south, the east and the west, drawn towards their sympathy with what is holiest and best, finding in of truth that they have known before, together with a ler and more perfect living example of all that most com- ls itself to their hearts. It is not because our Chris- y excludes them that we prize and adhere to it, but ıse it takes them in, to enlarge their conceptions of , refine away what is impure or unworthy in their views 'es, lift them up into a higher plane of being, and feed with a yet diviner life. The more of truth they have ly attained to, so much the better Christians will they . They may, in sentences scattered here and there, said all that is claimed for them. Even if they held truths free from the accompanying false and degrading ns which are so carefully left out of sight in these state- s of their belief, this would only fit them all the more to e disciples of him in whom they will find a more living 'estation of all their virtues, a wider unfolding of all the l and religious truths which they have received, a new

and grander opening into the heavens for their believing souls.

Mr. Higginson says, —

"I was once in a foreign cathedral when, after the three days of mourning, in Holy Week, came the final day of Hallelujah. The great church had looked dim and sad, with the innumerable windows closely curtained, since the moment when the symbolical bier of Jesus was borne to its symbolical tomb beneath the High Altar, while the three mystic candles blazed above it. There had been agony and beating of cheeks in the darkness, while ghostly processions moved through the aisles, and fearful transparencies were unrolled from the pulpit. The priests kneeled in gorgeous robes, chanting, with their heads resting on the altar steps; the multitude hung expectant on their words. Suddenly burst forth a new chant, "Gloria in Excelsis!" In that instant every curtain was rolled aside, the cathedral was bathed in glory, the organs clashed, the bells chimed, flowers were thrown from the galleries, little birds were let loose, friends embraced and greeted one another, and we looked down on a tumultuous sea of faces, all floating in a sunlit haze. And yet, I thought, the whole of this sublime transformation consisted in letting in the light of day! These priests and attendants, each stationed at his post, had only removed the darkness they themselves had made. Unveil these darkened windows, but remove also these darkening walls; the temple itself is but a lingering shadow of that gloom. Instead of its coarse and stifling incense, give us God's pure air, and teach us that the broadest religion is the best."

Again we say, this is very fine and very true; and in its application to sectarian views of Christianity, it may be an apt illustration. But if our religion, as it comes to us in Jesus, is, as even Kant and Theodore Parker asserted, the absolute religion, what walls does it erect? What light does it exclude? Take this religion as it shows itself in the Sermon on the Mount, in the two great commandments, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the parables of retribution reaching upward into higher worlds, what limitations or restrictions do we find here, except those which exist in the moral and eternal order? It sets our feet in a large place,

: than all other views can reach. It leads out into ler realms. In unfolding to us the laws of life, it re- to us the laws of liberty. Compared with the vastness, :ase, the freedom, the vitality of the thought of Jesus, small, and narrow, and mean and bigoted, are the utter- ; of this free religious school! "Not *a* religion, but *the* on." And what is it? The absolute religion, as it ex- n the absolute reason, the eternal mind? Yes, that is is aimed at. But what is it that is offered to us? The ute religion, as it reveals itself to men, who compared the greatest minds are very one-sided, prejudiced, and ormed. Not the Gospel of Christ, the Religion of , the greatest even on their theory among the sons of but the Gospel, the Religion of those who would here and :ake his place, and reveal to us something better. No, ls, not yet. Your interpretation of some things may be provement on what we have had. But to go from the on of Jesus to your religion is not to go into a grander e, not to enjoy a larger liberty, not to enter into com- on with a greater and freer soul. We must have some- greater than you have offered yet, greater thoughts and :r men before we can give up the great ideas, the uplift- spirations, the hallowed and inspiring associations con- l with the name and religion of Jesus.

; ground-work of all Ritter's researches was a sincere and observation of nature and of human life; and this again e further traced to the depth of his religious belief. "The ' he says, "is the temporary dwelling-place of the immortal and all science, whatever limits or object may be assigned an only be a hymn of praise from the creature to the Crea- The contemplation of God is to me the only absolute sci- This is the same sentiment which presided over the discov- f Columbus, Kepler, and Newton. — *North-British Review.*

RELIGION A GROWTH.

BY GEORGE BATCHELOR.

"FIRST the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." This is the beautiful order of providence: thus the earth bears her fruits; thus human life comes to its perfection. First the tender blade struggling up to the light, fragile, flowerless, fruitless, exposed to destructive influences, easily dwarfed amd distorted, but in its delicate frame concealing the germs of the opening flower and perfect fruit. Then the ear waving its plumes under the glistening sunlight, assuming the form and preparing the way for the budding corn, which already begins to swell with the wealth of the harvest, — the bread which cometh down from heaven.

The parable marks with accurate description the growth of the spiritual life, whether we note how a single truth takes root in the mind and springing up bears fruit, or how the whole nature unfolds, and strengthens, and ripens, until it is ready for the "harvest home," a shock of corn fully ripe. To patient souls who are content to sow their seed in faith and await the ripening, the course of nature is beautiful and satisfying. To those who contrast their immaturity with the ripeness of saints, the growth is too slow. They would plant the seed to-day, and reap the harvest to-morrow. They would plow the earth, and no weeds should spring up. There should be no frost nor drouth, no mildew nor blight, but as fast as they poured out their seed their granaries should fill and their barns overflow. And if it be not so, they cry, "It is for naught, and the harvest does not reward the sower." For such impatient ones, whether they have already entered upon a religious life or are desiring to do so, I have a word to-day. If I put it in the form of advice it is not because I count myself to have apprehended.

I. The first injunction shall be, Content yourselves with the form of your own religious life. Be not content with your attainment, never congratulate yourselves on your growth in

virtue and grace. Such pride prepares the way for its own downfall. But do be content to let your soul grow after its own fashion. If in the great forest of human life it be an oak, then let it grow slowly and sturdily, and push out strong arms to toss against the wintry sky and defy the elements. If it be a delicate mimosa, then let it put out sensitive twigs and quivering foliage to glisten and rustle under the glowing sun. If it be a vine or a creeper, let it climb and cling — God so made it. But do not, being a pine-tree, aspire to be tough as lignum-vitæ, or, being a sober-hued alder, envy the richly colored holly. And, to drop the figure, do not let any man lord it over your soul by the exhibition of a magnificent religious experience full of warmth and color. If it be real it corresponds to the qualities of his nature, and can never be reproduced in you except by parody. There is no standard of the religious life to which all men must conform. Such a conformity is death to the most delicate impulses and the sweetest graces.

Religion, if you attempt it, is no longer the best emotions turned to God and virtue, it is not the feeble or strong stirrings of a new life in your soul, it is not your best thought and aspiration; but what another man did and said and thought, what Wesley or Whitefield, Channing or Ware experienced, that is religion. Let a great man arise, full of vigor, warm, outspoken and enthusiastic, and the color of his religious life will so tinge a host of followers that a skillful man will select from the crowd the Methodist, Catholic, Quaker, Baptist, or Presbyterian, by the cast of his countenance. His manner and carriage are in time adapted to his style of religion. If a Wesley arises in the midst of churchly corruption and formal bigotry, and proclaims a free salvation with the unction of a prophet newly called, then a million followers adopt his speech and imitate the particulars of his wonderful conversion. It may gall some tender souls, but they must use the speech or be none of his. They may fail to see the light he saw, but they must use his thanksgiving. Or if George Fox, in rapt meditation, sees the inner light and is profoundly moved by the knowledge of the Spirit working in

silence, then a myriad of Friends adopt the speech and impose this experience as the model of the religious life. Such men tyrannize over us. Their greatness becomes an obstacle to us, so long as we strive to imitate their ways.

God has put into every soul the elements of a religious life as beautiful as that of any other. Give it room and air, and it will justify its freedom in time.

II. Again. Be content not only with the *form* of your religious life, but patiently await the *time* of its unfolding.

No doubt the germs of all the graces and virtues exist in us all. But it is not given to us all to manifest their perfectness in this life. It is enough for us if in one thing we excel. To one is given poetry, to another common sense, to one religious sensibility, to another practical morality; and it is often as difficult for the enthusiast to be honest, as it is for the practical man to prophesy.

The great awakening light of religious conversion is a rare experience, and is often unaccompanied by a corresponding fidelity to moral obligations, a firm will and a steady purpose. If it precede the thorough establishment of the character, it is and must be a fitful, uncertain light, alternating with shadow and gloom. In the order of nature, this great moral exaltation comes only in some important crisis of life, on the eve of some great enterprise which summons all the energies of the soul in the struggle with some overwhelming grief, in the presence of some danger which impends over the path of duty, or in some great crisis of decision. In such crises of the life the soul rises and puts on strength, showing its divine powers and crushing back the instincts of the flesh until the eternal glories lie open. If you are a great soul, called to a great destiny, you will have such great awakening. But for common mortals, in the common duties of life, to hope and strive for such experiences is like calling upon the thunder and the lightning, the east wind and the earthquake, to do the work of the kitchen and workshop, to plow the fields and bring in the harvest. The immortal life will call out and satisfy the most exalted power. Socrates met death serenely and talked of immortality; but we who are not

ocrates, and are not on trial for our lives, have no need of nd need not expect such divine courage. The hour of need ill bring its blessing, and when God calls us to exercise a ublime faith, and to be fired with heroic zeal, he will show he way and give us the choice. But the decree is, first the lade, an humble beginning, then the ear, a steady performnce, then the full corn, the fruit of a life. Young men and women who turn to religion long to be firm as a rock and strong as an angel. But a firm, unwavering faith is not compatible with the heat and doubtful enterprise of youth. They must strive, now failing and now succeeding, now catching a ull view of the right way, and again walking in doubt and darkness, but, if they be faithful, always advancing. The essential point is not to be jubilant and assured, but to be true, steady, persevering. Afterward comes the divine illumination which transforms the darkest life.

Do not seek the reward until you have done the duty. This joy and light, this abounding peace and strength, are not religion. They are its fruits. You gain but poor imitations, if you get them too soon, they will prove to be chaff and stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up.

III. The third injunction is, Do not consider yourself irreligious because you have no *experience* to mark a transition. I would give all the ecstasies of all the converts in all the world for a steady, downright purpose to do right, reinforced by an unfaltering will. The ecstasies may take wing: the steady, devout will must endure forever.

Throw away all thoughts of being religious after a set plan. Take no pattern in living, but address yourselves at once and seriously to the real work of life, determined to give the spirit room to take all the spiritual food, to do and to be what the present hour demands. That purpose gives the right to all the privileges of the church, and will in time bring all the blessings it has to give. And better still, that purpose opens the way into the higher life, and will in time bring the ear and the full corn.

Religion comes not by observation. They who are most sure of it show meagre results. Nobleness does not see

itself in the mirror, and the inspiration of God is not always a joy. The end of creation is not to make men happy. That is but an incident. When the voice of God sounds clear and full, and his inspiration has taken complete possession of a man, it may be that he is called to the trial hour, to danger and sorrow. To other men he is majestic; to himself he is the humblest instrument of God's will. The strong suffer, the pure are sorrowful, and the prophet feels the work of the Lord a burden which crushes him with its mighty responsibility. He who thinks prophecy holiday work, or inspiration a sentimental emotion, has not learned the way of the divine life. To be religious, to be Christian, is to have entered upon a course of natural growth and unfolding. It is to recognize the spiritual element in life and try to give it play.

The office of the church is to collect and direct all such desires and purposes. The church is nothing apart from them. It is not a mysterious something, intangible and invisible, into which you enter, and which confers upon you a peculiar sanctity. A body of men assembled for teaching and learning may constitute a college. The same men assembled for legislation may be a congress; and again the same men banded together to worship and co-operate in works of benevolence and mutual help constitute a church. *The* church contains all such men in every land. If you learn of Jesus, you are his disciple. If you have his purpose, you are a Christian; and if you desire and try to be perfect after the divine pattern, the Church is yours with all blessing and privilege. The men who would shut you out usurp authority; and if you are afraid to enter, you have entered nevertheless, and perchance the sacrament of humility may prove the better cup of blessing and the bread of life. To be religious is one thing, to have great experiences is another.

IV. Therefore, fourthly and lastly, do not judge yourselves by your *feelings*. They are the most thoroughly unreliable, capricious, and disappointing tests of religion that were ever set up to lead poor mortals into doubt and confusion. Prin-

ples endure, decisions are real, determinations may be usted; but feelings are the sport of every circumstance. n elastic, joyous faith may or may not accompany us when e are doing the best work of our lives. The downcast soul ay be better than it dares confess, and the man who glories his inspiration may have thanked God for naught. Disust yourselves when you are sure you are pure and brave nd saint-like. For then be sure you are puffed up with vain lory. But if you find yourselves not assured, but determined, not satisfied, but hopeful, not conscious of perfect ntegrity, but eager, anxious, striving to attain to perfection, then be assured that the spiritual nature is awake and striving, that the way of duty and peace is opening, and that in God's good time will come such experience as he sees fit to send. If you wait until you feel assured of goodness, you will wait long, and when the assurance comes it will be a lelusion. For the moment you have attained that far-off ieight, now so dim and inaccessible, there will appear such iumberless duties that you will confess yourself but at the eginning, a poor, weak, imperfect thing. So again I say, ing away your feeling when you would know yourself. t is a stimulus, a reward · it is never a safe guide. Plant ourselves on a determination to be true to the inward monior, to be pure at any price, to be faithful if it costs sorrow, o be aspiring if it incur toil and trouble. In short, as the ssence of all religion and morality, set before your souls the lea of the right, as you can embody it in the ideal of the erfect man, the image of God, and firmly resolve, that, come hat may, that ideal shall be your reality, and that through spiration you will rise to communion with the one God, and n him find your joy forever. Resolve to make all things in fe and death tend to that end. Turn aside for no pleasure, alt for no gain, accept no other good. Resolving thus, and triving in the spirit of that resolution, compel the church to ive you its help, demand the comfort and support of its ninistrations. If it refuse you, clamor at its doors until it et down its barriers and give you its best. And entering hus to help and be helped, Jesus and the gospel will be

newly interpreted to you. Out of the life of the Nazarene there will come to you a strength and sweetness that will reveal the deep peace of your own nature and kindle you to better achievement; out of the silences of nature a voice will bespeak the Eternal Presence; and through your life's joys and sorrows, successes and defeats, there will run the strong, bright thread of infinite hope, to bind all the events of life into a plan of beautiful harmony. And at last, fruition, natural and perfect, will complete the earthly labor, reward its sorrow, and crown its anticipation with the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THIS is a memorial service. We do it in remembrance of Him. But we do it also in remembrance of the great unseen spiritual interests which are represented by him. Through our meditations and our affections it would bring us into sympathy with him and with the unseen spiritual kingdom which he would reveal to us. And shall we not engage in it? If he who came into the world for our good, giving everything and asking nothing in return — as one of the means by which we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of him, he asks us to unite ourselves to his church, and engage in this beautiful and touching rite in remembrance of him, shall we refuse thus to acknowledge and confess him before men, that he also may acknowledge us before the angels of God? Not because we are perfect, not because we have already attained, or that we are sufficient for ourselves, but because we are weak and need his help, because we are lonely and need his sympathy, because we are too apt to forget and need this solemn reminder of what we owe to him and what we ought to be, because in this world of outward pursuits we need something which even through our senses may draw our thoughts and our hearts towards the great unseen and eternal interests of life, has he instituted this personal commemoration of himself. Here we are brought into communion with one who, though in heaven, yet is very near to every devout and trusting soul. Shall we then neglect this help in our religious life, this means of grace so closely connecting us with him, and with his saints, and with the fountain of eternal life and peace?

EASTER SUNDAY.

"If, then, ye be risen with Christ. . . . But now is Christ risen from the dead."

DEATH had done all that death could do. With hurried rites they had laid his body in the tomb and left it there. Through the dreary Jewish Sabbath that followed they waited in Jerusalem or Bethany, with stricken hearts, and hopes utterly cast down. On the first day of the week, before the morning light had broken the dull, heavy night of darkness and of grief that rested on the Mount of Olives, faithful women, constrained and impelled by their bereaved and longing affections, went towards the sealed and guarded sepulchre, bearing with them spices and myrrh, that they might complete what had been begun on the evening of the crucifixion, and once more reverentially touch and embalm the body of their Lord. His spirit and all the light of heaven had gone out from it. He, so divinely endowed with love and wisdom, whose words had come to them burdened with a meaning so divine, whose accents were filled with such heavenly sweetness, whose yearning of love was as if it had been the outbreathing of God's holy spirit upon them,—he had passed away. All that they hoped to find now was his body, that with falling tears they might embalm it in whatever they could bring most precious as a token of their love and gratitude.

But lo! a mighty work had been wrought. While his enemies had slept, and his friends were awake only to weep, and the soldiers were keeping watch around the tomb, other and diviner powers were there at work. The stone, as by the action of an earthquake, was rolled away. He who had entered the realm of death and tasted all its bitterness, that he might divest it of its terrors, and be at once the Prince of life and Conqueror of death, had resumed once more the body which he had left upon the cross.

What mysterious change had there been wrought, how

that dishonored and perishing body was made glorious an immortal, we cannot tell, any more than we can tell how w so fearfully and wonderfully made, are endowed with life = first. But in the tomb, by a touch as soft as that by whic the creative spirit is to-day entering into the secret heart nature and awakening there a new life, the gross and mort elements were purged away. He who had power to lay dow his life and to take it again had come forth from the tom bringing life and immortality to light. And if this were a it would be indeed a momentous fact, enlarging our conce tions of life, and extending them into other worlds.

But there is a profounder meaning than this. In him th representative of our race, showing forth the capabilities our human nature in its union with the divine, we see wh we also may become through our union with him. Th which is most vital in our connection with him is inward an spiritual. The spirit of the teacher enters into his disciple and transforms them into his likeness. The great man live in those who look up to him with reverence. It is not hi commanding intellect alone; but his whole nature brood over them, and infuses itself into them with an almost crea tive energy. So, in a still higher sense, they who live an believe in Christ are made partakers of the divine natur that dwelt in him. There may be a union of our spirits wit his in heart and thought, an absorption of our life into his and of his into us, till we are one with him, even as he is one with the Father. This, more than all things else, makes his resurrection a reality to us, enabling us to rise with him into the spiritual and eternal life, we in him as the branch in the vine, and he in God, as branch and vine alike have the root of their being in the Infinite Source of life to all.

We forget how truly our life is involved in the life of others; how deeply, in a spiritual sense, the life of our souls has struck its roots into the hearts of our parents, seeking from them its substance and its coloring; how it still strikes its tendrils into the living sensibilities of friends, and draws from them daily supplies of loving confidence and power; how we live in the young and draw from them the

piration of a new enthusiasm and the perpetual renewing our youth. But human friendships are only limited medi-ıs. Let the showers and dews of heaven be all cut off for-ɜr, and where will be the earthly fountains which so refresh, ɔl feed, and clothe us now? So, if we analyze the matter its source, we shall find that these human friendships ıich feed our lives with hopes and affections so sweet and autiful, would soon be dried up, were it not for the heav-ly supplies of grace and love which flow into them by com-ınion with the one Mediator between God and men. As we rtake of his spirit, as we enter into his thought, as we take me to our hearts the lessons of truth and of love which he ıght, renouncing self as he did, living in him as he in God, r souls are renewed and refreshed; we rise with him into diviner life; we are brought into closer communion with ɔd in our experience, and enter that sphere of immortal ɜas and affections over which death and the tomb can have power.

J. H. M.

EASTER SUNDAY.

THE CHILDREN AND THE FLOWERS.

LITTLE children, gathered here
  In this consecrated place,
Mid the flowers whose thoughts of cheer
  Come with such a tender grace,
Listen, while to you they tell
  What the angels did reveal.
On the spring's sweet breezes swell
  Lily bells with joyous peal,
Ringing forth the glorious lay,
"Christ the Lord, he rose to-day."

Flowers who in their wondrous beauty
  Make a holy psalm of praise,
Faithful preachers of the duty
  Which should hallow all our ways,

Here their perfume gladly yield;
  Modest violets whisper low,
'Neath the leaflets half concealed,
  As the children come and go,
And in tender fragrance say,
"Christ who loved you rose to-day."

Roses blushing in the joy
  Of existence everywhere, —
Snow-drops free from earth's alloy,
  Every floweret fresh and fair, —
Tendrils by the zephyrs caught,
  Snowy blossoms twinkling clear,
Pansies with a loving thought
  Breathing sweetest incense here,
All in concert seem to say,
"Jesus Christ, he rose to-day."

Where is now the thorny crown
  Pressed upon that sinless brow?
It is cast in triumph down —
  Other circlet glistens now;
But its jewels rich and rare
  Are the deeds of saints below,
And the crown our Lord does wear
  Sheds its beam o'er mortal woe;
Flower-wreathed cross in sweet array
Tells us, "Christ, he rose to-day."

Blessed day of all the year!
  'Tis the Master's second birth:
Praise him, oh, ye children dear,
  For his love which crowns our earth.
Jesus, when he entered in,
  Left the golden gates ajar;
All who strive the goal may win,
  Though they follow from afar.
Now the gladsome bells are ringing,
  And each loving spirit may
Hear the host of heaven singing,
  "Christ the Lord, he rose to-day."

M. C. D. S

THE BEAUTY OF CHANGE.

A SERMON.* BY REV. J. H. MORISON.

But we shall all be changed. — 1 COR. XV. 51.
He hath made everything beautiful in his time. — ECCL. III. 11.

CHANGE is written on every earthly thing as a part of the w of God. But, being ordained by him, and interwoven to the constitution of the universe, it cannot of itself be an ril. He hath made everything beautiful in his time. The volution from a lower to a higher condition, from a lower to higher order of being, must of necessity be a change. But is nevertheless a great gain. There is usually something ainful in the processes by which its ends are accomplished; id even when our gains are the greatest it is not without ome uneasy sensations that we look forward to it, nor with-it some sharp feelings of regret that we look back on the tered circumstances amid which we lived before the change ok place. Nothing would induce us to go back into the old e and live it over again. Yet, as it comes up to us through ir affections, we see how beautiful it was in its time, and ow much of what is dearest to us now had its seed-time ere. With a certain tender regret and almost longing we ink of the home, the incidents, the friends which once per-rmed so important an office for us, but which, so far as this orld is concerned, can have no place with us except in our lent memories and affections. How beautiful are they to s as we see them lying away back there in the distant hori-n and twilight of our childhood! How much, through our emories and our affections, are they still doing to make our ves beautiful and sacred! How much would our present lot e impoverished, how much of its richest joy and satisfaction ould be taken out of it, if there were in the past no spots ius sacred to our hearts, no holy land where dear ones, now heaven, once lived with us, teaching us how to live, and

* Preached in Milton the Sunday before the ordination of an Associate linister.

then, changed from mortal to immortal, by their rising in higher realms, revealed to us the possibility and the reality something better than the eye can see.

We shall all be changed. Whatever lives on earth changes. Life itself is but a process of change, and the more intense it is the more rapid is the change. No morning sun looks on the same world that it lighted up the day before. No friend who has been absent from us a week finds us precisely as he left us. Manners and men, institutions and those who live under them, the outward universe and the mind of man, never continue in one stay. There is no permanent abiding place for us; and, if there were, we could not remain in it. The times are always changing, and we, unconsciously to ourselves, are changing with them. When we eat, we take in new supplies of fuel to feed the secret fires which are consuming the old and substituting for it a new organization through every part of our bodies. By this double process of destruction and creation, we live from moment to moment. Like the bush seen by Moses at Mount Horeb, which burned with fire and yet was not consumed, we are always on fire; and it is of the Lord's mercies, through his wonderful adaptation of means to ends, that we are not consumed. We are changing always while we live, and when we die, "we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." And, as in life every change has its beneficent purpose and is beautiful in its time, each season fulfilling its purpose for us and helping us on with riper faculties to the new opportunities which await us, so the last great change that men recognize on earth hath God made, more than all the rest, beautiful in his time, if only we turn to their fitting use the opportunities and privileges which are granted to us.

Every day is working its silent changes in our bodies and our minds. Every day is bringing something to us, and carrying something away. There can be no successful resistance to that law, and we cannot evade it. But it is a merciful provision. It is a benignant part of the great benignant plan of Him who doeth all things well, and who hath made everything beautiful in its time.

ere are two things on which our highest success in life depend. One, and indeed the great thing, is to use our rtunities while we have them. The next thing is to give ı up gracefully and cheerfully when their time is ended. ead of mourning over what is going from us, we should ourselves to the new opportunities which take its place, get from them all that we can. The change is not neces- y a sad one. It may be just the allotment which is best l to carry us on, to teach us new lessons, to open before ew fields of usefulness and enjoyment, to exercise new ties, to strengthen our faith, to deepen our experience of s love, to refine and subdue our hearts, and bring us into : perfect sympathy with the divine will.

change has come. We must give up, perhaps, a cher- l occupation. It has been very dear to us. Our life has bound up in it. We found it a privilege, a comfort, a o us, and we had hoped so to use it as to make it also a ort and a joy to others. But our time for it is past. t then? Is everything gone from us? By no means. withdrawal of one privilege may be only an opening another and richer field. There may be a momentary as we turn away from beloved walks, and look forward new scenes and labors. But we accept the new attitude ings. We adjust our thoughts and our conduct to it. ind new food for our minds, new interests for our hearts pand in, new sources of usefulness and happiness. And we begin to see how beneficent the plan is that reaches igh all things, and makes each separate incident, each ate moment, an instrument connected with all the rest, he orderly and harmonious advancement of whatever ld be most precious to us.

remember being very indignant many years ago, when, ome political management, Nathaniel Hawthorne was d out of a small government office by which he had able to earn a scanty support for his family. "What," sked, "will become of this poor man now? What is to him and them from severe want? What is there that an do?" So we asked, and could give no hopeful an-

swer to our question. But God, who had endowed that man with such a wonderful gift of genius, had something better for him to do than could be found in a subordinate department of the Salem Custom House. He therefore drove him out from that place which could only cramp and impoverish his soul. And, being driven out from it, he was thrown back upon himself, and in the marvelous creations of his imagination he found other ways of earning his bread, while at the same time he furnished other and better supplies to hundreds of thousands who had learned that man cannot live by bread alone. Had it not been for the fearful disappointment to which he was subjected, he might never have known what capabilities there were bound up within him, and the world would never have known the loss which it sustained.

Here is an illustration which may apply in some degree to every one of us. We have not his intellectual powers. But we all of us have moral and spiritual faculties capable of an expansion beyond all that even his imagination could conceive of. And often it is only by being forced away from one after another of our chosen haunts where we are quietly earning our bread that we are enabled to come to ourselves, and to find the infinite resources of Christian faith and love with which God has endowed us, and which he is waiting by these new and better methods to unfold within us, that so they may be made a blessing to ourselves and to all around us. How many a self-denying act has thus been awakened into being! How many a homely virtue has thus been cherished in the heart till it came forth to shine with a celestial purity and radiance! How many thoughts, warmed and illuminated by a heavenly spirit, have thus been called from within us, and made to shed their joy and hope in our daily paths! How many souls have thus been born into a loftier experience, so as to throw a diviner light around them in their passage through the world!

The order of nature and the order of Providence unite in carrying us on through this universal process of change. We cannot withstand or retard its motion. If we seek to interfere with it, we shall be thrust rudely away, or ground to

powder. But if we adjust ourselves to it, yielding willingly where we must yield, seeking to make each incident or event do its fitting part, then there can be no failure. Whether we succeed or not in our present work, all is well with us. The blessings and mercies of heaven fall upon us. Each moment of time, greeting us as it comes from the hand of God with his benediction, stays just long enough to deliver its message, to fulfill its mission, and then it passes on.

Moments, days, and the longer periods of time, thus come to us, every one with a personal message to each individual soul. Childhood and youth, manhood and age, each has for each of us its appropriate gift, endowment, occupation, and passes on, leaving us in the hands of that which shall come next. And it becomes us to do now the work appropriate to the present season, not impatient to leave it before the time, nor seeking to extend it beyond its appointed limits. There is a time for preparation and a time for work. There is a time to assume heavy responsibilities and a time to lay them down. The important changes of life may well make us thoughtful. At such seasons our minds naturally go back to ask of the days that are past whether we have been wise and faithful in the use we have made of them, and forward with some questionings as to what lies before us. We can hardly pass the invisible boundary that separates one year from another without some unusual seriousness of mind.

We may not be saddened. We may be full of happy anticipations. If we have sought earnestly to do our duty, we have nothing to fear, and there are inward satisfactions which can be weighed to our advantage against any amount of worldly discomfort or success. This we feel, and more than this, when we look back through any considerable period, we see how kindly all things have worked together, and formed a part of the divinely ordered plan of our lives.

The secret of success, in the best meaning of that sadly abused word, lies in the devotion of ourselves to the highest ends, engaging in our life's work with all our hearts, using all our faculties, taking advantage of all the opportunities that are offered, with a perfect trust in God, doing each day the

most and the best that we can. When the time has come for leaving any particular work, then we are to submit willingly and gracefully, giving up that which is no longer ours, accepting the new situation, the new condition which God offers, with grateful and affectionate trust. He who has labored earnestly through the heat of the day may perhaps be pardoned if he should seek to bear a lessening burden, or even to rest a little amid calmer studies and meditations, before the lengthening shadows which tell him that his day is far spent are quite lost in the night in which no man can work. If he cannot put forth his strength as he once did, perhaps his mission now may better be accomplished by the exercise of a needed patience. If he may not influence or control events by active efforts, perhaps he may do something by a wise forbearance, a gentle tolerance, a greater charity to others, a more loving submission to a higher and better will than his. If, in the days of our strength, we have really sought to act in concert with the divine mind, we must have acquired, to some extent, the habit not only of doing what we could, but of leaving cheerfully and trustingly with him what we could not do, — the habit of seeing his hand everywhere, in the wise ordering, the kindly succession, the wonderful adjustment, — everywhere change, and yet everything beautiful in his time.

To this universal and beneficent law of God I bow in grateful and joyful obedience. The time is come when it is better for you and for me that a younger life should exercise its functions in this place. The truths of our religion are as old as the throne of God, and can never change. But we are all changing. Each new generation has its peculiar way of viewing even the most sacred subjects. There are habits of thought, forms of speech, modes of presenting ideas, methods of action, adapted to the living, changing minds and characters around us. Much of the best inspiration to the young comes from the unexpressed and unconscious sympathy of contemporary minds, growing up under similar circumstances, acted upon by the same influences, attuned to the same key, and answering spontaneously to each other's wants. I have

deavored to keep up with the religious thought and senti-
ent of the day, and have had no occasion to complain of
y apparent decline of interest, especially on the part of the
ung. But the time has come. A new connection prom-
es a better success. I need not say how grateful I am to
ou for all your kindnesses through these many years. Nor
eed I say how grateful to me are the arrangements that
ave been made, and how much I shall rejoice in everything
hat may help you and your new pastor in continuing what
as been the great work and hope of my life.

I have only to look around me to be admonished that my
ime for at least a partial withdrawal has come. In this
County of Norfolk, among all the different denominations,
there are, I think, only four active ministers of parishes —
three Unitarian and one Episcopal — who were settled where
they now are when I came here a little more than twenty-
five years ago. Great and solemn changes have taken
place in almost every home since I came among you. All
who were then aged have passed away. Of those who
were then as old as I am now, only one is living. I
have seen those whom we then looked upon as young
growing old, their numbers diminishing from year to year.
I have watched the conduct of children in our schools, and
followed them from the schools to their various callings,
rejoicing in their success, sorrowing with them in their disap-
pointments; but most of all watching and praying that they
might grow in those higher qualities which bring a dearer
atisfaction to the heart, which make them in the highest
ense useful and honored members of society, and which can
ever forsake them. I need not speak here of the joy and
ratitude with which I have seen young persons growing
nto all manly or womanly virtues and graces. I think of
hem with religious thankfulness, and with inward emotions
f love and joy, such as fathers and mothers feel in the well-
oing of their children. What greater cause of thankfulness
nd rejoicing can we have than to see children whom we
ave consecrated with the waters of a Christian baptism
blossoming into boyhood or girlhood in the sweetness and

the strength of all trusting affections, and then emerging into a riper manhood or womanhood, with all Christian virtues and graces cherished in their hearts, and showing themselves in their lives.

An upright man, going forth in his own conscious integrity of character, an example of truthfulness and honor, seeking only what is right, feeling his higher wants, and looking to God for the strength and the inward life which he alone can bestow, a man whose heart and mind have been enlarged by a generous religious culture, by habits of fidelity, of kind and gracious deeds, by inward consecration and prayer, having a soul all alive with love, with reverence, with faith, living as in the presence of an unseen power, and coming forth from that presence to do the duties of the hour, in the midst of men and evil customs, yet with no spot to stain the heaven-like purity of his thought, — what an example have we here of the great and beneficent law of progression, changing from day to day, and yet more beautiful with every successive change. So a young girl, growing up, and passing through the different stages of life, in the fullness and the charm of womanly maturity, her affections refined and elevated by holy thoughts, her love of admiration lost in her sense of God's love, her selfishness melted away in the warmth of her affection for others, doing with each hour the duty which it brings, adorning prosperity with a brighter charm, lighting up the darkest experiences with the serene faith of a soul on which the light of heaven always rests, — she, in her home and her sphere, through all the changes which pass over her, is as true and as beautiful an image of God's kingdom as we can have on earth.

Here, in the highest forms that we can imagine, are types of Christian living; and every one who is earnestly seeking and striving after what is highest and best may go on, "changed into the same image" from one degree of excellence to another here, and "from glory to glory" hereafter. Far away from the attainment of such an end we may feel ourselves to be. Slow and saddened by the consciousness of many disappointments and failures may we be in our prog-

ess towards it. But if we seek it with all our hearts, we all go on towards it, and through all our changing progress od will make everything beautiful in his time. Life will very year grow richer to us in its hopes and its benefac-ons. Sweeter influences will descend upon us from heaven. ur intercourse with one another will be more cordial and enerous, attended by fewer interruptions and purer satisfac-ons.

For twenty-five years I have been laboring, according to y ability, as a minister of Christ, as a neighbor and friend o do something to establish in your hearts this higher ideal f Christian living, and to aid you in making the heavenly ision a reality in your lives. I cannot say that my success as at all corresponded to my wishes. I cannot feel that ither in my own life or in the life of the community there as been progress enough heavenward to make it altogether leasant to dwell on the outward and apparent success of my inistry. Here, as elsewhere, some have fallen away from all pparent regard for the institutions and ordinances of our eligion; some have failed to cultivate their religious facul-es, and to cherish in their hearts the reverence for sacred ings, and the faith in things unseen and eternal, which lone can cheer and comfort and sustain them when all other ossessions and hopes shall pass away; some have grown orldly and hard and selfish. But there have been many istances of lives evidently expanding in the sunlight of od's love, minds opening like sweet and beautiful flowers in e dews of his grace, hearts unfolding into a diviner lovelі-ess, growing more upright, more thoughtful, more faithful nd beautiful, with the progress of the years.

A quarter of a century ago — those who were in middle life hen are old now. They who were young then are beginning o show marks of age. But there are among them those vhose hearts will never grow old, whose sensibilities to all hat is beautiful and holy, or generous and lovely, become nore alive with every year that is numbered in their calen-dar. Their faces are turned heavenward. The light of God's truth and love never shines with a more divine illumination

around them than when they are engaged in their common thoughts and labors. Time and change and death can have no power over them, except to help them on in their heavenly course, or to set them free from earthly obstructions, that they may go forth in humility and joy into that world where all the prophecies of our nature are fulfilled, and what is dimly longed for and struggled for here shall come to them as free as the blessed air of heaven.

Almost a generation of worshipers have passed away from these seats since I came among you. On no one of these would I dare, even in thought, to sit in judgment. But how many true and loving spirits have been refreshed and gladdened by our services here on their way through earth to heaven! How many faithful and beautiful lives have found strength and comfort here! The sacred songs, the prayers, the associations of this place, have been very dear to many a pilgrim who is now among the angels of God. Many a time should I have been utterly discouraged as I have looked around, and seen what dominion the world was gaining, were it not that I have been cheered by words of encouragement and love spoken to me by dear and saintly ones from the very borders of eternity. I seem to see them now, — the young leaving behind them in the homes which they had blessed the fragrance of their own immortal affections, the old in the serene and holy trust of souls matured and ripened for the kingdom of heaven, — men and women in the fullness and freshness of life, with strong hearts and generous aims, while engaged in enterprises of private benefaction or for the general good, cut off by what seemed to us an untimely death. Once they were with us here. Their zeal encouraged us. Their enterprise stimulated us. Their patience added to our powers of endurance. Their faith opened to us visions of a more transcendent loveliness. Their unworldliness rebuked and attracted us. If there were nothing else left but only this cloud of heavenly witnesses, I could not feel that life had been poor and profitless and vain.

There are hopes which the eye cannot see. There are influences at work which the busy world does not recognize.

There is a divinity within and around us which will not leave us helpless or comfortless. As centuries ago among the hills and by the sea of Galilee, so to-day and in the midst of us there is a holy one ready to heal our sicknesses, to raise our dead into a blessed and eternal life, to preach to us a better gospel than the world has ever accepted yet. Oh, when shall we learn to recognize his presence and his power? When shall we learn to give ourselves to him as to the highest joy and hope which the soul of man can receive?

In these five and twenty years since I came among you whole families have passed on into other worlds. We have all changed. But, so far as we have been faithful to our trust, every change has been a blessing. The heavens are peopled now by those who were once our personal friends, and, if our hearts have been kept alive to spiritual things, it is not difficult for us to feel that we live in the midst of heavenly beings. He who lives thus has transformed his allegiance from this to a higher realm. If, by the consecration of ourselves to what is highest and holiest, we live and believe in him who is the resurrection and the life, we shall never die. Death is but the messenger to lead us upward into life. We shall all be changed, but only that this incorruptible may put on incorruption. When death approaches us, it turns every mortal thing about us which it touches into ashes, but only that it may set free the soul, and help it to rise in its spiritual body to its eternal home. We shall all be changed, and then, in the gladsome experience of our hearts, in the light which shines down from higher worlds to illuminate and sanctify to us the changing incidents through which we have passed, we shall see a richer meaning, a more sacred presence, a diviner beauty, in every experience here, and we shall see, as we never could before, how he who maketh everything beautiful in his time has glorified the last and greatest change with his crowning mercy, when he lifts us up, redeemed and sanctified by his love, into that higher world, and places us there "among his saints in glory everlasting."

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN EGAGED ON THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1775.

BY A. B. MUZZEY.

At a time when so much is done to commemorate the deeds of our fathers, it seems incumbent on every one having personal knowledge of incidents connected with their history to aid in giving them a permanent form. Having from my earliest childhood heard the story of the Revolution from the lips of several who took part in its opening scenes, I am unwilling that their share in it shall be lost to the annals of that day.

We are living at a period in which the most terrible war perhaps in human history, considering the numbers engaged and the devastation of life and property daily going on, has shocked our sensibilities. I am struck with the contrast, in their moral and Christian aspects, between this conflict and that waged by our fathers, so far as they were personally concerned. We see, as an eloquent speaker has just said in Boston, that, "for a nation to espouse the cause of liberty and justice at the cost of war, is a very different thing from a nation's disposition to espouse the cause of war at the cost of liberty and justice." The fields of Europe have been often drenched with human blood shed at the instigation of ambitious rulers, to promote the delusive scheme of "a balance of power," or for national aggrandizement, or personal or family sway. Such has been the late contest between France and Prussia. Amid the diversity of views in regard to the animus of its origin or the purposes for which it was waged, we can see but little that is to be commended. On the one side we hear Napoleon styled a tyrant and usurper, and on the other, King, now Emperor, William, is called "a butcher." To whichever side our sympathies may incline, and however strong our desire that freedom, equal rights, and justice may finally prevail, we are struck with the alloy

of motives on both sides that appear sordid and selfish, and of deeds that are base and inhuman.

The patriots of the Revolution were free, to a remarkable extent, not only from overt misdeeds, but from any purposes that, in a Christian light, can be viewed with suspicion. They bore injuries, and even insults, from the mother country for long years. It was hoped, even up to the outbreak of hostilities at Lexington, that the difficulties between us and Great Britian might be adjusted without war. With no thought among the people of a final separation, even Washington seemed hardly persuaded, until near the Declaration of Independence, that this deadly appeal would render it necessary to throw off allegiance to the British crown.

The pacific spirit of the people was seen up to and at the very opening of the Revolution and in sight of an invading force. When the British troops under Col. Smith had passed my father's door in Lexington, on their way to Concord, my grandmother left the house, taking her two children, my father, who was nine years old that day, and his brother, a boy of six, to spend the dread day with a neighbor and friend. A foot-weary soldier had fallen behind the column, and, as the sun was rising, he met and saluted my grandmother. "Good morning, madam, the king's troops are diverting you a little this morning." Her reply, in the custom of those days, was from Scripture, in the language of the elders of the town of Bethlehem, who met Samuel, and "trembled at his coming." She said, "Come ye peaceably?" The soldier could not reply, as the prophet did, "Peaceably;" but said, with little of her reverence, "Ah, madam, you have carried the joke rather too far with us."

Nothing was done at that critical moment except on the defensive. While our citizens were active on the morning of the 19th, they were in no point aggressive. My grandfather had seen a few men riding on horseback past his house at dusk on the evening of the 18th; and, as the wind blew their overcoats open, he noticed their uniforms underneath. This aroused the suspicions of the people, and he, with another man, was sent before daylight the next morning to get intel-

ligence of any movement below by the British troops. He stopped in Arlington, then Menotomy, at a tavern kept by a relative, who was afterward shot in the face by a soldier. While he was there, the enemy arrived, and some of them came into the house, and my grandfather narrowly escaped by a back door. He found his horse let loose and injured, though not disabled. He returned to Lexington and proceeded to secure a few valuables in his house, putting the silver in a bedtick which he let down into his deep well, and carrying other articles to a neighboring hill and burying them under a mass of leaves. When the British troops returned from Concord, they entered his house, broke a large mirror, and demolished the "beaufet" with its contents of valuable crockery, parts of which I remember seeing in my boyhood. I heard my grandfather say "the floor had stripes of blood all over it, as if a pig had been stuck and dragged around the room." Not content with this damage, they fired at the house after leaving it, several bullets, one of which passed through a partition on which I often gazed from the bed in my childhood, and two others I took from the brick lining to our walls in 1815, when the house was repaired. The British, in their wantonness, the same day burned three houses within a mile of my grandfather's, one of them belonging to a widow.

The Christian forbearance of our people was illustrated in the cool and prudent conduct of Capt. Parker, who commanded the company of "minute men" who met the enemy on Lexington Common that day. My grandfather belonged to this company, but was prevented from being himself in their ranks, as he had been sent out on a special message of reconnoitering. The captain ordered his men "not to fire unless they were fired upon." As the little band of sixty stood before eight hundred disciplined troops, a few of them naturally, for a moment, faltered. Parker ordered every man to "stand his ground till he should order him to leave it;" and added, that he would "order the first man to be shot down who should attempt to leave his post." I have often heard individuals who witnessed the scenes of that morning,

ɔe them in detail. Several of the company were living my early manhood. One, William Munroe, lived to ;e of eighty-eight; another, the fifer on that day, and nly sixteen, lived to the age of ninety-three. A citizen, ıt day fifteen years old, when it was doubted whether en returned the British fire at all, would say: "I was spot where the red-coats stood, after the battle that ıd saw in one place a large pool of blood." He lived f to the advanced age of ninety-one.

ill be recollected that John Hancock, who was a son of inister of Lexington by that name, and Samuel Ad- ere at the house of Rev. Mr. Clarke, who married a e of John Hancock, through the night of April 18. were advised, after the attack on the common, and the British had started toward Concord, to flee for At first they retired to a hill southeast of Mr. 's, then covered with wood. While waiting here for itish column to pass on, the almost inspired Adams, ıg on a rock which has been pointed out to me by ɔther-in-law, Gen. Chandler, who owned the premises, l, as the sun was a little way up, that immortal sen- "What a glorious morning for America is this!"

en heard from my grandfather the history of the en- r between James Hayward, of Acton, and a British at a house by the foot of Fiske Hill, on the return Concord. The latter, after pillaging the house, had d for a draught of water from the well. Hayward ap- ed him and exclaimed, "You are a dead man." "And you," was the reply; both fired and both fell, the one he other expired the next day. I recalled the memor- ell with new interest April 19, 1835. It was then, the remains of the martyr soldiers were placed under ıument at Lexington, that Edward Everett, the orator day, exhibited the powder-horn worn by Hayward in eadly encounter. I saw the hole made in it by the which killed him, and was glad to learn recently that nerated relic was bequeathed by Mr. Everett to the f Acton, and is now deposited in that place.

It has been often said that our fathers were influenced in the Revolution by political considerations alone; that it was the tax upon tea, the Stamp Act, and especially taxation without representation in Parliament, which alone moved them to resist the British Government. Like all other people, it is said, they were selfish in their purposes, and never rose higher in any event than to seek civil liberty for themselves and their children. I think this an egregious injustice to their memory; they did, indeed thirst for civil liberty, and it was to their honor that they led the van in establishing the foundations of republican institutions. But they had a still higher aim than this; their motives culminated in religion. As far back as the great Reformation, when the right of private judgment in all concerns between God and the soul was established against the claims of Papacy, and down through the exactions of the crown of England and the oppressiveness of her Church, we can trace the swelling streams of religious liberty. This spirit was in no spot more rife than in the town where the Revolution commenced. As early as Dec., 1691, the inhabitants of Lexington started a subscription to erect "a meeting-house." At the very first meeting held after the "Precinct," then a part of Cambridge, was clothed with the corporate powers which the inhabitants had obtained for this purpose, they taxed themselves for the support of the gospel. Like the tax list, dated April 22, 1692, the subscription paper contains the names of all the notable citizens, which shows their zeal in the cause of religious institutions. They were anxious, it appears, for good roads, for military defense, and especially for the education of their children. But the church always stood nearest their hearts, and drew forth their largest gifts and appropriations. And here, as everywhere throughout the Colonies, the clergy were almost uniformly on the side of both civil and religious liberty. Mr. Hancock, the second minister of the town, although devoted pre-eminently to his profession, saw the need of carrying the influence of religion into civil affairs. In a sermon before the rulers of the Colony, he says, "Great men are not always good; it would be well, it would be

ppy, for all states and governments if they were: they ght to be good, yea, the best of men; yet many times ey are the worst scourges of the world, and plagues of ankind." His successor, Rev. Mr. Clarke, a devout man, d a man of great mental abilities, was an eminent patriot, d fitly called "a statesman." Several important public pers of that period came from his pen. It was he who rote the eloquent inscription on the monument at Lexing-n, in which his piety, as well as his patriotism, stands forth nspicuously: —

> "The blood of these Martyrs,
> In the cause of God and their country,
> Was the cement of the Union of these States.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal;
> Victory crowned their arms; and
> The Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United States of America was their glorious reward."

Mr. Clarke, in his sermon, April 19, 1776, contrasts the verent and devout spirit of the Colonists with the irreli-ous acts of the British. "On the Sabbath," he says, — it s Feb. 26, 1775, — "a day held sacred to God and religion Christians, while God's people were in his house, a de-chment of these instruments of tyranny and oppression ndestinely landed at Marblehead, and made a quick march Salem, to attempt to seize upon some cannon and other litary stores deposited there to be ready for use." In his rrative of facts that occurred April 19, 1775, after detailing e bloody scenes of that day, he continued: "That there is God, with whom is the power and the glory and the victory, certain: whether he will finally give up this people into e hands of those who have thus cruelly commenced hos-ties against them must be left to time to discover."

In the same pious tone the citizens of Boston, as early as 68, had, at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, asked the cler-men of the town to appoint a day of fasting and prayer. nd no one could doubt that, when the British saw the peo-e meeting, as they often did, to seek aid and guidance from

God, when they heard the tolling of bells from their churches on week days, and saw their "Christian firmness," they feared these impressive tokens of their religious faith, united with their patriotism, more than they did their arms. The piety of such men as Samuel Adams was no vain pretense. In proscribing him, as the British King did, he and his nation knew that they aimed their edict against a man who, like multitudes of his coadjutors, put their trust in the God of battles. The name of John Parker, the hero who led the little band on Lexington Common, April 19, 1775, stands on the roll of the church-members of that town. And his was no empty profession of religion. He showed his faith by his dauntless deeds; and when he drew his sword on that illustrious morning, he knew and felt that, as in the Bible he daily read and obeyed, Israel of old was upheld by "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," so should he and his men fight with strength given them by Jehovah.

It will be remembered that a reinforcement of British troops came out to Lexington in the after part of this memorable day and met the force of Col. Smith about half a mile below the village. On this spot, it is probable, the shot was fired by the artillery which struck the church on the common, passing through or near the pulpit, and falling at the door of one of Capt. Parker's company, back of the green where the enemy were met. This act of desecration shocked all who ever saw its effects. The Rev. Mr. Morrill of Wilmington, who preached the annual sermon April 19, 1780, says of it, "Let the mark of British tyranny made in the house of God remain till time itself shall consume the fabric and it moulders into dust." I recollect seeing this cannon-ball in my boyhood, and I shared in the feeling of horror at the tale of impiety it told.

Of those who bore arms on that eventful morning, twelve survived to my early manhood. There was the venerated Fiske, who told in my hearing many a sad story of his sufferings in the old continental army. It seems to me that those men carried with them something of the moral power that pervaded the great cause they so nobly defended. I recall

e large form of the veteran Col. William Munroe, two years representative of the town, and nine years one of its select-en, the sergeant of Capt. Parker's company, a man of ave and determined aspect. His oldest daughter married r uncle, the boy I have spoken of on the day of the battle. ten, as I sat by his side, I imagined his feelings when he ew up that little band on the common. He was a man of v words, but they were wise and weighty. No profane ntence ever sullied his lips, any more than those of his mmander, tempted though he was in the peril and excite-ent of that hour. What a contrast did those men, and I may ld to them many if not all of the survivors of that com-ny, present to the foul language of Major Pitcairn in that ene: "Disperse, ye rebels!" repeated with an oath each me. We are struck with the purity of the men in general n our side at that time, compared with the rank vices tend-g always to cluster round the camp, and grown to fearful roportions at that period among the army of Gen. Gage.

In speaking of the religious tone of those who defended the untry in the opening of the Revolution, we should always ar in mind that they were, to a large extent, cultivators of e soil which they protected. The occupation of the pa-ots at Lexington is indicated by the circumstance that eir home was called, originally, "Cambridge Farms." As look over the roll of Capt. Parker's company, I find a very ge proportion of them were farmers. Several family es-tes of to-day have descended from men of that corps. My andfather was the third generation who had owned and cupied the same estate; and it gives me pleasure to add at it is now occupied by the third generation of the family m him. It was the taunt of the British aristocracy that ey could easily put down the "peasantry" of America. us it may be a just source of pride that our country ined its independence largely through the toils and sacri-es of the owners of the soil. "In defiance," says Edward verett, "of the whole exerted powers of the British empire, e yeomanry of the country rose as a man, and set their es on this dear stake of liberty." Cyrus of Persia, and

Cato, Virgil, and other classic writers, have celebrated the power of the tillers of the soil. Cowper tells us, "God made the country, man the city." And, without detracting in the least from the noble services of men in other avocations, in those trying days, we may never forget that it was, under God, by the strong arm and the wise counsels of the great agriculturist of Mount Vernon, and the united labors of men who fought for the soil they owned and loved, looking up to the God of nature as well as grace, that the foundations of our civil and religious liberties were laid. The Roman empire fell, largely because her citizens forsook the culture of the land by their own hands. If we wish to save the country through all ages, we must, like our fathers, secure homes for the people; for that is the very rock of a nation's virtue and stability.

Let one thing more be said to vindicate the Christian spirit of the patriots of the Revolution. From their first to their last act, they were, as a whole, free from the temper of malice and revenge. They hoped against hope that bloodshed might be avoided. Stirred at some moments to indignation, they were still calm and forbearing. The Provincial Congress often appealed to the "Sovereign Ruler of the Universe," not only for defense amid danger, but to witness the purity of their motives. They sought every possible method of peaceable redress for their injuries; they were always averse to the dread arbitrament of war, and that not from timidity, but upon principle. And when compelled to fight for their rights, they kept steadily in view their accountability to the God of all justice. Rev. Mr. Adams, of Lunenburg, in preaching the annual sermon at Lexington, April 19, 1783, after the close of the war, gives, as its motto, "The cause was from the Lord." Although they could not forget the transactions of the past, "The laws of Christianity," he says, "oblige us to forgive." While they "mourned over the ashes of their slaughtered friends," he called them to give thanks to that God who had been with his people in distress, and carried them through, and who alone is to be exalted in their salvation.

PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA.

THERE goes a quiet angel
About this earthly land;
For earthly needs, with comfort,
He comes at God's command.
His look doth peace and favor
And gentle kindness show;
Oh, follow thou that Angel
Of Patience, here below!

He leads thee always truly
Through every earthly grief,
With joyful hope foretelling
A time of blest relief.
For art thou quite despairing —
His courage conquers still;
He helps thy cross to carry,
And brings good out of ill.

He turns to tender sadness
The soul's most bitter pain,
And dips in still submission
The heart that strives in vain.
He makes the darkest hour
Returning light reveal,
And surely, if not quickly,
Thy every wound will heal.

He chides not at thy weeping,
When he would bid it cease;
Nor does he blame thy longing,
But hushes it to peace;
And when, while storms are raging,
Thou, murm'ring, askest, Why?
In silence, sweetly smiling,
Points upward for reply.

He has not to each question
  Prompt answer for thine ear:
His motto is, "Endure thou!
  The resting-place is near."
So walks he close beside thee,
  But with infrequent speech,
His thoughts through distance hasting,
  The great, blest goal to reach.

S. C. R.

TO AN ANTIOPA BUTTERFLY.

WANDERER with me in this sunlight,
  Art thou sharer of my joy?
Do such thronging hopes and memories
  Form thy fancy's sweet employ?

Thou, as I, hast tasted pleasure,
  Thou, with me, hast suffered pain;
We have both survived a winter,
  Spring revives us both again.

But thy winter only witnessed
  The moon six times her courses run;
The stormy clouds of mine outmeasured
  Thrice the circuit of the sun!

Thine was passed in torpid slumber,
  Pain or fear thou didst not know;
Mine mid frequent fears and anguish,
  Agony in every throe.

But thy joy, renewed in sunshine,
  Soon in endless death shall close;
Mine, the sun himself outlasteth;
  Death my being never knows.

Such the All-wise Father's pleasure,
  Highest good we reach through pain;
Half the joy of April's sunshine
  Comes from cold December's rain.

Z.

HOSEA BALLOU.

BY A. P. PUTNAM.

HOSEA BALLOU, or "Father Ballou," as he was familiarly called by the Universalists, was born April 30, 1771. The centennial anniversary of his birthday will accordingly occur during the present month. The denomination of Christians, whose history his life and labors so largely illustrated, very fitly propose to devote the day, which happily falls this year on Sunday, to a grateful commemoration, in their churches, of the man and his work. Born as he was about six months after John Murray first landed on our American shores, and having spent the more than sixty years of his ministry in the propagation and defense of the doctrine of the final restoration of all mankind, his history well-nigh covers the whole term of the existence of distinctive and organized Universalism in this country. In view especially of the marked prominence, distinguished services, and wide-spread influence of Mr. Ballou, his history may almost be said to be the history of his sect.

His birthplace was Richmond, N.H. His father was Maturin Ballou, a Baptist preacher of the strictest Calvinistic views, of the most reverential spirit, and of the highest integrity of character. There were eleven children, and Hosea was the youngest. From several of the six sons, nearly all of whom were Universalist or Baptist preachers, have descended a still larger number of ministers of the great salvation, who have borne the family name, and among whom may be particularly mentioned Hosea Ballou, 2d, D.D. He was the author of the "Ancient History of Universalism," and the first President of Tufts College, and was deservedly honored for his talents, attainments, piety, and worth. The Ballous, by their numerical force as well as by their eminent ability, have exerted a very important influence upon the denomination with which they have been connected.

The mother of the Hosea whose history we are briefly

sketching died when this youngest of her sons was only about two years old. The child was early instructed by his parents in the Calvinistic faith, and when he was eighteen he joined the Baptist Church of which his father had been the pastor. At this time there were in Richmond and vicinity a few persons who had been converted to Universalism by Elder Caleb Rich, himself a convert from the Baptist persuasion. Elder Rich, Adam Streeter, and Thomas Barnes were among the earliest pioneers of Universalism in that part of New England. They came to embrace this doctrine through their own independent thought and study, uninfluenced by Mr. Murray, who had created by his preaching a good deal of excitement in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, but of whom they knew but little. By conversation with some of the converts of Elder Rich, and through much serious reflection, young Ballou was led to doubt the truth of some of the theological views in which he had been educated. In the next spring after he joined the church, he went with his brother Stephen to stay awhile in Westfield, N.Y. Stephen was alarmed as he saw Hosea's tendencies to Universalism. But the mind of the latter became more and more confirmed in its new impressions. He soon returned to Richmond, strong in the belief that all men would be saved; and finding that his brother David, who was twelve years his senior, had also become convinced of the truth of this doctrine, and had begun to preach it, he himself entered upon his preparation to preach it too. He was now but nineteen years of age. He never yet had attended school. His chief school had been the farm. Nature, of which he was a genuine lover, had, however, opened to him in the fields and flowers a book rich with wondrous lessons. Few other books were at his command. The Bible was his daily companion. He knew of no other printed volume wherein the cheering, thrilling faith which he had embraced was set forth. In one important sense Ballouism may be said to have been an indigenous plant of Richmond, N.H.

Hosea Ballou, because he was thus guilty of the offense of believing that all, rather than a part only, of mankind would

finally be saved, was excommunicated from his father's church. Not that he was less pure, honest, devout, and excellent than he was before, but simply that he believed, in the largest and noblest sense, that God was Love. How little did his persecutors know what it was they were doing, and who it was they were seeking to shut out of the Kingdom! In numberless like cases since that day, as well as before, the victims of such ghostly tyranny have trembled and recanted at the visitation of this theological ban. Hosea was made of sterner stuff. He had only followed the directions of the sacred Word that had spoken to him. He was obedient still to the heavenly voice. He had a mission to fulfill, and he bravely went forth to accomplish it.

In 1783 John Murray suggested to his friend Noah Parker, of Portsmouth, N.H., an annual meeting of those who in different places stood forth as public witnesses to the Universalist faith. The first gathering took place at Oxford, Mass., Sept. 14, 1785. Ministers and delegates were present from the various scattered societies. Among the former were Mr. Murray himself and Rev. Elhanan Winchester. From this meeting, which Mr. Murray described as "truly primitive," the Universalist body dates its organized existence, and received its denominational name. These annual gatherings continued to be regularly held, and grew at last into the yearly meetings of the General Convention, with which the reader is sufficiently familiar. At the meeting of 1791, also held at Oxford, Mr. Ballou met Mr. Murray for the first time. Even thus early in the history of the sect important differences began to appear, in consequence of which Mr. Murray subsequently took less interest in these occasions than he did previously.

In the autumn of the same year Mr. Ballou preached his first sermon, holding forth at the house of a Deacon Thayer, in Richmond. The effort was so decided a failure that it was seriously doubted whether he would ever succeed in the ministry. The second attempt was even more unfortunate than the first. After the third, he thought he should never make another. Yet here was a man who was destined to be one

of the most original, interesting, and successful preachers of his time.

During the first few years of his ministry his time was divided between working in the fields, teaching school winters, and missionary labors in various parts of the region in which he lived. Wherever he could assemble an audience, whether within doors or without, he dispensed the word of life. The difficulties which he encountered at the outset soon began to give way. His familiar, extemporaneous speech, and his acute, fresh, and striking manner of treating the subjects he presented, had the effect to attract large numbers to hear him. All who listened to him felt that he had a noble future before him.

In the earliest part of his career as a preacher, he was, like John Murray, Adam Streeter, Caleb Rich, Thomas Barnes, and quite all of the first Universalist ministers, a high-toned Trinitarian and Calvinist, the only point of dissent from the prevalent theology being in relation to the dogma of endless punishment. These men grounded their arguments for the final salvation of *all* upon the same general principles which led others to believe in the salvation of only the so-called "*elect*." But at length Mr. Ballou, through patient and earnest thought and study, began to doubt the doctrine of the Trinity. The more he pursued his fearless investigations, the more was he convinced that it was unreasonable and unscriptural. Soon, also, he called in question the generally received view of the Atonement. A process was going on in his mind which was destined to revolutionize American Universalism.

He had never been formally ordained to the gospel ministry when the Convention met at Oxford, in 1794. Mr. Winchester, who delivered the sermon on the occasion, as he drew near the end of his discourse, took up the Bible, and, holding it against the breast of the youthful preacher, who was in the pulpit with him, exclaimed, "Brother Ballou, I press to your heart the written Jehovah." Then, after a moment, he turned to Elder Young, and commanded him, saying, "Brother Young, charge him!" The Elder immedi-

ately did as directed, and Hosea Ballou was not less effectually ordained to preach the gospel than he would have been f there had been a regular, canonical, and expected laying on of hands. The effect upon the audience of this singular proceeding was startling and impressive.

It was during this year of 1794 that Mr. Ballou first became a settled minister in Dana, Mass., a township which was then a part of Hardwick. Here he remained until 1802, giving a portion of his time to the societies in Oxford, Charlon, and other more distant places, to which he was accusomed to ride on horseback. His salary amounted to only ive dollars a week. He was obliged to eke out his support by tilling land and teaching school. Yet small as was his ncome, good match-making Elder Rich evidently thought he night maintain a family; for he directed his particular attenion to a Miss Ruth Washburn of Williamsburg, Mass., with vhom our young minister was joined in marriage in 1796, and vith whom he lived in the happiest relations until his death, ifty-six years afterward. Nor should we fail to mention the act that it was while he was thus settled in Hardwick that he entered into a long correspondence upon theological subjects vith Rev. Joel Foster, minister of the Orthodox Congregaional Church in New Salem, Mass. The letters of both parties were published in pamphlet form, and are especially nteresting as affording traces of some of Mr. Ballou's doubts vhether there is any future punishment at all after death.

In 1799 Mr. Ballou made his first public avowal of his belief in the Unitarian doctrine concerning the relations of he Son to the Father. This took place in Mr. Murray's own church in Boston, while Mr. Murray himself was absent on a visit at the South. Mrs. Murray, to whom as well as to her husband such a view was most abhorrent, was, however, present at the service, and at her instigation, just as Mr. Ballou was to announce the closing hymn, a Mr. Balch rose in the singing seats and exclaimed aloud to the congregation, "I wish t give notice that the doctrine which has been preached here this afternoon is *not* the doctrine which is usually preached in this house." Mr. Ballou, always self-pos-

sessed, cool, and ready with an apt reply, listened quietly to the speaker at the other end of the church, and then simply remarked, "The audience will please to take notice of what our brother has said," — immediately afterward proceeding to read the hymn. Father Stacy, in his "Memoirs," records another illustration of this happy way which Mr. Ballou had of turning away wrath. A Universalist service was to take place in the Court House in Windsor, Vt. A furious little orthodox sheriff, with sword in hand, placed himself at the door and sought to drive away the heretics as they drew near the building. At the appointed hour the clergy came in a body, led by Mr. Ballou, who, as he saw the demonstrative magistrate flourishing his weapon of attack and defense, said very pleasantly, "Peter, put up thy sword into his place." The sheriff hung his head for shame and walked off to his home, while the ministers entered the Court House and worshiped in peace.

Hosea Ballou's Unitarianism, as well as his Universalism, was mainly the result of his own independent thought and study. Dr. Mayhew and Rev. James Freeman of Boston had already preached Anti-Trinitarian views in that city, and Dr. Priestley and a Mr. Butler had preached them in other parts of the country. But Mr. Ballou's circumstances had not, it is likely, allowed him to know what these men believed and taught.

The future leader of Universalism in America had already made his mark and was a popular preacher. He now boldly and frequently attacked the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, as well as that of Everlasting Punishment. His influence had begun to be widely felt. He had preached several convention sermons, had visited, in his work of the ministry, many places in New England, and had made extensive acquaintance with those, far and near, who professed the Universalist faith. Mr. Murray was much disturbed by Mr. Ballou's advancing views and by his growing influence. It was on this account that he sometimes seemed a little cold or unfriendly towards his younger brother when they chanced to meet.

In February, 1803, Mr. Ballou removed to Barnard, Vt., and was there formally ordained to the Gospel ministry in September of the same year, his previous ordination by Mr. Winchester being regarded as not sufficiently regular and legal. In and about this town he continued to preach until 1809. During this time he added to his arduous labors as a preacher those of an author, giving to the public the first editions of his well-known works, "Notes on the Parables," and "A Treatise on the Atonement." The latter had an immense influence in setting the minds of Universalists free from the Calvinistic dogmas which were still retained by Murray and Winchester.

It was in the first year of his settlement at Barnard that he attended the very important annual Convention held at Winchester, N. H. The occasion was a marked era in the history of the denomination, inasmuch as it was then that this body of Christians laid down the platform of faith upon which they have stood from that day to this. Twenty ministers were present. Mr. Murray and Mr. Winchester, the two men who, nearly up to this date, had given to American Universalism its theological character, were not at this meeting. Mr. Winchester, six years before, had been gathered to his fathers, and Mr. Murray probably absented himself on account of the general doctrinal tendencies of the body. But there were Hosea Ballou, Zebulon Streeter (Adam, his brother, had died in 1786) Caleb Rich, Thomas Barnes, Zephaniah Lathe, Wm. Farwell, David Ballou, Jacob Young, George Richards, Edward Turner, Solomon Glover, Walter and Edwin Ferris, Ebenezer Paine, Cornelius G. Person, Joshua Flagg, Miles T. Wooley, James Babbitt, Nathaniel Smith and James Foster, — a most remarkable assemblage of brave, earnest, self-denying pioneers, of whom any sect might be proud. Four new candidates for the ministry received letters of fellowship and a license to preach, Samuel Smith, Noah Murray, Nathaniel Stacy and Abner Kneeland. The venerable Zebulon Streeter was moderator of the Convention, and Hosea Ballou was one of the preachers.

The committee who had been appointed the previous year,

1802, to devise "a plan of fellowship in faith and practice," were Zebulon Streeter, Geo. Richards, Hosea Ballou, Walter Ferris and Zephaniah Lathe. They now brought forward their statement, which called forth a long and earnest, but very kind and candid debate. Hosea Ballou, Geo. Richards, Zephaniah Lathe, Walter Ferris, and others, favored its adoption; while Noah Murray, Edward Turner, and others opposed it, basing their opposition on the ground that they had seen enough of the evil effects of creeds, and that the Bible alone should be their standard of faith. On the other hand it was urged that the proposed measure was necessary to any effective organization and to the best fellowship of the spirit, while the oppressive rule of what was called the "Standing Order" made it all the more desirable that they should have a proper and distinct existence as a religious sect. The opposition at length yielded, and the statement was unanimously adopted. It was as follows: —

"ARTICLE I. We believe in one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit of grace; who will finally restore the whole human family to holiness and happiness.

"ART. II. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

"ART. III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice order; for these things are good and profitable to men."

This statement was drawn up by the excellent Walter Ferris, and the great service he thus rendered to the denomination with which he was connected deserves most honorable mention. These articles are entirely free from the Calvinistic errors of Murray and Winchester, and are so comprehensive in what they include, so finely in accord with the most enlightened Christian doctrine, and are so admirable in expression, that it would be difficult for any one of our own time to write a better creed than this. The Universalist body has ever since been true to the sure founda-

ın which was laid for them at Winchester in 1803; and at e recent Centennial Celebration at Gloucester the ministers d delegates of the denomination, assembled from twenty fferent states of the Union, re-adopted this statement by an nost unanimous vote, only a single voice dissenting. They ıim that they find an immense good in such an author-:d expression of the faith of their churches, and that with-t it they could not raise the large amounts of money which e so freely contributed for their denominational institutions ıd enterprises.

In 1809, Mr. Ballou became the pastor of the Universalist ɔciety in Portsmouth, and here wrote his "Candid Review," ıd engaged in several theological controversies with promi-:nt orthodox clergymen. At this time also he assisted in liting a religious quarterly, entitled "The Gospel Visitant," whose pages he continued to contribute after he removed Salem in 1815. It was during his connection with this agazine that he "became entirely satisfied that the Scrip-ıres begin and end the history of sin in flesh and blood, and ıat beyond this mortal existence the Bible teaches us no her sentient state but that which is called by the blessed ıme of Life and Immortality." Universalists, previously to ıis time, had generally believed in a future limited punish-ent. But such was Mr. Ballou's influence, and so industri-ısly did he indoctrinate the body in his newly embraced ews, that as early as 1824, the sect quite universally ac-:pted the theory of the cessation of all suffering for sin, at :ath. This theory is still held by what is called the old :hool of Universalists. The mind of the denomination at rge, however, has reacted from this extreme view, and ac-nowledges "a moral connection of the present life with the ıture."

Mr. Ballou removed to Boston in 1817, and there continued ıe pastor of a Second Church (Rev. Paul Dean being the ıinister of the First), up to the time of his death in 1852.

This was the most active and useful part of his career. ı 1819 he started "The Universalist Magazine," the first Iniversalist paper published in the United States, and proba-

bly in the world. A few years afterward he associated with him in his editorial work Thomas Whittemore, whom he induced to leave the shoe bench for the ministry. Still later the paper was published under the name of "The Trumpet and Universalist Magazine," and was edited for about thirty years by Mr. Whittemore alone. This weekly exercised a vast influence upon the thought and life of the denomination.

Mr. Ballou and Mr. Whittemore were devoted friends of each other to the last, and the former still wrote for "The Trumpet" after he left the editorial chair. In 1831 he began, in connection with his nephew and namesake, Hosea Ballou 2d, D.D., the publication of "The Universalist Expositor," and continued his literary labors by preparing for the press and giving to the public various volumes of sermons and books of a controversial character. They are all marked by the peculiar shrewdness of thought, logical acumen and candor in argument, which ever distinguished their author. Meanwhile, as before, he went hither and thither in the immediate vicinity, and in various parts of the land, to preach and lecture. After Rev. E. H. Chapin became his colleague in January, 1846, the venerable apostle and reformer extended his travels into many distant parts of the Union, still proclaiming the doctrines he loved so well, and carrying with him to thousands, far and near, the benedictions of a true and faithful man of God. It is said that he preached more than ten thousand sermons, and that his writings, if all published in book form, would make one hundred 12mo volumes. He was eighty-one years of age when he died, and sixty of these had been spent in the active, incessant promulgation of the great doctrine of God's impartial love, and of the final and universal restoration. His last sermons were preached at Woonsocket, R. I., on the 30th of May, 1852, eight days before his death, from the texts, Ecclesiastes xii. 13, 14, and Titus ii. 11, 12. His funeral was on the ninth of June, the impressive services at his church being attended by an immense crowd of people of all denominations, and a large concourse of mourners and citizens following the remains to the tomb. The body was at this time laid in the

'ing-ground at the foot of the common, but was afterward ›ved to Mount Auburn.

osea Ballou was a man of superior gifts both of mind heart. He was keen of perception, adroit in argument, :ady wit, and of sterling common sense. His tastes were ›le and his manner plain and unaffected. He loved all ſ and beautiful things, — nature, little children, universal , and most of all the Heavenly Father. In all his domes- elations, and in his whole social intercourse, he was affa- kind, affectionate and true. His faith and trust in God : as strong and unshaken as the hills. His piety was ›, pure and sweet, and his heart was never embittered, his serene nature disturbed, by the persecutions of men. had a genuine spirit of prayer, and his rare Christian faith ı breathed itself out in holy song. Of one of the collec- ; of hymns which he aided in compiling for church use, a large proportion were written by himself, and not a few ıem betray a fine poetic vein. But he as little claimed e a poet as he did to be a man of erudition. He was who was raised up to preach to the common people, in l, clear, honest, Saxon words, just views of God's charac- ɔf the Divine Government, and of the duty and destiny ıan. That such a life of varied and extensive influence usefulness should have been lived by one who never red the schoolroom as a pupil, and who, against adverse ımstances, was obliged to work his way to success by his exertions, so little aided by the help of others, seems ıst incredible, but yet presents a lesson that is full of en- agement to every youth whose path is hedged about by :ulties and disheartenments. The way of duty is indeed 'er the way to glory.

> "He, that ever following her commands,
> On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
> Through the long gorge to the far light has won
> His path upward, and prevailed,
> Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our God himself is Sun and Moon."

For one, I shall ever be grateful that it was my good fortune in my boyhood to learn from the lips of many of the leading ministers of the Universalist body of that time some of the great truths of a rational, cheering, blessed Christian faith. I like to recall them now, — Hosea Ballou, Hosea Ballou 2d, Sebastian and Russell Streeter, Walter Balfour, and Father Jones, Thomas Whittemore and Otis A. Skinner, Sylvanus Cobb and Henry Bacon, who have passed away, and other honored men who are still among the living. Say, if we will, that they were sometimes too sectarian in their views, and had not in all cases enjoyed the culture of the schools. Yet they witnessed to a good confession, and they fought a good fight, and we all see more clearly and enjoy a larger inheritance that such men have lived and wrought.

But more than all, do I remember "Father Ballou," who had been years before, occasionally, a guest of my grandparents when the infant Universalist Society in Danvers worshiped in the little brick schoolhouse near the Topsfield line, — remember him, as subsequently, from time to time, he appeared in the church at the "Neck," with his tall and stately form, his benevolent face, and his easy, natural, familiar, extemporaneous speech. How versed he was in the Scriptures! How clear and cogent his reasonings, so lucid in their strength, that, though they dealt with the deep things of God, a child could understand them! How riveted to the end the attention of the audience, and how unfailing the occasional ripple of laughter that would now and then steal over the congregation, as the preacher made some happy, good-humored hit at his "partialist brethren," as he was fond of calling the Orthodox, or as he clinched with his close, ingenious, and relentless logic, some grand proposition in Theology which he essayed to prove! These are some of the recollections of boyhood which it is pleasant to recall, especially during the month which witnesses the Centennial Anniversary of Hosea Ballou's birthday. May the century that is to come share more largely his spirit and his faith than has the century that is gone!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

CONVOCATION ON THE REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

[A FRIEND, Rev. H. F. Jenks, prepared for us a very full and interesting abstract of the recent discussions in this body. We regret that a want of room prevents our printing it entire. It shows the bigotry and the liberality, the humiliating ignorance and narrowness on the one hand, and the comprehensive learning and largeness of thought on the other hand, which are to be found in the English Church. The exclusive sentiments prevailed in the upper House by a vote of ten to four; but in the lower House a vote virtually negativing that of the Bishops was carried by twenty-three to nineteen. We are able to give only a few specimens to show the temper of the debate. — ED.]

When the Convocation of Canterbury, a year ago, determined to enter upon the revision of the Scriptures, a committee, of which the Bishop of Winchester was chairman, presented a resolution, which was adopted, "That it is desirable that Convocation shall nominate a body of its own members to undertake the work of revision, which shall be at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to *whatever nation or religious body they may belong.*"

In accordance with this resolution the committee extended invitations to a number of scholars eminent for classical attainments and Biblical criticism, and among them to Dr. Newman, a Roman Catholic, and Rev. Vance Smith, a Unitarian. The former declined the invitation, but the latter accepted it and took his place in the body of revisers; and when they partook of the communion in Westminster Abbey, before entering upon their work, he participated with them in the celebration, to the no small scandal of many prominent divines and members of the Established Church. A great deal has been said from time to time in the English papers on the subject, but no definite action was taken until last month, when the Convocation of Canterbury held its session and a debate arose upon it in the House of Bishops.

The Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), after stating the facts already mentioned, expressed his regret that the resolution had been so construed as to admit a Unitarian. If he had been with the committee at the meeting which extended the invitation he should have opposed it. His purpose was to secure for the Old-Testament company the aid of eminent Hebrew scholars. He had been greatly surprised at this invitation, because it seemed to him that there was a great distinction between inviting members of the Hebrew faith, the great guardians of the Word of God of old, to take part in this work, and extending the same invitation to one known as denying one of the persons of the Godhead. He finds now that the clearly expressed opinion of the Church of England is that the inviting of a member of a body known for the denial of our blessed Lord's Godhead was an unwise misapplication of the power given to the committee. "I shall therefore venture to move a resolution to this effect, that in the judgment of this House it is not expedient that any person who denies the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ should be invited to assist in the revision of the Scriptures, and that it is the judgment, further, of this House that any such one now in either company should cease to act therewith."

The Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall) said that he had previously urged the importance to the general success of the work of having the assistance of all the other religious bodies in the country. He thought that most of those who were shocked at the "Westminster scandal" were opponents of revision at all. Without regard to his opinion on this point, he was not convinced that there is such unanimity of opinion as the Bishop of Winchester claims in deprecating the presence of persons holding Unitarian or Socinian views in the Old or New Testament company, but rather thought that the election of a Unitarian to the New-Testament company by a number of bishops proves conclusively that opinions are divided. He did not see how the divergences of the Unitarian doctrines from those of the Church render any eminent scholar belonging to their body less capable of expressing his opinions and affording very valuable assistance in the work. The same

asons would apply with equal force to the admission of ws to the Old-Testament company; because the questions our Lord's divinity are involved in the interpretations of e Old Testament, and in the interpretation of prophecies ere are divergences of opinion as great as any departure of nitarians from the doctrines of Orthodoxy. In conclusion, hoped to be shown "what are the opinions which render unpleasant and uncomfortable for many of us to meet in e same room with those who hold them, and which incacitate those persons from rendering the assistance that ay be rendered by eminent scholars in the revision of the uthorized Version of the Old and New Testaments."

The Bishop of Peterborough (Magee) saw nothing illiberal proposing that the Anglican Church alone should revise a ork which was the work of the Anglican Church alone.

The Bishop of Exeter (Temple) thought more than logic nd consistency are at stake in adopting this resolution: it is question of keeping faith with those invited to take part in e work. He agreed with the Bishop of St. David's, that was of very great importance that the revised translation ould go forth to the world, not merely as the work of the nglican communion, but as the work of the best scholars at can be got to join in it, and that it may be possible in ture to use it in all controversies without its authority beg weakened by the fact of persons of different communs being excluded from participation. It seemed to him ite true that the great body of the laity would regard with s respect a translation coming before them with this disedit attached to it, in consequence of those who hold the thodox faith having alarms and fears as to the security of foundation, and being therefore unwilling that those who sent from the faith should take even such a share in the rk as may be proportionate to their numbers. It will be d that the translation, by the exclusion of such persons, made merely the translation of a particular school of theoly. He thought, therefore, that the original resolution, adtting divergency of opinion in the members of the revising mmittee, was the only one that could have been safely or

properly adopted. Evidently its terms could not have been intended to exclude Unitarians, and on the faith of that resolution invitations were sent out to persons of that communion, both at home and in America, to join the committee. Is it not a very grave matter to propose now to say that we never intended to do what was laid down in our own resolution? The resolution was passed in May, and Convocation sat afterwards in July, so that there was full opportunity for discussing its terms; but, though Mr. Vance Smith had joined the committee, not one word was said complaining that the committee had departed from the terms of the resolution, or that the House itself regretted having passed it.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells (Hervey) said that in the freest interchange of thoughts, he had never heard the slightest shade of sectarian opinion expressed. He thought it impossible to press the resolution of the Bishop of Winchester. The question is not of consistency, but of good faith. The co-operation of a number of persons has been asked by a resolution of this House: it has been given on the basis of respect to scholarship without regard to theological opinions. To depart from this now would be an act of bad faith and a terrible affront to members of the committee.

The Bishop of Rochester (Claughton) said that the conscience of the whole Anglican communion had been shocked. The injured honor of our Lord and Saviour demands that some reparation be made.

The Bishop of St. Asaph (Hughes) had no doubt of the gentleman's high scholarship, honesty, and uprightness, but he had his own views, had no doubt made full use of his learning, and had honestly arrived at the view which he takes of the meaning of the Divine Word, and would do his best in the translation to put upon it the meaning which in his heart he believes to be the true meaning of the original text.

The Bishop of Chichester (Dumford) said that the gentleman had shown in the progress of the revision singular judgment, sagacity, and moderation. There is no personal dislike to him as an individual, his claims as a scholar to be

ssociated in the revision are allowed; but, if the thing was to be done over, it would be agreed that Unitarians were not desired on the committee. An unfortunate step had been taken, which we wish to repair; we have done wrong—let us repair it. To apply an *ex post facto* law to any person or thing is an injustice; but it would be a greater injustice, and more to be deplored to the Church, and to Him whom we love, to lose the opportunity of setting ourselves right with Him, the country, and the Church.

The Bishop of Winchester closed the debate. He said, although the Church was doing right in bringing unsanctified scholarship to aid her on questions of scholarship, it is the Church and the Church only that will finally be the putter-forth of the Word of God to the nation and the Church.

The resolution was then adopted by a vote of ten to four.

The Bishop of St. David's opened the next day's debate by saying that he had seconded the report of the Bishop of Winchester which contained the five articles, and that he had felt particularly pledged to the fifth, and the resolution by which it had been repealed had materially changed the position of every member of the revision committee. Distrust and suspicion had been introduced in place of mutual confidence and respect. Its tendency was to damage and discredit the work by leading the public to believe that there was a fear that Dissenters of a particular denomination in the company would spoil the work. His question had not been answered how the particular opinions of a Unitarian rendered his learning, ability, and scholarship unavailing for giving useful help to the company. He had come to the conclusion that it would not be consistent with what he owed to himself, and others whose views and feelings he shared, who felt deeply aggrieved by the resolution, to retain his place on the Old-Testament company. He felt it absolutely necessary to make the most emphatic protest in his power against altering the fifth resolution, and he knew no other way in which to make it so pointedly and effectively as by resigning. He did this reluctantly. The mischief of the resolution could not be undone, but might be mitigated, and

therefore he presented a resolution, inconsistent with the one adopted the day before, which asserted agreement in doctrine to be the true bond of union in such a work. Agreement in doctrine affords no guarantee for a body being animated by the spirit which he considered the indispensable bond of union (of seeking fidelity and accuracy of translation). Rather, the history of the Church from the earliest times shows that such a body is open to the temptation of warping the letter of Scripture, and of substituting that which they wished and hoped to see written for that which they actually find. He then moved a resolution, "That, notwithstanding the restriction introduced into the fifth resolution (the one in debate), this House does not intend to give the slightest sanction or countenance to the opinion that the members of the revising companies ought to be guided by any other principle than a desire to bring the translation as near as they can to the sense of the original text, but, on the contrary, regards it as their duty to keep themselves as much as possible on their guard against any bias of preconceived opinions or theological tenets in the revision of the work."

The resolution was passed unanimously, and there was a general desire expressed that the Bishop of St. David's would withdraw his resignation; but he still felt himself obliged, in justice to the feelings of others as well as his own, to insist upon it.

In the lower House the debate was carried on in the same spirit.

Dr. Jelf moved the adoption of the resolution, attributing its passage in the upper House to the direct influence of the Holy Spirit.

Archdeacon Allen in seconding this motion said he should like to know whether any great scholar had studied the Greek Testament and remained a Socinian and a denier of the divinity of our Lord.

Dean Stanley opposed the resolution with great earnestness by moving the previous question. He himself had joined the scheme on the faith of this resolution alone. So did the late Dean of Canterbury (Alford). So did oth-

ers. On the faith of it he had invited the assistance of non-Episcopal scholars of the United States. The unity of the company had been satisfactory, and its harmony had never been interrupted by any theological differences. The accommodations of the companies had been furnished on the faith of this resolution, and funds contributed, largely by persons against whom it is directed. There could hardly be a greater breach of faith than to rescind this resolution. Convocation has pledged itself to a certain course, on the faith of which scholars have labored, funds been collected, important commercial engagements entered into, and it is now proposed to alter this almost at a day's notice. He could not believe this House would so demean itself, and allow itself to be blown about by every gust of public opinion; that its members would identify themselves with the picture of the late Minister of Justice in France, of whom it was said that he turned round and round on himself with the plaintive noise of an antiquated weathercock. If anything is important in translating the Holy Scriptures, it is that those concerned in it should not be supposed to be actuated by theological partialities or antipathies of their own; yet here is a resolution intended to exclude persons who have certain theological views, — that is, it is intended that those who have other opinions ought to accommodate the translation to their own opinions. The resolution is intrinsically absurd. It has been assumed that it is aimed against one person; it is not likely that for a long time to come the company of revision will have the advantage of his assistance. His gentle and sensitive spirit is too much wounded by the insults which have been heaped upon him. The assumption that this gentleman is alone aimed at in the resolution, and that it will exclude him, is a double mistake. This resolution asserts that they ought to be excluded who deny the Godhead of our Lord. Under it only one sect in England is entitled to sit on the committee, the Swedenborgians, who believe that the whole of the Godhead is concentrated in the person of our Lord. The doctrine of the divinity of our Lord may be defined so as not to exclude any member of the revision committee.

Moreover, Mr. Vance Smith has openly said he believes in the divinity of our Lord. I do not say he will remain; but he will not be constrained by this resolution to retire. If, then, this resolution is passed, the House will so ignorantly, so inadequately express its meaning that it will exclude members whom it was not intended to, and retain the very person it is intended to exclude. Archdeacon Allen asked if any Unitarian of learning had applied himself to the Scriptures; but there lived eighty years ago another Archdeacon, not less eminent than Archdeacon Allen, namely, Archdeacon Paley, who acknowledged that the person from whom he had derived the greatest assistance in his great work on the "Evidences" was the Unitarian Lardner.

Archdeacon Allen. What I asked was whether any eminent scholar had ever studied the Greek Testament and remained a Unitarian.

Dean of Westminster. Does the Archdeacon wish me to go through the long list of students and divines of the German school to whom the exegesis of the New Testament owes so much? Now, on what grounds is it desired to rescind this resolution? First, a general panic caused by the appearance of Mr. Smith among the committee. But is it the duty of the rulers of the Church to give way to a panic of which eight months ago they thought so little that they passed this resolution avowedly to admit persons like those in question? What is the duty of the Bishops? They knew last year the exact state of the case; what could be more disgraceful than to abandon a ground taken by themselves with their eyes open, and with a full conviction of all that it involved, because of a panic outside among the clergy? Secondly, it is put forth in the upper House, that, while this resolution *is* a breach of faith, it is desirable to make it in honor of — whom? of the All-wise, the All-holy, the All-true, our Lord and Saviour. Has our boasted orthodoxy landed us in this hideous heresy? Can we consent for a moment to degrade the divine attributes of our Lord to the level of a mere capricious heathen deity? Can anything but dishonor be conferred on him by making his name a pretext for inconsis-

tency, for vacillation, for a breach of faith between two contracting parties? Our Lord can be honored but by a strict adherence to the laws of honor, integrity, and truth. He repudiated the notion that dishonor could be brought on his name by that which from every recorded word and act of his life we must be certain he would certainly have approved. The most noble-minded, learned, simple-minded, honest, and eloquent of the prelates of England favor retaining this resolution. Who oppose it? The Bishop of Winchester with his own hand, and with his eyes fully open to the various classes to be included, drew up the resolution and presented it to the upper House. The Bishop of Gloucester now supports its being rescinded; but nothing is more certain than that he acquiesced in the introduction of these elements into the committee. He appealed from the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester in a panic to the same bishops sober, or rather when they believed the clergy sober. The result of rescinding this resolution cannot be easily defined. The other Non-conformists can have no confidence but that as other questions arise resolutions will be passed excluding them. He entreated them as an assembly of Christian clergymen, of learned scholars, of English gentlemen, to reject altogether a measure which is a deliberate breach of faith, an encouragement to handle the word of truth deceitfully, a direct dishonor to the holy religion whose name they bear.

Dr. Fraser said a breach of faith was not the worst thing a man could be guilty of. There might be cases in which a breach of faith was a solemn duty.

The Dean of Westminster said that nothing this House might do would prevent him from acting on the same principles as those on which the communion was administered in Westminster Abbey. Acting on the suggestion of two of the most devout and orthodox of the revision committee, and with the full and entire concurrence of our acting chairman, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, he issued the invitations to every member of the respective companies. His misgivings melted away in the actual presence of these communicants, collected from divers churches, kneeling around

the holy table; and, in recalling the scene thus stamped on his mind, the best description of their feelings during those few minutes when they there gathered round the grave of Edward VI. and the table of the Lord would be the expression used by one of the most saintly and gifted ministers of our Church, that this was a true elevation of the Host, far, far above all the various discords which from time to time so grievously divide us. Now, for a moment, in regard to the gentleman whose presence on this occasion has been so unnecessarily mixed in the controversy which the Bishops' resolution has brought upon us. His presence was perfectly well known to me. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was well aware that the gentleman was kneeling at his side. He was taunted with having violated his principles; to vindicate himself he said there were some few parts of the service in which he could not join, and this has been condemned as a mental reservation. Is it impossible then to join in a complex service like that of the administration of the holy communion without entering intimately into every single expression of the service? Do all members of the Church, can all Non-conformists be supposed to enter into every single expression of the service? He entirely justified this gentleman for having approached them as nearly as he could in that service, knowing that though there were some things that kept him apart from them there was far more in which he agreed. This resolution affects not one member, but the whole constitution of the revision committee. The time has passed for raising questions of this sort without ruin to the scheme and to the prestige of this House. He had moved the previous question out of regard to the upper House itself, which has virtually done the same thing by receiving from the Bishop of St. David's yesterday a resolution directly contradictory to that which it carried the day before. In this new resolution they ask you in tones that cannot be mistaken to rescue them from the inextricable dilemma in which they have involved themselves. In heaven's name, let us do something to save them from this inextricable entanglement. He entreated them, as they valued the reputation of this

›use, and the reputation of their fathers in the upper ›use, to set this resolution aside by voting the previous estion.

The motion of the Dean of Westminster was lost by a vote forty to twenty; but a subsequent resolution, that the up- House be respectfully requested to allow the lower House postpone giving its opinion on the resolution of the upper ›use until the committee appointed in May, 1870, to report Convocation on a scheme of revision shall have made its ›ort, was passed by a vote of twenty-three to nineteen, an Stanley voting for it on the express understanding that passage would allow them to delay reporting until the rk of revision was completed.

Leading English periodicals comment with great severity the action of the Convocation. The result, however, is ›ouraging. It shows unmistakable signs of a broader, re generous, more comprehensive, and enlightened spirit the English Church. The wider communion which the t and ablest minds there are seeking and striving to reach ıot to be forever an ideal vision only.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

House of the silent night, receive
All that embodied spirits leave!
To thee the loosened frame we trust,
The mouldering bones and cherished dust.

Within thy dark and cherished womb
The crowding nations haste to come;
From every clime is gathered here
The harvest of the human year.

Nature's hard conflict now is o'er;
Sorrow and care shall vex no more:
The touch of Slander shall not wound,
Nor Envy sting, beneath the ground.

— *Mrs. Barbauld.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE Forty-first Congress closed its labors with the 4th of March. It has done a great work, much that will endure, we believe, doing good to future generations. And there has been much that is not so good. But if we should begin to criticise we should go out of our province, and in making the necessary qualifications should require more space than we have at our command. It is easy to find fault; and unless for grave and strong reasons the habit of finding fault with our public men has a mischievous effect on the public mind. It is therefore with pleasure that we extract from "The Independent" a few sentences of a different character. They are from Rev. Moses Hoyt Tyler, a very intelligent gentleman, who, though familiar with the great legislative bodies in England, has this winter for the first time seen our Senate and House of Representatives. He says, —

"I have been greatly impressed with the fact that our leading politicians and statesmen are of a much higher type of person than our current literature gives them the credit of being. Is there not among the literary class at present a tendency almost virulent to sneer at and to disparage the political class? It strikes me that the men who usually come to the front, who do the real work in our national legislature and give to it its character, are neither commonplace, nor petty, nor vulgar. They would not suffer by a comparison with our literary people. I venture to say, that, in as many ways — though those ways may be somewhat different — they are quite as accomplished. It is true, that, with an occasional superb exception, like Charles Sumner, our politicians do not get that varied scholarly training, and have not that manifold acquaintance with the literatures of mankind, of which many examples could be mentioned among the politicians of Germany, of Italy, of France, and of England. But very much the same remark could be made of the literary men of America as compared with literary men of those countries. America is still crude. The time has not arrived

for such elaborately trained statesmen or scholars to be possible among us in large numbers. Meantime, this, at least, is my impression: that the chieftains of the two houses of Congress, of both parties, are men fully up to the best rank of our land and time, — being of immense personal force, of prodigious application, versatile, vigilant, sagacious, going straight to the mark. I cannot pretend to know even the names of all the ablest men here; but, bringing together such a group as could be made by collecting Blaine, Julian, Banks, Dawes, Cox, Kelley, Judd, Schenck, Wood, Voorhees, Garfield, Hoar, Butler, Logan, Colfax, Sumner, Conkling, Carpenter, Morton, Schurz, Thurman, Patterson, Wilson, I think we should find ourselves ready to say that here, indeed, are as good types of the American man as we are likely to get sight of in our day, — stalwart persons, of virile wit, affable, alert, concentrated, rugged, of eloquent speech and brave act.

"I am greatly struck with the industry of these men; especially of those whom we speak of as leaders, and who are making their influence on the legislation of the country. A politician in either house who gets a hearing, and who comes to be taken as a real force, must have distinct ideas on an immense range of topics, covering, in fact, all those matters of natural resource and of policy, both at home and abroad, which an imperial nation like ours is concerned in. Each strong man is likely to have some one topic of which he is the master. And yet no high-spirited politician will wish to limit himself to his specialty. And, if he would grapple worthily with all the complex subjects on which he must vote, and on which he would like to talk, he must work as few men work that I am acquainted with."

The new Congress has begun its sessions in both houses by actions which are not likely to increase the confidence of the country either in its wisdom or its temper. Mr. Sumner has been displaced from his position at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the face of the fact admitted by every one, that, except in the matter of personal feeling, no man in the Senate is to be compared with him in the qualities which so eminently fit him for that important place. And it is no consolation to those who care more for the public good than for the claims to office of any man, however eminent, that his successor is generally supposed to be one of

the most unscrupulous and unprincipled of our public men. It is of the utmost importance that each branch of our government should jealously resent any interference with its rights and duties by any other branch. We believe in the perfect honesty and good sense of the President; but if he has insisted on dictating who should or should not be at the head of a committee in the Senate, the whole Senate should let him know, that, while they are ready to respect his rights, they are equally ready to assert and maintain their own. We honor Mr. Sumner for his integrity, his ability, his learning, and the example which he has shown of these great qualities during the last twenty years. But if in the pride of conscious integrity he has sometimes been personally imperious and overbearing, if in remembering wrongs against humanity he has been equally unrelenting in his memory of personal offenses, it is a weakness which must seriously impair his public usefulness, and bring upon himself the retributions which he would inflict upon others.

We remember meeting Ex-President John Quincy Adams a short time after the attempt of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wise to expel him from the House of Representatives. He spoke very warmly of them, particularly of Mr. Marshall as an able debator. We could see in him no shadow of resentment and expressed our surprise at this. He replied, with much emotion, "I have learned to write my friendship in marble and my enmities in water." If Mr. Sumner could only have learned this lesson, the nation would have been spared the grief of seeing its ablest and most upright Senator deposed from a position of commanding influence; his power throughout the land would be to-day vastly greater than it is, and his friends would be able to think, without painful qualifications of his great ability, and the great services which he has rendered to the country.

We need not refer to the discreditable personal accusations and recriminations in the House of Representatives which awaken feelings of indignation and sorrow in all patriotic minds.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF STATE CHARITIES.

The most important influences for the regeneration of society are usually those which obtrude themselves least noisily on the public attention. The quiet Christianizing agencies in the seclusion of a hundred thousand homes are helping onward the intelligence and virtue of the nation, and making up for the waste of morals caused by the administration of public affairs at Washington, New York, or other political centres less widely known. The concentration of power and patronage necessary in order to give efficiency to the government, whether of a nation, a state, or a great city, has almost always a demoralizing effect on those who come within its influence. We experience always a sense of relief at the adjournment of the national or state legislature. But there are branches of government, at least in this State, which aim only at doing good, and which, if continued in the hands of agents as faithful and as competent as those now employed, will do an incalculable amount of good. The Board of State Charities, the Board of Health, and the Board of Education are of this sort, and their annual reports, if read by our people, will do a vast deal towards helping us on to a higher and better civilization.

We have read the report of Mr. E. L. Pierce, Secretary of the Board of State Charities, with great interest and satisfaction. It is full of wise suggestions on matters of grave public and private importance. It shows an unusual grasp of mind in regard to these matters. Any one may be benefited by reading what it says about the abuse of the pardoning power, encroaching as it does on the legislative and judicial branches of the government, and producing a feverish uneasiness and tendency to insubordination in our prisons, impairing the salutary dread of punishment with those who are tempted to violate the laws, and interfering seriously with the reformatory influences of prison discipline.

What he says in regard to the treatment of drunkards is equally wise and timely. The punishments now inflicted for

this offense are too trivial, and the term of imprisonment too short, to produce any good impression. Mr. Pierce would give up imprisonment for a single act of drunkenness, and would have habitual drunkards confined as insane persons are till they are cured. One or three years spent in prison would thus be the means of saving many who are only injured by the short sentences which they now serve. We were a little surprised at the following statement: "The proportion which drunkenness bears to other offenses is greater among women than among men." We trust that this is not to be construed as indicating a similar state of things among any other than the criminal classes. But we have many fears in this respect. Women's finer organization and their more sensitive and excitable nervous temperament expose them peculiarly to temptation in this direction. There are painful rumors in regard to the prevalence of this evil, especially among the most fashionable women. We have no doubt that they are much exaggerated.

We should be glad to quote the whole of Mr. Pierce's concluding observations upon the methods of social progress, and earnestly commend them and his whole report to the attention of all who are interested in the increasing classes of criminal and unfortunate persons whom the State is obliged to take under its special care. Problems of the saddest interest are here placed before us, and treated as they ought to be treated in this nineteenth Christian century.

We must defer till the next month a notice of the equally valuable report of the State Board of Health.

"It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. 'It lightens the stroke,' said he, 'to draw near to Him who handles the rod.'"

"Fear is the tax which conscience pays to guilt."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

CAPABILITIES OF THE AFRICAN RACE.

e have as yet very poor conceptions of what the negro may me, and even of what he has already attained. There are :an peoples nearly as much civilized as we are, — quite as ı, so far as the humanizing virtues are a test of civilization. know the African mainly from specimens taken from the ea coast, the lowest of all; whereas the nations which live ior are the best specimens, and some withal very fair ones, of ıverage humanity. Some of them look upon us white people ıvages, because they associate with white men the horrors of ry and the slave trade. A missionary meeting some time was held in England where Dr. Livingston, the great African ›rer, was present. He made an address to the meeting, a re- of which we find in "The African Repository." He said, —

should like to answer a question that is often put to me, — What ›f people are those you wander among? Now I should like to tell hat they are very far from being savages. On the sea coast they ather bloodthirsty, especially those who have been in the slave ; but when you get about three hundred miles into the interior you with people who are quite mild and hospitable. It is the duty of man in the village to give every stranger his supper, and to show all the hospitality that lies in his power. These people are not ;ed in hunting, as most inhabitants of this country think they are, re employed in cultivating the soil. They also manufacture iron, ing it from stone, and very excellent iron it is. I brought home me, the last time I was in England, some of the ore, and the iron manufactured into an excellent Enfield rifle. The quality was :dingly good, and equal to the best Swedish iron. They also man- ıre a superior quality of copper, also articles of earthen ware and :t work. When we first go among this class of people, with the ›f their being savages, it is rather singular, but I believe true, that rather believe we are savages. They do not understand where all lack people who are carried away go to. Thousands are taken away ılly, and you cannot go anywhere without meeting with slave par- The men carry what are called slave sticks, with a fork at the end em, which are fastened around the necks of the captives, so that it possible for them to get out of them or get at the other end, by ı they are tied to trees throughout the night. The people I am

now speaking of imagine that the white people eat them. They look upon us as cannibals, and we look upon them as savages. Now, if we take an impartial view of both, we shall find that they are better than each imagine one another to be."

FRANCO-PRUSSIA.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND PRISONERS were captured by the Germans in a war of a little more than six months' duration. Besides this, some twenty fortified cities have been besieged and taken. No military achievements in the history of the world are to be compared with these. Those of the first Napoleon loose their lustre.

HEROES. — In other wars of equal magnitude some military genius looms up as the inspiring hero, and gathers the glory around his own person. No such person looms up now. The rear ranks of German soldiers are the heroes. It is the triumph of diffused intelligence inspiring a great people; of brain behind the bayonet acted upon by one absorbing purpose.

MARCHING POWER. — An eye-witness says the marching power of the Prussian troops is incredible to those who have not seen it. They could march thirty miles a day, for three days in succession, with heavy burdens, under a broiling dog-day sun, thermometer 80° and 85° in the shade, without sunstroke, and then camp out under the open sky without tents. "I attribute this," he says, "to the almost invariable sobriety of the Prussian soldiery. English soldiers marching under the same conditions melt down with sunstroke the first day."

BEAUTIFUL ORIGIN OF A HORRID CUSTOM.

The Aryans occupied the regions of central Asia, near the fountains of the Ganges. They were the peoples of Hindostan among whom the Brahminic and afterwards the Buddhist religions were developed and formulated. The worship of the primitive Aryans was the simple religion of nature, — the worship of the Being who made the mountains and the stars. They had vague ideas of the gods and of existence beyond death. The Vedas are the hymns and songs of these primitive people. Some of them are very sweet and musical. The funeral rites were very touching and beautiful, of which Max Müller gives a very spirited description. On the funeral pile of the deceased his widow and his bow were placed. The bow was taken down and broken; before which the foster son or an

servant of the deceased would lead the widow down from the , chanting these words: —

> "Rise up, O woman, to the world of life!
> Thou sleepest beside a corpse; oh, then, come down:
> Thou hast been long enough a faithful spouse
> To him who made thee mother to his sons."

'hen, after the widow was led down, the funeral pile was lighted, :e these words were chanted, addressed partly to the spirit of the l and partly to the body returning to earth: —

> "Depart, depart along those ancient paths
> By which our fathers have gone home to rest!
> Go to the fathers: sojourn there with Yama
> In highest heaven, fit meed of thy deserts.
> Leave there all evil, then, go home once more,
> And take a form of radiant glory bright!

> "Go to thy loving mother, home to earth,
> With wide-spread arms and blessing-bringing hands!
> She takes the pious to her kindly breast
> As 'twere a maiden's bosom soft as wool,
> And holds thee safe from danger's threatening edge.
> Open thy arms, O earth! do him no harm;
> Receive him gently with a loving kiss,
> And wrap him round, O earth! as when a babe
> His mother in her garment folds to rest!"

'urning to the living men, the officiating priest bids them rise return to the duties of life: —

> "The torrent flows away, — bestir yourselves,
> Rise up, and go your several ways, ye comrades;
> Let us now leave this mournful company,
> And all go forth to new and joyous strife."

'here is considerable more, but all the ceremonies are rational, songs full of joyous consolation and the hopes of immortality. 'hese beautiful ceremonies the priests of Brahma afterwards per- :ed and fossilized into horrid rites. Instead of leading the wid- down from the pile with the song, —

> "Rise up, O woman, to the world of life!"

:y bade her remain and be consumed with the corpse in the ıe fire. The faith in a personal immortality which breaks forth he songs of the Vedas was lost in a devouring Pantheism by ch all souls were swallowed up in Brahm. It is not the only

case in history where a beautiful primitive faith, with simple, appropriate rites, was overlaid and extinguished under a corrupt ecclesiasticism.

HINDRANCES AND ANTAGONISMS.

Under the heading of "Affairs about Home," one of the Boston dailies — "The Herald" — reports, that, in a prayer meeting at Tremont Temple, a young man displayed his zeal for the Lord by praying with uplifted hands and violent gesticulation, "that, unless that devil-serving man at the door stopped distributing his miserable, devilish tracts, a thunderbolt from heaven might *strike him dead.*" Others followed in the same vein. Rev. Mr. Wright, however, when closing the meeting, spoke and prayed in a manner eminently kind and Christian, and rebuked this fanatical temper. Mr. Hatch, the obnoxious tract distributor, the object of the imprecations, was present, and rose and thanked Mr. Wright for the Christian spirit he had displayed.

In the afternoon another meeting was held, which the reporter must describe for us: —

"In the afternoon Elder Knapp held forth in the same place upon 'The Obstacles to a Revival of Religion;' and after speaking, among other things, of the frantic opposition of Unitarians and Universalists, whom he considered to be 'the very best agents the devil had in this world,' he gave a general invitation to the sinners present to rise and speak. After several other sinners had made remarks, Sinner Hatch, who was present, rose and remarked, 'which was plain,' that the Elder had omitted in his enumeration one great obstacle to a true revival of religion, namely, a bitter, denunciatory, unkind, and unchristian spirit on the part of many professors of religion. He alluded to what was said in the noonday meeting, and said we were all liable to err in this respect, especially in times of excitement, and should be constantly on our guard. He commended the spirit of Mr. Wright, as contrasted with that of Elder Knapp, Mr. Fulton, and some of the young men Christians, to general imitation. He was going on in this strain, when the Elder, probably considering such comparisons odious, called for a song of Zion, and Sinner Hatch was sung down. Thus endeth the second lesson."

We wish "the tract distributor" would religiously abstain from inflicting tracts upon people who do not want them. But we have heard of such things before. We have witnessed them even from our youth up. Our orthodox neighbors might turn this case to excellent account. Let them read a few of these tracts, compare notes, seize upon what is good in them, eschew what is bad, meet

Mr. Hatch in the broad fellowship of humanity and brotherly love, seek to draw him up into the love of Christ, and not hand him over to the devil, and we are not sure, the Lord helping them, but they may make of him a good evangelical minister. More hopeless subjects have been converted in this way. And here endeth the third lesson.

POPE.

We pass through three stages of fever in our estimate of Pope. First, in boyhood and youth, we are bewitched with the music of his verse, and swear he is the great poet of the English language, Shakespeare and Milton only excepted. Afterward, in our reasoning manhood, we discover that Pope was supremely artificial, consider ourselves imposed upon, curse Pope, assert our own freedom and naturalness, admire Wordsworth, the Lake School, the Brownings, and the skip-and-jump style of composition. Afterward, when our reason has ripened yet more, we go back to Pope, discover that art is not bad after all when well employed, find Pope a great poet, though not the greatest, his wit the keenest and his versification the most perfect music. Such seems to have been Mr. Lowell's experience, as appears in his late admirable criticism on Pope in "The North American Review." Such, certainly, has been our own; and in our judgment the English language owes more to Pope than to any other writer, so far as it is made perfectly flexible and the clear and graceful drapery of thought. Slipshod and slovenly verse were inexcusable after he wrote, however tame and feeble were the imitations of him.

Mr. Lowell does ample justice to "The Rape of the Lock," which he regards as unsurpassed for wit and invention. He says little of the Dunciad — the most wonderful satirical poem that ever was written. Horace and Juvenal are tame in comparison. Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was thought in the day of it to be powerful satire, but Byron is a barbarian compared with Pope. Byron is a madman rushing out with a club to knock down friend and foe. Pope is the scientist impaling worms and flies with such exquisite skill that their dried skeletons are held up to the gaze of all posterity. His indelicacy is deplorable, running sometimes into obscenity and his keen barb is sometimes tipped with poison; but he subserves in a certain way the ends of justice. If satire is to be employed at all, some Pope of the present age, could he rise up among us, would find work enough to do in puncturing the blad-

ders of pretension, false science, baseless metaphysics, conceited unbelief, and commonplace dullness aping the language of genius, — a work which Pope did for his own age more thoroughly than it was ever done before or since.

Language, merely as music, has a certain charm, and a power in moving the sensibilities, which the bare thought without the music would not have. There are passages in Pope which move us and charm us very much as an exquisite piece of music would do whose words we might not distinguish. We analyze the thought, and we find it was not *that*. It was a whole train of emotions, memories and imaginations which the strain had started into life and play.

It was said that Pope himself never could read aloud the closing strain of "The Dunciad" without finding himself in tears. The satire is keen, but the word-music is like the swelling tones of an organ:

"She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain his momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires,
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night;
See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defense,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares, morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word!
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

THE ANNEXATION SCHEME.

There are abundant indications that the President is shamefully imposed upon in his annexation policy, that the pretended vote of the people of the island is an atrocious fraud, that Baez is a villain, and that private speculation is at the bottom of the whole scheme. Lydia Maria Child has an article of indignant remonstrance in "The National Standard" on this subject. We take from it a single paragraph. It is brief, but its facts speak volumes: —

"Let me state a few of the facts. Mr. Fabens, who was United-States Consul in the city of St. Domingo, Mr. O'Sullivan, from New York, I believe, and some others associated with them, 'have a lease of nearly all the water-front in the neighborhood of Samana, and for a considerable distance back, which has deep water in front of it.' This grant they obtained at a price far below the rates usual at present, without taking into account the immense increase in value in case of annexation to the United States. The one hundred and twelve dollars a year which they agree to pay annually is based on the present state of things, not on what the price of the land *will* be if they carry through their scheme. Should a great naval station of the United States be established at Samana, the company who have thus got possession of the land on its shores will be enabled to put their arms into the treasury of the United States up to their shoulders. Of course they, in conjunction with Baez, are acting under a tremendous stimulus to carry through the project, right or wrong. 'Fabens has been importing lumber and other stores free of duty, under the plea that they were for the United States. The agent of the New-York Company is rapidly surveying the public lands. Their contract with the Dominican government *gives them one-fifth of the whole amount.* Baez first made a contract with Fabens, and he negotiated with New-York capitalists. Some parties in Washington (not occupying official stations) have been offered an interest in the grant.' There are millions of dollars profit to these speculators depending on the completion of the scheme of annexation; and a monopoly having been obtained of such a great extent of the sea coast, the United States will have to pay them round sums for all it obtains."

RATHER MIXED.

Metaphors help a writer or speaker mightily, provided they are well marshaled, like German soldiers. It is otherwise when they get thrown into disorder. One of the councillors of the city of Birmingham says there is "stalking about" that city "a liberalism which is fast degenerating into downright infidelity," and exhorts the Protestants of the city, and tells them if they "do not put their shoulders to the wheel to keep the tide back they will shortly be overflooded with." Whereupon "The New York Teacher" thinks it

must be a very dangerous spirit that can stalk the streets in the shape of a tide, only to be kept back by putting one's shoulder to a wheel. It is a worse evil than Dame Partington's, for it is bad to come at or get hold of.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Prof. Samuel Davidson wrote an "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament," a very elaborate work in two volumes. It is very learned. It is a depository of the main arguments and sophisms of the rationalistic school of criticism. In its omissions of fact, one-sided statements and subtle logic, it is the most uncandid work we ever read. Prof. Davidson is also the author of an essay against the "Johannic authorship" (a most outlandish adjective) of the fourth Gospel. A pamphlet comes to us in reply of forty-four pages signed "Kentish Bache." We never heard before of this name, and do not know whether it is fictitious or real. But the pamphlet is exceedingly well done, and in short space disposes thoroughly of Prof. Davidson's sophisms. The writer is evidently a scholar. We make extracts as to three of the fathers, by which the reader may judge of the kind of reasoning employed by writers against the authenticity of the New Testament.

"PAPIAS.

"Endeavoring to prove that John did not write the fourth Gospel, you assert that Papias, who lived at the same time as John, 'does not mention it' (p. 230). Now you do not know whether this be true. Papias wrote five books, all of which are lost except a few fragments which would occupy about a couple of pages in this letter. If you had mentioned this fact, it would have destroyed your argument drawn from Papias' assumed silence, but you would have preserved the reader's opinion of your fairness. It is highly probable that Papias did mention John's Gospel; although for me to assert positively that he did would be as unjustifiable as your positive assertion that he does not."

"IRENÆUS.

"You are equally unjustifiable in your appeal to the presumed omission of testimony in a letter of Irenæus of which we possess but a fragment. Irenæus was a disciple of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, and therefore his opinion as to who was the author of the fourth Gospel is at least interesting. He has stated in several parts of his works that St. John was the author. But this does not satisfy you. You think he ought to have stated it on Polycarp's authority, which you say he has not done, even in his letter to Florinus, where 'it was directly to his purpose to do so' (p. 300). But why do you not intimate to your reader that of that letter only a portion remains, — only so much as Eusebius has happened to transmit

to us? If, as you say, it was directly to Irenæus' purpose to appeal to Polycarp's testimony on the point, then, you ought, as a candid critic, rather to have presumed that Irenæus did in the lost portion make that appeal, instead of venturing the unwarrantable presumption that he did not."

"HEGESIPPUS.

"Again, you pursue the same strange course of assumption in your charge against Hegesippus, that he 'neglected Paul and his writings.' Now what do you know of Hegesippus? There is hardly anything of his left to us. His remains might occupy half a dozen of these pages. Consequently your charge against him is as worthless as are your arguments drawn from our imperfect possession of Irenæus and Papias.

GERMAN INDUSTRY.

There is no secret in the unparalleled success of the Germans. Industry and thoroughness in details build up the fabric of their prosperity, leaving no flaws or rotten places within. France abounded in such places within, making the outside gorgeous and grand while there was weakness and decay inside. A French editor, who witnessed the entrance of the Germans into Paris, has the grace to see and describe the German thoroughness in details:—

"However much we hate them, and however deep the abyss into which they have precipitated us, our enemies constrain us to bow before their marvelous tenacity and the incredible persistency with which they keep up that severe discipline and those habits of regular work among their soldiers which have been the true, the principal, nay, the only cause of their superiority. This is, indeed, astonishing and crushing to behold, and all those who leave Paris and can re-enter it bear witness to the fact. What an army and what soldiers! The victory they have obtained, unheard of in continuance and extent, has neither intoxicated nor enervated them. Masters of Paris, of our forts, and of our armies, conquerors of a third of France, holding all our army under lock and key, and free to dictate conditions of peace to our unhappy country, the Prussians have not departed for a moment from their strict habits. They still work, without respite, incessantly, and nothing is changed for them. They drill, they maneuvre, they learn and acquire finish daily. Parades, reviews, marches, shooting at a mark, all the details of military life, go on for them as if the campaign were still in progress. They have cleaned our guns and packed them up, methodically ticketed, and all these cases have taken the road to Germany. Our cannons they have tried as they have been given up to them by degrees; they make trial of their frames every day, and this immense material of war is then ready o be sent to the other side of the Rhine, like our armies, like our treasures, like everything!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JESUS. By W. H. Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 1871.

This book has the freshness, the flavor, the sense of truthfulness, which have characterized all Dr. Furness' works on this subject. It bears no mark of weariness, or repetition, or failing strength, but is animated rather by an increase of the healthy manly vigor which has given such a charm to all his utterances. He claims nothing for the Gospels which does not shine out from them by its own light. Even allowing that they are marked by the imperfections of the age in which they were written, that some fabulous accretions have found their way into them, still the great central character, in lineaments of perfect truthfulness and grandeur, which nothing but its reality can account for, is there, and the more carefully and freely we examine the accounts the more we find in them the unmistakable marks of honesty and truth. "I believe," he says, "that it is entirely possible to arrive at a perfectly satisfactory conclusion, not only that there was such a person as Jesus, who led a thoroughly human life, but that from an historical point of view he is distinctly seen to be a person of such original and extraordinary greatness as renders him of necessity a cardinal fact, an enduring power in the religious education of the race. . . . In the person of Jesus will be found qualities thoroughly human and truly divine, if there is aught divine in this universe of things. . . . In him we shall have an object, which, by the constitution of human nature, awakens and exercises the sense of truth, inspiring confidence and veneration, and creating new ideas of the true and good, and of a life imperishable. . . . Speech is of man, life is of God. Herein is the power, the authority of Jesus, and it is in truth divine. He is a forever living, God-given fact. With the boundaries of knowledge always widening and always demanding new modes of speech, Jesus does not so much instruct as inspire us, educating the *sense of truth*, so that, as our own views are enlarged, our ability to distinguish the true and the good will ever keep abreast with them, and we shall be able ever more adequately to formulate our knowledge and advance to ever worthier philosophies of being and to a purer reli-

gion. . . . But the better the life of Jesus is understood, the more plainly does it appear that, in the greatness of his being, he stands so high above all born of woman, that we are instinctively prompted to place ourselves reverentially at his feet. . . . To me, he is beyond comparison with any who have ever lived."

These passages are from the first chapter of the book. We take the following from the last chapter but one. "It is in the being of Jesus that the saving power of our Christianity dwells." Thus is Jesus the life of life, and the imperishable hope of an unimaginable greatness." These are profound and most important truths. The better heart of the Christian world through eighteen centuries has been testifying to them, often in unintelligible expressions, in mute, inarticulate yearnings, or, amid outward corruptions and false doctrines, always bearing witness to the same, though sometimes with groanings which could not be uttered. Here in the life of Jesus, in that august personality which has commanded the love and reverence of thousands of millions, is the vitality of our religion. The one essential fact is the life of Jesus, not as we find it in the formulas of the churches, or the speculations of metaphysicians, but as it lives in the broken narratives of these single-hearted, honest, and not infallible men, who tell of what they saw and heard and knew. This all-important fact our *free religionists* seem not to recognize, and without it, as Dr. Furness says, "the Gospels become open to all manner of disparaging criticism, and are as explicable upon the theory of Strauss as upon any other, and we can look for nothing better than the thin, fanciful 'Life of Jesus' of M. Rénan."

Whatever calls our attention to more intelligent and appreciative study of the Gospels will help to establish their truthfulness.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By William Morris. Part IV. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

We have here the conclusion of this remarkable poem, or rather succession of poems. There is a variety of subjects and of stories. But all are toned down to the character of those who tell the tales, old men who have sought an earthly paradise in vain, till youth and manhood are gone, and the most that they hope for now is to relieve a little the short wintry days of life that remain to them. There is great sweetness of style and sentiment. The stories are beautifully told, and full of fine thoughts. They deal in forms as clearly defined as works of sculpture, or as richly colored as if they had come from a painter's easel. And these pictures and forms

have a meaning over which the thoughtful reader may ponder and learn rich lessons of faithful living. If we were to criticise the poem, we should say that it deals too much in sensuous images to answer the higher purposes for which it has been written. This last volume is however, in this respect, far less faulty than the first, while it loses nothing of the virtues and spirit which give such a charm to them all.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSCORE. By Mrs. S. W. Jewett. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Sold in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

A good book with a good aim. It is written apparently by one who has not made a business of writing; but that very thing gives it an air of reality. To a thoughtful and experienced person it is an interesting book. Its tone and aim and style may be judged of by two or three short extracts: "'We are all God's children,' she said; 'and all he asks of us is to come to Him. He wants us all to love Him, but it's for our own good,—mind ye, child, I say for our own good. 'Taint for His glory; it's our glory to love and serve him. I never thought much about dyin', my chief concern was about livin'; and if folks try to do their best, day by day as it comes, it's about as much as they can attend to, without pesterin' themselves about what they orter do, and how they orter feel, when they come to die.'" This is good, but would it not be better, and more in character with a woman capable of such thoughts, if it were said in good English?

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CORRUPTIONS. By Adin Ballou. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 1870.

This volume consists of Discourses delivered in Hopedale, Mass., in 1869–70, on the theological doctrines of the primitive Christians, and is to be followed by a second volume, treating of personal righteousness, and a third, of ecclesiastical polity. The author accepts Mr. Norton's view of the introduction to the Gospel according to Matthew, and deduces the Unitarian doctrine concerning the subordination of Christ to the Father, and the nature of the atonement, from the early testimonies. He argues for the possibility of manifestation of evil spirits re-acting on kindred spirits in the flesh, and, treating of Divine government and man's final destiny, sets forth strongly, as the primitive Christian doctrine, — that "All mankind are destined to ultimate holiness and happiness." The author

writes in an excellent temper and with a forcible and attractive style, but does not claim to base his treatise on first-hand researches in the original authorities, and therefore his work is to be regarded, as indeed its form indicates, — as a purely popular presentation of the subject.

ASPENDALE. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

The quiet current of this tale follows two friends, Christine and Zoe, who have retired to a New England village; and its main interest, as is usual in retired lives, is chiefly derived from the conversations and thoughts which are set in the outer framework of the story. The literary criticisms are keen and searching, those on Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe excellent, but somewhat unjust that on the "Autocrat," of whom it is said, "His comfortable and indiscriminate scorn was, in the day of it, hard to bear." Here is a bright sentence: "Luxuries are graceful only in so far as they are necessities." And this on "Gates Ajar:" "A fluid book, finding its way everywhere, like running water." Days come in February which are photographed in the following picture: —

"The day was one of singular beauty. Suddenly, mysteriously, the vigor of a winter had yielded and seemed gone. The sun rose high, the cocks crowed lazily in the door-yard; the west wind blew softly, the eaves rained. An indescribably tender tint pervaded the sky. A luminous, throbbing haze blended the outlines, and enriched the pale coloring of the landscape. No days in all the New England year move the heart more than these *relenting* days. Memory and hope are 'idly stirred' by them; perhaps, who knows, with the first stirring of the sap within the tree."

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French of F. Bornard, and original chapters added. By Richard Whiting. New York: Charles Scribner. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A series of wonderful adventures from Aristomenes the Messenian, nearly seven centuries before Christ, to the Fenian Head Centre, James Stevens, in 1865.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. By F. Max Müller. Vol. III. Essays on Literature, Biography, and Antiquities. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall.

We have here another of Max Müller's exceedingly entertaining

and instructive volumes. Its different articles are on a great variety of subjects: Old German Love-songs, Bacon in Germany, Cornish Antiquities, Bunsen, &c. In reading them we feel that we are listening to the utterances of a most intelligent, learned and interesting thinker and scholar.

HAND BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Erskine Clement. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This book is what it professes to be, and is evidently prepared with great care and skill. It is an interesting book to read, and a useful as well as pleasant book of reference to have on hand. It contains in a small compass the substance of what we find in larger works like Mrs. Jameson's. It is more complete, as it goes over a much larger field than any one, or indeed than all, of Mrs. Jameson's works.

POSIES FOR CHILDREN. A Book of Verse, selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

The men and women of to-day whose childhood was enriched by Mrs. Lowell's "Poetry for Home and School" will be glad to give their own children this new selection, in which the best things are garnered which have appeared during the intervening years. We are pleased to find here several of William Blake's poems, whose naturalness is nature itself; and there are, from a number of sources, many others which will stir the best impulses and emotions in young or old hearts.

THE MEMOIR OF REV. MORRILL ALLEN, of Pembroke, Mass., by Rev. T. P. Doggett, Plymouth, 1870, is an excellent sketch of a patriarch of ninety years, whose ministry began in the old time and stretched on into the new, and who taught by his farm, as well as from his pulpit, very helpful lessons to his people.

WONDERS OF BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 1871.

This translation from the French of Guillaume Depping, by Charles Russell, is one of a long series of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." Wrestling, running, diving, shooting with the bow and boomerang, fill the book with vivid and instructive illustration of the training in skill and strength of which the human body and

eye and hand are capable. The series has been before commended by us as full of matter for real information as well as entertainment.

BATTLES AT HOME. By Mary G. Darling. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 1870.

An excellent story, reprinted from "Merry's Museum," which will bring its youthful reader into the presence of the hardest of battles, — the fight with one's self, and the victory over the tempter and untruthfulness and selfishness. The moral tone of this book rings true, and its young heroes and heroines go through their conflict well. Bob is a fine fellow, and deserves the friendship of Col. Guy.

CRUDEN'S COMPLETE CONCORDANCE. With an original life of the Author. New York: Dodd and Mead. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is one of the few perfect books. In using Cruden's Concordance almost every day, and often many times a day, we do not recollect that it ever failed to give all the information that could be expected from such a work. The book is one which ought to be in every family where the Bible is studied or read. And this edition, in a convenient form, is offered at so low a price as to make it easy for every family to have it.

"EVERY SATURDAY" is publishing the long expected novel of Charles Reade, entitled "A Terrible Temptation," with striking illustrations. It will make a sensation among its readers, we hope to good results, though we refrain from giving an opinion till the tale is completed. The story involves subjects which need handling with consummate skill.

"Every Saturday" is a pictorial of rare excellence. It has capital likenesses of some of our most distinguished men. Those of Senators Sumner and Trumbull are specially good. The literary department grows better and better, and its editorials discuss vigorously the living topics of the day. The publishers are spending money freely to make their paper worthy of patronage. They have certainly succeeded, and we are gratified to learn from their announcement that they are rewarded with an increasing support. S.

THE CHURCH IN EARNEST, by John Angel James, a writer well known for his earnest appeals to the churches, has been republished by Gould & Lincoln. It has passed through eleven editions,

and we think is worthy of the reception it meets with. Its appeals are earnest and pungent; the motives which bear upon the churches to shake off their lethargy and lukewarmness are exceedingly well put, and some well-known and shining examples of active Christian philanthropy are held up for imitation. S.

STORIES AND TALES, by Hans Christian Andersen, have been published in a handsome volume by Hurd & Houghton, New York. It is uniform with "Wonder Stories," by the same author, which we noticed sometime since. The "Wonder Stories" are fairy tales; the stories of the present volume have more foundation in fact, but have the same characteristics, and are complementary to the former volume. They are pleasing in style and cheery in tone, many of them specially adapted to young readers. This volume is finely and copiously illustrated. S.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP'S ORATION AT PLYMOUTH, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, has been printed in pamphlet form, and in a style worthy of its rich and glowing eloquence. Mr. Winthrop, while a member of the Episcopal Church, and attached affectionately to its methods and doctrines, has a rare appreciation of the labors and the character of the Pilgrims, and the ecclesiastical reform achieved through their sacrifices and sufferings. S.

MAX KROMER. A story of the siege of Strasbourg. 1870. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. The author's edition. New York: Dodd and Mead. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

WE have received from Noyes, Holmes & Co., two very beautifully printed books, which we hope to notice in our next number. They are, "Ad Fidem; or Parish Evidences of the Bible," by Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., author of "Ecce Cœlum," &c.; and "Gutenberg, and the Art of Printing," by Emily C. Pearson.

THE DESCENT OF MAN. We have received from the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., the first volume of Mr. Darwin's new work, on "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." The importance which in scientific circles attaches to the theory which the author claims in this new work to establish in its crowning applications engages us earnestly in the perusal of this portion of it. On the appearance of the second volume we shall give it due notice.

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THE BOOK OF JONAH.

BY REV. F. H. HEDGE, D.D.

THE book of Jonah, though placed among the Prophets in the canon of the Old Testament, is not only unprophetic in its character, but contains a satire on the weakness of a prophet so trenchant and unsparing as to make it a matter of surprise that any place whatsoever should have been accorded to it in the sacred literature of a people by whom the prophet's function was held in such high esteem as we know it to have been with the Jews.

Whether history or fiction, the book is not only one of the most striking in the Old Testament, but one of the most beautifully significant in ancient literature. Unfortunately, its beauty and significance are lost to most readers, partly through familiarity with its contents acquired at an age too early for intelligent enjoyment, and partly through the ghostly and repulsive character given to the Bible by false views of its original purpose, which rob it of the purely human interest felt in other writings. These are reasons that apply to all the books of the Old and New Testaments. But beside

these the book of Jonah has sustained an additional damage from the improbability, not to say impossibility, of one of the circumstances related in it, namely, that of the sea-monster in whose belly the prophet is said to have lain three days and thence to have escaped unharmed. This seems to be all that most people remember about Jonah — the only association they have with the name. The impression of that monster, commonly but absurdly called a whale, in consequence of a mis-translation of the word used in a reference to the story in the New Testament, — the impression of that monster has swallowed the rest of the book of Jonah as effectually as the actual monster is said to have done the unfortunate hero of the story. Indeed, more so, since the ideal monster has not disgorged again, as the actual one did its victim. Thus it has come to pass that, with the exception of those who piously receive every word of the Bible as written by God, and therefore not amenable to criticism, the story of "Jonah and the whale" has passed into a joke, and that joke is all that remains and all that bears witness to the common mind of this remarkable book.

A strong sense of the infelicity of this result, and the consequent want of a true appreciation of this ancient apologue, for such I incline to regard it, prompts the following attempt to place the book in a clearer and worthier light.

It is to be observed in the first place that the book of Jonah serves as the setting to a splendid hymn, a lyric outpouring which ranks with the noblest in that class of productions so characteristic of Hebrew literature. The hymn is this:—

"I cried by reason of my distress to Jehovah,
And he heard me.
Out of the belly of hell I cried,
And thou didst hear my voice.
Thou didst cast me into the deep, into the heart of the sea,
And the flood compassed me about;
All thy billows and thy waves passed over me.
And I said, I am cast out of thy sight,
Yet will I look again to thy holy temple.
The waters compassed me about even to the soul.
The deep enclosed me round about.

Sea-weeds were wrapt around my head;
I sank down to the bottoms of the mountains;
The bars of the earth were about me forever.
Yet hast thou brought up my life from the pit, O Jehovah my God!
When my soul fainted within me I remembered Jehovah,
And my prayer came to thee,
To thy holy temple.
They that honor lying vanities forsake their mercy;
But I will sacrifice to thee with the voice of thanksgiving;
I will pay that which I have vowed.
Salvation is from Jehovah!"

This hymn, it will be noticed, is a psalm of thanksgiving for deliverance from death. Nothing is said of any sea-monster in whose body the author had lain. On the contrary, he says, "The weeds were wrapped about my head," an expression which indicates immediate contact with the waves.

Another thing is plain to every attentive reader of the book; and that is, that this magnificent hymn does not fit the context. It shows not only an imperfect joint, but a glaring discrepance with what precedes and follows. The narrative states that "Jonah prayed unto Jehovah his God out of the fish's belly," and then immediately follows, as if it were that prayer, the hymn I have cited, which is not a prayer for deliverance, but rather thanksgiving for deliverance already vouchsafed. Not a word of it fits the situation. Not a word of it has any meaning if supposed to be uttered by a person in danger. It is the utterance of a person escaped from danger and thankfully celebrating his escape. And yet it is not until after the psalm is recited that we read, "The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land." Still another thing the critics have observed, of great importance. The language of this hymn is different from and a great deal older than that of the narrative which contains it. Ewald thinks it must have been in existence from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years before the book was composed.

Putting these facts together, we arrive at the following results. The psalm of thanksgiving embodied in this book ascribed to a prophet named Jonah — whether actually com-

posed by him or the work of some unknown writer — was in circulation and formed a part of the popular literature of the Hebrews long after the individual who composed it had passed away, and when the circumstances connected with its origin were forgotten, but before the appearance of the book in which we find it. The author, it was inferred from the lofty and inspired style of the composition, must have been a prophet. Thus it was currently received that a certain prophet had suffered shipwreck and narrowly escaped drowning; an escape which he celebrated in this inspired song. Tradition, with or without reason, fixed upon one Jonah as the subject of this adventure. Jonah was not a mythical personage. Such a prophet had actually lived; he is mentioned in the second book of Kings (xiv. 25). Jeroboam "restored the coast of Israel . . . according to the word of the Lord God of Israel which he spoke by the hand of his servant Jonah, the son of Amittai the prophet, who was of Gath-hepher." This is all that we really know of Jonah, — a prophet of Israel eight hundred years before Christ. It might have been he who had this experience and composed this psalm. We will suppose that current tradition affirmed this to be the fact. But how account for the circumstance of the sea-monster, of which no mention is made in the psalm? To this I answer that the literature of all ancient and of many modern nations abounds in marvels of this sort which are not willful inventions, but products of the imagination acting on given materials, exaggerations of reports, misunderstanding of terms, the accretions and distortions which oral tradition inevitably takes in its passage from mouth to mouth and from age to age. If even in Christian ages encounters of actual historic personages with mythic dragons and similar adventures were generally received; if, as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the griffin was firmly believed by learned men to be a veritable animal, a constituent of the fauna of Europe; if Milton could accept and embody in his great poem the sailor tradition of a sea-monster so huge that —

"Slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea and wished morn delays;"—

ese things could pass in periods so recent, we need never der that in those remote ages, before the dawn of Greek osophy, it could be received that a big fish might swallow an, retain him for three days and nights, and then dis- ge him unharmed. Add to this that the sea itself in that was conceived and spoken of as a living monster swal- ng and devouring whatever was cast into its jaws. Sup- : then the original tradition to have stated that Jonah cast into the sea, and then to have added in poetic lan- ge that the monster (the sea) swallowed him but did not in him, at the bidding of Jehovah tossed him on the nd; suppose this to have been the original representa- , nothing was more natural than the modification which, iout intentional perversion, it afterwards came to assume. : figurative monster was changed to a real one, just he spiritual conflict of the early saints with the meta- rical dragon of unbelief, of opposition to the truth, was ıged by tradition, in the story of St. George and the gon, to a physical contest with a real monster. As to the e days and nights which Jonah was said to have passed he fish's belly, that must be explained as amplification poetical embellishment conceived in the spirit of the e.

ut does not Jesus accept and sanction the popular tradi- ? I think not. In Matthew's Gospel we read that "cer- of the Scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying: ster, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered said to them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh r a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the ı of the prophet Jonas." Then it is added: "For as as was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, hall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in heart of the earth." A hasty reading would infer that addition was a part of Christ's answer to the Scribes and

Pharisees; but a careful examination, and a comparison with the parallel passage in Luke, where nothing is said about the "whale," makes it probable that this addition is the Evangelist's comment and not Christ's own interpretation of his saying. The sign of Jonas, as he intended it, was the preaching of Jonas to the wicked and adulterous generation of the Ninevites. "For," as Luke has it, "for as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of Man be to this generation."

To recapitulate. The critical hypothesis respecting the book of Jonah is this. A Hebrew writer of a date posterior to the time of the Captivity, one of the very latest represented in the Old Testament, found among the collections of the sacred poetry of his country this ancient psalm of thanksgiving, and connected with it, perhaps, a legend concerning the prophet Jonah whose name is mentioned in the book of Kings. They came in aid of a purpose he had in view, and he made use of them in the work which bears in the Bible the name of Jonah.

But what was that purpose? The author's aim in this work was not merely to embody tradition and psalm. On a critical examination of its contents a deeper purpose appears. The careful reader will find in it a covert apology for the Gentile world. The Jews had been accustomed to regard themselves as beloved of God above all other nations, and enjoying his peculiar protection. The rest of the world, not worshiping Jehovah, were supposed to be without the pale of his favor and were therefore regarded with abhorrence and contempt. The conquest of their country by Nebuchadnezzar and the carrying away into captivity had somewhat abated their national pride by making them acquainted with a nation in many respects superior to themselves. Still the notion prevailed that they were God's peculiar people, that Jehovah had established his seat in Zion, that the Lord of lords had an interest in them which was shared by no other nation, that they were holy, and other nations unclean in his sight, and that though for their sins he had suffered them to fall for a time under foreign dominion, it was his intention to exalt them at

last, to make Jerusalem the world's capital and the people of Israel lords of the earth.

To expose and rebuke this national self-conceit and self-righteousness appears to be the aim of the book. It consists of two apologues or parables in both of which the prominent figure is the prophet Jonah. The scene of the first is a ship on the Mediterranean, where the prophet is brought in contact with foreign seamen; the scene of the second is the city of Nineveh, where he comes in contact with a heathen population. In both the apparent design is to place the conduct of foreigners and heathen in favorable contrast with the conduct of the Jew. And since the prophets had been chiefly instrumental in cherishing and maintaining the exclusive spirit in the Jewish people, the author apparently intended in the character of Jonah to show them how weak and poor a creature a prophet could be. In this he succeeds at some expense of consistency; for the critical reader feels that if Jonah was such as this story represents, he could not have been the author of the splendid psalm ascribed to him. The book begins with announcing a mission from God to the Ninevites. Here at the start an unheard of and astounding novelty! As if Jehovah cared for the Ninevites! It is the first suggestion in Jewish history of the sending of a Jewish prophet to a Gentile nation. We know what difficulty Paul and Peter, five centuries later, had in persuading their countrymen of the lawfulness of such a step, and how the first Christians declared their astonishment that "God to the Gentiles also had granted repentance unto life." But the prophet disliked the mission, recoiled from it, and thought to escape it by running away. "But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." Whether he actually believed that Jehovah's presence was bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, or whether it was that the sense of that presence and the sense of obligation was more vivid in Judea than elsewhere, he sought release in flight. Instead of going east, as commanded, he went west. He found at Joppa, the seaport of Palestine, a vessel (probably a Tyrian merchantman) bound

for Tarshish, in Spain, for so far had Tyrian commerce in that age extended. "So he paid the fare thereof and went down into it to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." But vain the attempt to shirk responsibilities. To run from duty is to run into sorrow. A tempest sent by Jehovah overtakes the fugitive, the ship is in imminent danger; and now the simple piety of the heathen mariners is placed in sharp contrast with the glaring impiety of the Jew. "They cried every man unto his God." And when Jonah confessed to them that he was running away from his, "they were exceedingly afraid and said unto him, 'Why hast thou done this?'" It was the ancient belief, perhaps not yet quite extinct in the maritime mind, that when a ship is visited with peculiar misfortune and danger it betokens the presence of some sinner on board for whose retribution the evil befalls. In accordance with this superstition, these seamen cast lots to ascertain who of their ship's company might be the offender, "And the lot fell upon Jonah." In a paroxysm of remorse he urges them to cast him overboard; "For I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." With great reluctance, by which the author would illustrate their moral sensibility, they make the expiatory offering. "And the sea ceased from her raging." "Then the men" (converted, we are to understand, from their heathen idolatry) "feared Jehovah exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto Jehovah and made their vows."

So ends the first apologue. The beautiful psalm of thanksgiving ascribed to Jonah, which, as I have said, seems out of place in this connection, intervenes between it and the second.

"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." Warned by past experience, he no longer disobeys. He proceeds to Nineveh, and preaches a practical discourse, which an ancient divine characterizes as a "sharp, shrewd, biting sermon;" "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." But Nineveh is not overthrown. The people are roused; a fast-

is proclaimed, they clothe themselves in sackcloth; the whole population repents. "And God saw their works that they turned from their evil ways, and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them and he did it not." A right-minded man would have rejoiced in such evidence of religious sensibility and in the salvation of a city from destruction, whereby the author evidently means at once to commend the good disposition of the heathen and to celebrate the equal mercy of God, which knows no distinction beteen Jew and Gentile. This by way of rebuke to national intolerance. "But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry." His reputation as a prophet was at stake. He had prophesied destruction and destruction came not. He felt himself disgraced. His enormous self-love had more sorrow in an unfulfilled prediction of his own, than joy in the conversion and deliverance of a nation. The miserable egoist was ready to die with vexation when he found that Nineveh was going to survive his preaching. "Therefore now, O Lord, take my life from me, for it is better for me to die than to live." Then follows the most striking part of the apologue, in which the prophet's unconcern for the fate of a city is reproachfully contrasted with his selfish grief at the death of a plant, the *el-Kerra*, called in our version "gourd," in whose shade he had rejoiced, and whose springing and withering is so rapid that oriental exaggeration calls it the growth of a night. The short-lived plant is lamented because it gave me shade; the hundred-yeared and million-peopled city may perish, and welcome, because I predicted its fall. What a laying bare of the secret of a selfish heart is here! To such monstrous lengths the waywardness of egoism can reach in a heart without love, though it be the heart of a prophet, an orthodox preacher of righteousness. The time has been when orthodoxy could calmly contemplate the damnation of the greater part of the human race, and expect to behold it with joy, and think it all for the glory of God. Of that spirit Jonah is the representative and type. Let us trust that that spirit is extinct, that that time has gone by, that the heart has softened with the softening influence of

the Gospel, that the pity and pardoning mercy of God are not only formally confessed, but practically believed.

From this brief exposition it appears in what a liberal, cosmopolitan, anti-Jewish, anti-exclusive spirit the book of Jonah was conceived. With all its imperfection of literary art, it is one of the noblest products of the sacred literature of the ancient world. Here, in the very midnight of Jewish bigotry, was a writer who anticipated the Christian day. "Jonah," says Dean Stanley, "is the first apostle, though involuntary and unconscious, of the Gentiles. The inspiration of the Gentile world is acknowledged in the prophecy of Balaam, its nobleness in the book of Job; . . . but its claims on the justice and mercy of God are first recognized in the book of Jonah." "In the popular traditions of east and west Jonah's name alone has survived the lesser prophets of the Jewish Church. It still lives, not only in many a Mussulman tomb along the coasts and hills of Syria, but in the thoughts and devotions of Christendom. The marvelous escape from the deep, through a single passing allusion in the Gospel history, was made an emblem of the deliverance of Christ himself from the jaws of death and the grave. The great Christian doctrine of the boundless power of human repentance received its chief illustration from the repentance of the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah. There is hardly any figure of the Old Testament which the early Christians in the catacombs so often took for their consolation in persecution, as the deliverance of Jonah on the seashore." "These all conspire with the story itself in proclaiming that still wider lesson of which I have spoken. It is the rare protest of theology against the excess of theology; it is the faithful delineation of the dark, sinister, selfish side of even great religious teachers. It is the grand Biblical appeal to the common instincts of humanity, and to the universal love of God, against the narrow dogmatism of sectarian polemics. There has never been a generation which has not needed the majestic revelation of sternness and charity, each bestowed where most deserved and where least expected, in the sign of the prophet Jonah."

GEORGE MACDONALD'S WORK ON THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

WITHIN two years George MacDonald has come to be so well known as an author, that it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that he is a novelist, a poet, and a theologian. We do not hesitate to say that he is great in each character. Alec Forbes and Robert Falconer indicate not merely a genius for story-telling, but that peculiar requisite in the novelist of the age, — a moral purpose and a capacity for analysis.

His Unspoken Sermons and this volume on the Miracles, if not learned, are thoughtful contributions to, not theological science, nor yet devotional literature, but that border region between the two, and sharing in each. The span covered by these novels and sermons is vast for any mind. Theologians and preachers have sometimes written novels, and novelists have attempted theology, but seldom with marked success. Especially have the latter been failures. Wide as the sphere of fiction is at present, its writers, for the most part, rigidly keep to their one vocation, and even make it a sort of handicraft. But here is a man who produces first-class fiction, and not second-rate theology. It is hard to tell which is secondary to the other. But this is plain to the careful reader, that underlying his fiction is a definite and inspiring theology, and that transfused through his theology is the wide imagination and tender feeling of the poet and novelist. MacDonald's scope is not an arbitrary stretching of his powers, but a breadth of nature that easily enables him to cover his wide field. The demand of the age is for encyclical knowledge and thought. The barriers between departments of knowledge are broken down, and the field is one and universal. We hail MacDonald as a writer in whom the distinctions between the so-called departments of theology and the realm of human life are merged and flow into each

other; theology is interpreted by human need, and life is helped and glorified by a vital theology.

We have not yet got over the fashion, perhaps a wise one, of asking to what school a new writer in theology belongs. If asked of MacDonald, it is hard to reply — not that he is an original, but that no classification entirely covers him. If the question were, who is his teacher? the reply is easier. MacDonald has evidently studied the works of Maurice, and found in him all the inspiration and guidance that one man can find in another. But to what school does Maurice belong? He is not Calvinistic nor Unitarian; he is not rationalistic, for he believes in miracles; his clear and hard realism looks away from mysticism. It is at the feet of this great nondescript in theology that MacDonald has sat, in the unrecognized company of Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, and many others of the most serious thinkers of England, — interpreters of a voice that has not the art to reach the popular ear. In the same way, it is difficult to assign to MacDonald a place in any school of theological opinion. He is not Calvinistic, — his entire writings are a passionate protest against Calvinism. He is not Unitarian, as he holds to the unqualified fact of the Incarnation. Nor is he a rationalist; his reception of the Scriptures is childlike in its simplicity. He presses into the face of mystery and falls before it with faith, rather than strives to bring it within the compass of the reason. Having been born north of the Tweed, he is not troubled by other mysticism than is afforded by a sound imagination; clear Scotch perception marks every page of his writings. We must be content to read him without classification, except that broadest and yet most definite one, Christian.

This little book on the Miracles, the last complete work from his pen, does not profess to be a defense, as it is simply an attempt to unfold their meaning almost exegetically; yet it is the best possible defense in kind, because it is written from the stand-point of perfect sympathy with them. He takes his stand at the centre-most point of faith, and looks outward, goes down into into their inmost part, and tells us

what he finds there. And he finds so much food for heart and soul to feed upon, such light to reflect back upon the mysteries of life, such harmonies with what we need and long for, that the intellectual conviction as to the reality of the miracles surpasses that deduced from any array of evidences. And must not all vital truth be learned in this way, by an interior view, from its own stand-point? While we stand on the outside and judge it, we can have nothing more than our present knowledge to judge with; but if the possible truth contains something more than we have, how can we receive it except by the light itself may yield? "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." MacDonald does not emphasize the miracles as evidences and credentials of Christ, but regards this use of them as quite subordinate to, almost inferential from, the primary purpose of revealing the Father through the Son. We rejoice that the dreary chapter of evidences seems to be drawing to a close, and that it is getting to be thought an unnecessary thing to cipher and syllogize God into his own world. The Light of the world needs no passports and sealed credentials. He is his own evidence, and his shining is the result, not the proof, of his presence. If the distinction between miracles as *proofs*, and miracles as the *results* of Christ's presence in the world, seems slight at first, it will not so seem when they are considered with reference to their purpose. Treat them as bare proofs and certificates, and their meaning is well-nigh exhausted; view them as the inevitable outcome of the presence of the Son of God, and they become, in all the depth and extent of their meaning, revelations of his character and work. MacDonald recognizes no path from the sight of a miracle to a knowledge of God. "A wonder is a poor thing for faith," he says, and so diligently searches in each one for some spiritual basis or germ upon which the miracle is grafted. Consequently his book is addressed to believers, and he hardly expects a hearing ear except in those who accept the fact of the Incarnation, or at least in those who feel some need that would be met by such a fact. He says, "A man is not required to believe in miracles, save

as believing in Jesus." And here is where our author shows his wisdom and masterly skill; he seizes upon his readers, and by his own intense faith and clasping sympathy, carries them past the lines of critical doubt into the region of faith, and says, see the divine in this miracle, how it manifests forth the glory of the Father by meeting and supplying human need. As an illustration is his treatment of the old question of experience as related to miracles. After a few strong sentences, in which he re-affirms the position of Bushnell and Argyll, that a miracle is the intervention of a higher unknown law upon a lower known law, he says (p 183): "If any one say we ought to receive nothing of which we have no experience, I answer, there is in me a necessity, a desire, before which all my experience shrivels into a mockery. Its complement must lie beyond. We ought, I grant, to accept nothing for which we cannot see the probability of some sufficient reason, but I thank God that this sufficient reason is not for me limited to the realm of experience. To suppose that it was would change the hope of a life that might be an ever-burning sacrifice of thanksgiving into a poor struggle with events and things and chances, — to doom the Psyche to perpetual imprisonment in the worm. I desire the higher; I care not to live for the lower. The one would make me despise my fellows, and recoil with disgust from a self I cannot annihilate; the other fills one with humility, hope, and love. Is the preference for the one over the other foolish, then, even to the meanest judgment?"

In the same striking manner he treats the suspicion thrown upon the miracles by the fact that Christ wrought many of them in a semi-secret way (p. 159): "It was not good for men to see too many miracles. They would feast their eyes, and then cease to wonder or think. The miracle, which would be all, and quite dissociated from religion, with many of them, would cease to be wonderful, would become a common thing with most, yea, some would cease to believe that it had been. A wonder is a poor thing for faith after all; and the miracle could be only a wonder in the eyes of those who had not prayed for it, and could not give thanks

for it; who did not feel that in it they were partakers of the love of God."

MacDonald's definition or theory of miracles, if not original, is stated in a masterly way, and made to underlie and explain his separate treatment of them. The ease with which he brings all under his theory not only goes to show its correctness, but becomes itself an argument for their authenticity, showing that they are no collection of myths, but a series of facts having their origin in a single deep-lying moral purpose. We quote from the introduction (p. 11): "This, I think, is the true nature of the miracles, an epitome of God's processes in nature beheld in immediate connection with their source, — a source as yet lost to the eyes and too often the hearts of men in the far-receding gradations of continuous law. That men might see the will of God at work, Jesus did the works of his Father thus." Again (p. 13): "Let us then recognize the works of the Father as epitomized in the miracles of the Son. What in the hands of the Father are the mighty motions and progresses and conquests of life, in the hands of the Son are miracles. I do not myself believe that he valued the working of these miracles as he valued the utterance of the truth in words; but all that he did had the one root, *obedience*, in which alone can any man be free. And what is the highest obedience? Simply a following of the Father, — a doing of what the Father does. Every true father wills that his child should be as he is in the deepest love, in his highest hope. All that Jesus does is of his Father. What we see in the Son is of the Father. What his works mean concerning him, they mean concerning the Father."

This grounding the miracles upon the obedience of the Son, connected with the fact that each one readily answers to the explanation, seems to us an unanswerable argument for their actual occurrence. It shows unity, one with every other; but what unity could be looked for in a miscellaneous set of fables? It shows a profound harmony with the character and work of Christ aside from the miracles; but what chance is there of such harmony between Christ's recorded

character and a set of stories put together in an after age, and drawn from unknown sources? Chance, or blind reverence, could never have framed a collection of more than thirty miracles of various kinds, yet made each one not only consonant with Christ's general character, but with a single purpose lying at the basis of his character. Either the entire story of Christ, — words, works, and career, — is the fabrication of some mighty unknown genius that worked in the interest of falsehood, or the miracles were the actual works of the Christ of the Gospels. Their unity amongst themselves, and of all with the underlying motive of Christ, demands that they shall be referred to him. And when his words and works are thus compacted into a historical unity, where can a point of attack be found? The whole must be thrown aside, or the whole retained.

This view of the miracles, as rooted in the obedience of the Son, not only throws a beautiful light upon them, but takes us into the profoundest depths of Christ's character. He came into the world to do the will of God and the works of God, not in the way of yielding to the behests of an arbitrary will, but with "an exulting obedience," freely repeating the very works of the Father. This distinction we think of vital importance in securing a free and genuine Christian experience, and the careful preservation of it in these pages is one of the most valuable features of the book.

Our author does not treat the miracles *seriatim*, but groups them into natural divisions, — the likeness not being so much in the nature of the works wrought, as in the moral condition of those upon or for whom they are done, or in some common relation which certain miracles bear to nature. Yet under these general subdivisions, each miracle is taken up and its heart revealed. Sometimes we feel that he is giving too loose a rein to his fancy; but he anticipates our criticism by contending stoutly for the use of the imagination in the discovery of truth, and does not hesitate boldly to use the *a priori* method when it is sustained by the instincts of the spirit. Yet what, at first, seems the fruit of imagination, on closer inspection, often turns into fine and subtle analysis of

moral experience. And here is where MacDonald, in all his works, is doing good service for the truth. We have no other popular writer whose psychology, as applied to matters of religion and morals, can be compared with his for depth and accuracy. We have writers who correctly depict human nature in a surface-way, but none who, like him, pierce the realm of the spirit, and bring out the needs and processes of the soul. This habit is apt to be confounded with a rationalizing tendency, but most wrongly. The psychological method is as consistent with faith as with so-called reason, and, in fact, furnishes the ground upon which faith and reason can unite. It hardly need be said that MacDonald has no disposition to rationalize the Scriptures. A writer who treats *possession* as an actual indwelling of evil spirits cannot be considered rationalistic.

In his treatment of the individual miracles, we often notice an exquisite discernment of the sense. He has great skill in dealing with obscure and difficult points. Our readers will thank us for quoting what he says of those words that are so apt to grate upon our hearts when we read the miracle of the turning of water into wine: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour has not yet come" (p. 17). "What he did say was this: 'Woman, what is there common to thee and me? my hour is not yet come.' His words had no reference to the relation between them; they only referred to the present condition of her mind, or rather the nature of the thought and expectation which now occupied it. Her hope and his intent were at variance; there was no harmony between his thought and hers; and it was to that thought and that hope of hers that his words were now addressed. What, then, was in our Lord's thoughts? and what was in his mother's thoughts to call forth his words? She was thinking a time had come for making a show of his power; for revealing what a just man he was; for beginning to let that glory shine, which was, in her notion, to culminate in the grandeur of a righteous monarch, — a second Solomon, forsooth, who should set down the mighty in the dust, and exalt them of low degree. And of what did the glow of her face, the

light in her eyes, and the tone with which she uttered the words, 'They have no wine,' make Jesus think? Perhaps of the decease which he must accomplish at Jerusalem; perhaps of a throne of glory betwixt the two thieves; certainly of a kingdom of heaven not such as filled her imagination, even although her heaven-descended son was the king thereof. A kingdom of exulting obedience, not of acquiescence, still less of compulsion, lay germed in his bosom, and he must be laid in the grave ere that germ could send up its first green lobes into the air of the human world. No throne, therefore, of earthly grandeur for him! No triumph for his blessed mother such as she dreamed! There was nothing common in their visioned ends."

As often happens to brilliant writers, there is danger lest the reader overlook the profoundness of his thought. MacDonald's diction is so gorgeous, and his emotional nature is kept in such constant play, that one is liable to fail of seeing how deep and steady is the current of thought that runs under the whole. We do not wish unduly to praise this book, but are forced to say that for preservation of unity, for skill in dealing with such questions as prayer and freedom of the will, for compact utterance of wisdom, we know not where among recent publications to look for its equal. Were the same matter put into formal propositions and drawn out with proof and illustration into ten times the space, it would be regarded as a great theological achievement. In illustration we quote a part of what he says of the will (p. 47): "Those who cannot see how the human will should be free in dependence upon the will of God have not realized that the will of God made the will of man; that, when most it pants for freedom, the will of man is the child of the will of God, and therefore that there can be no natural opposition or strife between them. Nay, more, the whole labor of God is that the will of man should be free as his will is free, — in the same way that his will is free, — by the perfect love of the man for that which is true, harmonious, lawful, creative. If a man say, 'But might not the will of God make my will with the intent of over-riding and enslaving it?' I answer, such

a will could not create, could not be God, for it involves the false and contrarious. That would be to make a will in order that it might be no will. To create in order to uncreate is something else than divine. But a free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the face of the otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed."

What volumes of reasoning and what sublimity of thought are condensed into the following sentences (p. 24): "It would seem that the correlative of creation is search; that as God has *made* us, we must *find* him; that thus our action must reflect his; that thus he glorifies us with a share in the end of all things, which is that the Father and his children may be one in thought, judgment, feeling and interest, in a word, that they may mean the same thing."

What mists of doubt are blown away from the vexed subject of prayer by such words as these (p. 88): "The main point is simply this, that what it would not be well for God to give before a man had asked for it, it may not only be well, but best, to give when he has asked. I believe that the first half of our training is up to the asking point; after that the treatment has a grand, new element in it."

Being fresh from the reading of Mr. Mulford's admirable book, "The Nation," we noticed with interest that MacDonald in a few sentences had hit upon the very theory of human society so ably elaborated by Mr. Mulford. He says (p. 80), "All that is precious in the individual heart depends for existence on the relation the individual bears to other individuals. Alone — how can he love? Alone — where is his truth? It is for and by the individuals that the individual lives. A community is the true development of individual relations. Its very possibility lies in the consciences of its men and women. Vital organizations result alone from individualities and consequent necessities, which, fitting the one into the other, and working for each other, make combination not only possible but unavoidable."

We are glad that MacDonald has seen fit to treat the miracles of our Lord by themselves, not connecting them with

any theory that includes wonders of previous or later ages. Such wonders have doubtless been, but they should be kept distinct from those by which the Son manifests forth his glory. If the Christ is to be placed in a category, which, though it embraces, also transcends, humanity, it is fitting that his miraculous works should also have a place by themselves, and not be mingled with wonders that shade off into spiritual jugglery, and lay hold of we know not what powers of darkness. M.

DOING LIFE'S NEAREST DUTY.

BY RUTH A. BRADFORD.

THE little restless child, wearied with itself, when it turns to its mother and says, "Mother, what shall I do?" finds an echo in the heart of every man, woman, and child.

What shall I do? these say to themselves, and look abroad, and far off, for something which shall realize their ideal of true service. This natural impulse is one of the choicest attributes of youth. It is the inspiration towards manly and womanly perfection.

Still, it is only step by step along life's pathway that the wished-for end can be reached; therefore, while the heart is fixed in the distant future, the eyes and hands must be noting the near in everything. Our surroundings are what we have to deal with.

This is not so alone in the moral world, but in the natural. Let us illustrate the latter by a few examples.

Is a difficult work to be done which seems to baffle all the laws of science — ten to one a solution to the difficulty may be found in the careful observation of nature's laws. The walk across the fields, or along the high road, or through the

forest, with the eyes wide open to the formation of tree or rock, to the aspect of different soils, the courses of mountains and hill ranges, all these familiar objects in nature are a lesson to the thoughtful mind, and are in truth a book in which one who runs may read.

Illustrations of these truths are familiar to all, yet we will call to mind a few of them. Many millions of dollars had been expended in useless efforts to construct upon the dangerous Cornwall coast a lighthouse which would stand the fierce gales and shocks of old ocean, till Rudyard, a keen-eyed student of nature, as well as of his favorite science of engineering, bethought him to build upon the simple model of a tree; and, acting upon that idea, the present famous Eddystone Lighthouse still stands a beacon and blessing to all mariners upon the English coast.

Newton established his theory of gravitation from simply seeing an apple fall from a tree to the ground.

James Watt could sit by his mother's chimney corner, and out of the cheerful music of the tea-kettle, hissing and singing the sweet home song, "that supper is ready," could hear with his finer ear the voices of millions blessing him for the discovery of steam power, — that mighty force that should bring distant loved ones near to the home circle, and lessen by its use the daily toil and sweat of man and beast; and "also, if need were, could bring the power of ten millions of horses to bear on a single point, and if it would serve any purpose, and man could find the machinery, could cleave the earth in twain. All this because a skillful observer of nature discovered that *water resists being heated above two hundred and twelve degrees.*"

Let us hope that the shrill shrieks of the steam whistle did not jar upon the senses of James Watt, but that instead some harmonious blast, which shall yet be produced by the union of music and science, inspired him on the completion of his musings.

Agassiz is a striking example. His great mind counts nothing beneath his notice — crab, clam, or smallest shell. In the formation of an apparently insignificant range of hills on

our northern border he traces the first upheaval of mountain range on our western continent.

Ruskin is also a true disciple of the clouds, air, and earth. He looks upon them with the eyes of a lover upon his mistress; and as an artist conveys something of the same expression or lineaments of his favorite into all his figures, so he would have their exquisite beauty of form and color reflected in all art.

The sight of running water through a wild wood may not alone bring joy to the senses, as it rushes and tumbles over rock and stone of a hot summer day, but it may stir and lead the thoughtful mind into realms of wonder and inquiry; as, for instance, why, when the stream rushes over rock and stone, does it bring forth a growth of river-grass, star-weed, and bright green moss, when the still pools a little way below are devoid of all vegetable life? One very apparent and surface analogy may be drawn from this fact, — that activity induces activity.

The Indian without an alphabet was forced to observation, and well did he use his powers We, who pride ourselves upon our high civilization, are far behind him in the keenness of our perceptions in many respects. In the multitude of books now people are too apt to let others do their thinking. The Indian had no such temptation. He wandered through the forest with no magnetic needle to point to the north, but he looked to the mossy side of the old forest trees, and knew his course.

The ornithologist can trace the home and habits of birds of color and song. Our colder latitudes produce birds cold and tame in coloring, while in the tropic clime they are as rich and beautiful in plumage as the foliage they live among.

Observation of bugs and insects show us that they take upon themselves the hue of whatever they feed upon.

The chemist is continually adding to his fund of knowledge by experiments, and by watching the effects of new combinations of matter.

So much for observations in nature. We could go on and

give numberless instances of the usefulness of attention to the near and common things of life.

Let us now see how we can apply this attention to our immediate surroundings, this doing the duty that lies nearest to social duties and religious progress.

We are longing for perfectness in home, friends, and social intercourse with neighbors. Our ideal is formed perhaps upon the noblest Christian model, perhaps from the last novel we read which took us out of the common world, and we are wretched; nobody is quite right.

The young girl, if she has just left school, and is thoughtful, is stirred by a desire to be doing something in the world of some use, and, if she is not obliged to put her hands to some tangible business at once, is sad at the vacuum before her. Her minister from the pulpit urges consecration to goodness. She has a vague idea of what this means, thinks she is willing, but how to do this is the question. She reads of heroines in army hospitals, and in charities at home; of Ida Lewis and Mrs. Howe; of missionaries: but those things that they did and are now doing are not in her way, and the people about her all seem comfortable, and about as good as she is, and her missionary zeal would be illy construed if she should practice upon any of them: *then*, could she but know and feel that the right work was not some great thing in the future, but close at hand, quite within her power; that it was to mould and refine her own character by daily self-sacrifice, patience, reverence, and purity,—those traits which are best developed by contact with the daily trials of every home, however well-regulated that home may be.

The young girl who faithfully helps her mother in the household, at a sacrifice, perhaps, of a favorite pursuit, need never fear but that life will open to her in due time enough of care and duty as soon as she will be fitted to meet it. The young man suffers the same in a degree, but his active interests make him less morbid; still he should not less remember his duties to the near and actual.

We spoke of novel-reading as perhaps leading to discon-

tent with the young. Only those novels that give false and unreal views of life will be likely to do this. The highest type of novel, — and only those are worth reading, — are like what Ruskin would have in art, the simple reflex of nature and human life. Dickens is said by some to exaggerate, but every one can feel the truthfulness of his characters by their own observation. If you or I had the genius of Dickens we could, from our own neighborhood, make a novel equal in interest to any of his vivid English pictures; while the delineations of landscape, in which George Elliot so excels, could find its counterpart with the pen of an equal genius in any of our New England lanes and roadsides at any season of the year.

Miss Mulock's and Mrs. Gaskell's simply told tales of every-day life charm and attract because of their naturalness. Burns's mouse and daisy, in truth, were no fairer or rarer than any we have seen, only we see them now through the poet's eye in his simple lines.

One of our best living writers has truly said that "it is not height, nor depth, nor space that makes the world worth living in, for the fairest landscape needs still to be garlanded by the imagination to become classic with noble deeds and romantic with dreams." "Go where we please in nature, we receive in proportion as we give." Just so in life, the generous, whole-souled man or woman who finds it an every-day necessity to impart something of good to others, if only a kind word, finds the world a happy place, and life a continual joy.

Thus we believe God is glorified in man. It is having the grace of God in the truest sense. This, it seems to me, is the lesson intended by George MacDonald, in one of his early works, "Robert Falconer," where the author makes Robert say to his old grandmother, "Weel, grannie, but a body canna' rise to the height o' grace a' at once; nor yet in ten or twenty years. May be if I do richt I may be able to come to that or a' be dune. I'm thinking its mair for our sakes than his ain 'at he cares about his glory.

"I dinna' believe 'at he thinks about his glory except

for the sake o' the truth an' men's 'erts deeing for want o' it."

There is an anecdote of Prof. Thompson of Edinburgh, "who quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving a web of cloth half woven on the loom.

Half a century afterwards, when he had become celebrated and wealthy, his slumbers were disturbed by a vision of the old loom, and a sense of the imperative duty of finishing the uncompleted web: such a tardy, yet sure remorse, may not visit us during our lifetime, but it may be a parable of what all this life's neglected duties will be to us, in the great Hereafter, when the web which we have left undone will have passed forever beyond the reach of our completion."

Therefore, let us be sure of what to-day brings to us, and in remembering how very short life is, we shall not waste our time in waiting for the plant which blossoms only once in a century, but enjoy the daisies, violets, and buttercups of our daily walk.

In picking up the little things under our feet, we shall make the most of the people about us, make glad our homes, keep the altar-fires in our own hearts burning brightly, and no fear but the nearest duty will be the sweetest one.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

O HUMAN life! O mystery!
The soul's unwritten history!
  The dear one at my side, —
    A kindred heart, —
  Sees not the depths I hide,
    Divines but part.

For thoughts I fain would speak,
The words how poor, how weak!
How faint the song
That trembles on my tongue!
The love that deepest lies,
The joy, the pain,
And all the train
Of visions bright that rise,
But like the glittering show
Of icicle and snow
Melt into viewless air,
As transient and as fair:
These, but half known, half guessed,
Or wholly unrevealed,
In sacred silence sealed,
Lie deep within the breast.
None but thine eye, O God,
Or watching souls above,
With full, clear eyes of love,
Can see the path I've trod.

Yet life is gladness,
And blessed its ties,
Though oft in sadness
Some fond wish dies:
My holiest aspiring
With weakness blended,
The hope my bosom firing
In sorrow ended.
And though nor friend, nor brother,
Sister, nor tender mother
Can fathom all the heart,
And sound its deepest part,
Still flows the holy fountain
Of love; nor sea, nor mountain,
Nor time, nor death can sever
Hearts closely bound forever.

M.

LIFE IN EGYPT.*

THIS attractive volume was published in England a few years ago. It has not been reprinted in this country, although its contents are so interesting, not only from the associations attached to Egypt and Arabia, those lands of wonder and enchantment, but also from the historical interest belonging to their nations, relics as they are of a race once highly civilized, as ancient as they were noble. These letters were written when Lady Duff Gordon was suffering from a fatal disease, far away from home and those she most loved; yet she found among these so-called barbarians kind friends, faithful servants, and even agreeable companions. In her Egyptian home she came into intimate contact with the natives, and by the sympathy of a common nature appreciated the virtues and high qualities which abound among them. It was impossible, she herself says, "to express what I saw, felt, and comprehended;" and again, "all that can be said appears poor to one who knows, as I do, how curious and poetical the country is." These few letters were not written for the public, but "to the two persons with whom, of all others, the writer felt the least necessity of reserve:" they were addressed to her husband and to her mother, Mrs. Austin, — the latter well known to the literary world as the translator of "Ranke's History of the Popes," and as the wife of the very able writer on jurisprudence. She was thus a member of an old Unitarian family which has been long distinguished in literary circles. By her liberal education she was peculiarly free from most of the prejudice by which foreigners are so commonly blinded. This lady passed her winters, not at Cairo or Thebes, but in villages where few Europeans go at all, so she was brought into close relations with the people. This book is composed of extracts from her letters; and perhaps no better account of the people of Egypt has been published since the days of Herodotus; she herself says she is

* Letters from Egypt, by Lady Duff Gordon.

constantly reminded of his narratives by the state of the country, so unlike any other, and still full of the old superstitions and ancient worship. The reverence for the sacred animals is still kept up; the sacred cats are as sacred as ever, still fed and cared for, and "behave with singular decorum when the servant of the cats serves their dinner."

Instead of looking upon the customs of these people with antipathy and superciliousness, this English woman's large humanity and rare power of sympathy, combined with her tender pity, enabled her to enter into their feelings, to interpret their peculiar tone of thought: in a word, to understand them; and as they themselves said of her, "She sat among the people." She writes of herself, "When I go and sit with the English I feel as if almost they were foreigners to me, so completely am I now *Bint-el Belet*, — daughter of the country." What a marked contrast to British travelers in general, who so despise the natives! Miss Martineau even is no exception to their number; and her book on the East is filled with descriptions of the scenery and buildings, while of the people she says but little, and that in a tone of condemnation.

A book has just been published in England, the journal of the Hon. Mrs. William Grey, who was in the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales in their voyage up the Nile in the year 1869. This lady writes from the same point of view, as far as the people of the country are concerned, being utterly ignorant of their language. She, too, describes only their outward appearance and external life. In her journal she mentions that "the Prince started earlier to pay a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, who was living in her dahabeah, a little above Assouan." On the return voyage down the Nile she also writes: "After luncheon the Prince and Princess, with myself and Sir S. Baker, crossed the river to pay Lady Duff Gordon a visit in her dahabeah, which she has now made entirely her home, living on board, up here, on account of her health. We had coffee and pipes, and returned home about five o'clock."

We will now proceed to give some of Lady Gordon's descriptions of the people whom she saw. She writes thus:—

"The men at work on the river banks are of exactly the same color as the Nile mud: the warmer hue of the blood circulating beneath the skin. Prometheus has just formed them out of the universal material at hand, and the sun breathed life into them."

Of her boat's crew she says, "When I call my crew black don't think of negroes: they are elegantly shaped Arabs, and all gentlemen in manners." Elsewhere she mentions "the handsome jet-black men, with features as beautiful as the young Bacchus." Now she shows us the women, dressed in drapery, like Greek statues, and their forms as perfect, with handsome hair plaited like the Egyptian sculptures. She says, —

"It is worth while going to Nubia to see the girls up to twelve or thirteen. They are neatly dressed in a bead necklace and a leathern fringe four inches wide round the loins, and anything so absolutely perfect as their shape, so sweetly innocent as their looks, cannot be conceived. One girl was so lovely that even the greatest prude must, I think, have forgiven her pure, sweet beauty."

The pilot's little girl was dressed in that way, and she came to bring a present of fish and eggs — only four years old; and Lady Gordon says of her, —

"So clever, I gave her a captain's biscuit and some figs, and the little pet sat with her little legs tucked under her and ate so daintily, and carefully wrapped up some in a little rag of a veil to take home, I longed to steal her, she was such a darling."

As a pendant to this we give a picture of —

"A darling little Coptic boy, who came with his father and wanted a "*kitab*" (book) to write in. So I made one out of paper and the cover of my old pocket book, and gave him a pencil. I also bethought me of showing him a picture-book, which was so glorious a novelty that he wanted to go with me to my town, 'Beled el-Inkeleez,' where more such books were to be found."

Where all is so picturesque and lifelike it is difficult to know what to select or where to stop. Here is such a cunning, quaint, little, —

"Half-black boy, a year and a half old, and has taken such a

fancy to me, and comes and sits for hours gazing at me, and then dances to amuse me. He is Mohammed our guard's son by a jet-black slave of his, and is brown-black and very pretty. He wears a bit of iron wire in one ear, and iron rings round his ankles, and nothing else; and when he comes up, little Ahmael, who is his uncle, makes him fit to be seen by emptying a pitcher of water over his head to rinse the dust off, in which, of course, he had been rolling, which is equivalent to a clean pinafore. You would want to buy little Saeed, I know. He is so pretty and jolly, he sings and dances and jabbers baby Arabian, and then sits like a quaint little idol, cross-legged, quite still for hours."

This reminds us of the early Byzantine pictures:—

"Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in the little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay burnished like golden tags, soft, deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Isis and Athor. The very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs; and I felt inclined to ask them how many thousand years old they were. In their house I sat on an ancient Egyptian couch with the semi-circular head-rest, and eat and drank out of crockery which looked antique; and they brought me dates in a basket such as you see in the British Museum, and a mat of the same sort. At Asawan I dined on the shore with the blameless Ethiopian merchants from Soodan, black as ink and handsome as Bacchus. Most ancient of all though are the Copts; their very hands and feet are the same as those of the Egyptian statues. The Copts are evidently the ancient Egyptians; the slightly aquiline noses and long eye are the very same as those in the profiles on the tombs and temples, and also like the very earliest Byzantine pictures."

Some scenes are exactly like those described in the Arabian Nights.

"Arab music clanged, women cried the *zaghareet*, black servants served sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, and behaved as if they belonged to the company. I was strongly under the impression that I was at Noor ed-Deen's wedding with the Wezeer's daughter."

Here again comes in —

"Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable barber; he has the same impertinence, loquacity,

and love of meddling with everybody's business. The Arabs next door and Levantines opposite are quiet enough. But how *do* they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who gathers them every morning as 'fruit, gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew'?"

So often one is reminded of the pastoral, poetical life of the Bible, — sheep and cattle coming home at eve. Sometimes "in the gate" sat the head man of the village, like some old patriarch, — like Father Abraham himself. In fact, as Lady Gordon says, "This country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that."

What a curious illustration this is that follows of the Scriptural command to "weep with those who weep"!

"A poor neighbor of mine lost his little boy yesterday, and came out into the street as usual for sympathy. He stood under my window, leaning his head against the wall, and sobbing and crying till literally his tears wetted the dust. He was too much grieved to tear off his turban or to lament in form, but clapped his hands and cried, 'Oh, my boy! oh, my boy!' The bean-seller opposite shut his shop. The dyer took no notice, but smoked his pipe. Some people passed on, but many stopped and stood around the poor man, saying nothing, but looking concerned. Two were well-dressed Copts on handsome donkeys, who dismounted. And all waited till he went home, when about twenty men accompanied him with a respectful air."

The following extract brings vividly before us some of the different classes of the Egyptian population, with their respective characteristics: —

"There are a good many Copts on board of a rather low class, and not pleasant. The Christian gentlemen are very pleasant, but the low are low indeed compared to the Moslems; and one gets a feeling of dirtiness about them when one sees them eat all among the coals, and then squat down there and pull out their beads to pray without washing their hands anew. It does look nasty when compared to the Moslem, coming up clean washed, and standing erect and manly looking to his prayers. Besides, they are coarse in their manners and conversation, and have not the Arab respect for women. I only speak of the common people, not of educated

Copts. The best fun is to hear the Greeks abusing the Copts,—rogues, heretics, schismatics from the Greek Church, ignorant, rapacious, cunning, impudent, &c.; in short, they narrate the whole fable about their own sweet selves!"

Here we can get a good idea of Arab lineage:—

"The people were all relations of Mustafa, and to see Seedee Omar, the head of the household, and the young men coming in from the field, and the flocks and herds and camels and asses, was like a beautiful dream. All these people are of good blood, and a sort of 'Roll of Battle' is kept for the genealogies of the noble Arabs who came in with Amr, the first Arab conqueror and lieutenant of Omar. Not one of these brown men, who do not own a second shirt, would give his brown daughter to the Turkish Pasha. This country *noblesse* is more interesting to me, by far, than the town people."

A fine illustration may here be brought in of the feeling of the Arabs in regard to women.

"I asked if Abd-el-Kadir were coming here, as I had heard. He did not know, and asked me if he were not 'Akhu-l-Benàt' (a brother of girls). I prosaically said, 'I did not know if he had sisters.' 'The Arabs, O Lady! call that man a "brother of girls" to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters and strength and courage to fight for their protection.' Omar suggested a thorough gentleman as the equivalent of Abou Hassan's title. European galimatias about 'the smiles of the fair,' &c., looks very mean beside Akhu-l-Benàt."

What a pretty picture comes before us in this religious celebration!

"In this country one gets to see how much more beautiful a perfectly natural expression is than even the finest mystical expression given by the painters. The scene of this morning (some religious celebration) was all the more touching that no one was behaving himself or herself at all. A little Acolyte peeped into the sacramental cup, and swigged off the drop left in it with the most innocent air, and no one rebuked him; and the quiet little children ran about in the sanctuary — a pretty commentary on 'Suffer little children,' &c."

Here we are introduced to some of her companions. Omar, one of Lady Gordon's servants, quite a youth, turns out to be "a real jewel," so faithful and affectionate, refusing to leave his mistress, even when offered very high pay to go with another English lady: he said, "No: I think my God give her to me to take care of her; how then can I leave her? I can't speak to my God if I do bad things like that." Sheykh Yoosuf (Joseph) was among her attendants, and also gave Lady Gordon lessons in Arabic. They read stories from the Arabian Nights. The Arabs, she writes, "so diverted to think we know the Elf Leyleh wa-Leyleh, — the Thousand Nights and a Night." Sheykh Yoosuf was a graceful, sweet-looking young man, with a dark-brown face, and such fine manners in his Fellah dress, — a coarse brown woolen shirt, a libdéh or felt scull-cap, and a common red shawl round his head and shoulders, — so gentle, amiable, and refined, so liberal: he says often, "We are all sons of Adam, bad, bad, and good, good." One day Lady Gordon inadvertently answered the Salàm aleykum, which he of course said to Omar on coming in, which is sacramental to Moslems. "Yoosuf blushed crimson, looked unhappy. Yesterday evening he addressed a Salàm to me. He had evidently been thinking it over, and concluded it was not wrong. 'Surely it is well for all the creatures of God to speak peace to each other.' No uneducated Moslem would have arrived at this conclusion! I answered as I felt, 'Peace, O my brother! and God bless thee.'" It was, she adds, almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the communion to a heretic. What a lesson of charity Christians might take from the sweet and tender piety of this Arab! Elsewhere Lady Gordon writes, —

"I wish you could see Sheykh Yoosuf. I think he is the sweetest creature in look and manner I ever beheld, — so refined, so simple, and with the animal grace of a gazelle.

"My poor Sheykh Yoosuf is in great distress about his brother, also a young Sheykh, i.e., one learned in theology and competent to preach in the mosque. Sheykh is come home from studying in El-Azhar at Cairo, — I fear to die. I went with Sheykh Yoosuf, at

his request, and found him gasping for breath and very, very ill. I gave him a little soothing medicine, and put mustard plasters on him; and as they relieved him I went again and repeated them. All the family and a number of neighbors crowded in to look on. There he lay, in a dark little den with bare mud walls, worse off to our ideas than any pauper in England. But these people do not feel the want of comforts, and one learns to think it quite natural to sit with perfect gentlemen in places inferior to our cattle sheds. I pulled some blankets up against the wall, and put my arm behind Sheykh Mohammed's back to make him rest while the poultices were on him, whereupon he laid his green-turbaned head upon my shoulder, and presently held up his delicate brown face for a kiss, like an affectionate child. As I kissed him, a very pious old Moolah said, 'Bismillàh' (in the name of God), with an approving nod, and Sheykh Mohammed's old father, a splendid old man in a green turban, thanked me with effusion, and prayed that my children might always find help and kindness. I suppose if I confessed to kissing 'a dirty Arab,' in a hovel, civilized people would execrate me; but it shows how much there is in 'Moslem bigotry,' 'unconquerable hatred of the Christians,' &c.; for this family are Seyyids (descendants of the prophets) and very pious. Sheykh Yoosuf does not even smoke, and he preaches on Fridays.

"Moslem piety is so unlike what Europeans think it: it is so full of tender emotions, so much more sentimental, than we imagine, and it is wonderfully strong. I used to hear Omar praying outside my door while I was so ill, 'O God! make her better! Oh, may God let her sleep!' as naturally as we should say, 'I hope she will have a good night.' It had an odd, dreamy effect to hear old Hekekian Bey and my doctor discoursing in Turkish at my bedside. I shall always fancy the good Samaritan in a tarboosh and white beard and very long eyes,

"Seleem told me a very pretty grammatical quibble about 'son' and 'prophet' (*apropos* of Christ) on a verse in the gospel, depending on the reduplicative sign (*sheddah*) over one letter. He was just as much put out when I reminded him that the original was written in Greek as some of our amateur theologians are if you say the Bible was not composed in English. However, I told him that many Christians in England, Germany, and America did not believe that Seyyidna Eesa (Jesus) is God; but only the greatest of prophets and teachers. He at once declared that was sufficient; that 'all such had received guidance, and were not among the

rejected.' How could they be, since such Christians only believed the teaching of Eesa, which was true, and not the falsifications of the priests and bishops (the bishops always 'catch it,' as the school-boys say)?

"I gave about ten pence to buy oil, as it is Ramadan, and the mosque ought to be lighted. And the old servant of the mosque kindly promised me full justice at the day of judgment, as I was one of those Nazarenes of whom the Lord Mohammed has said, that they are not proud, and wish well to the Mussulman."

This passage has much theological value:—

"Yesterday I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle,—i.e., the low-arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through, and thus the rich man must humble himself. See how a false translation spoils a good metaphor, and turns a familiar simile into a ferociously communist sentiment!

"The Europeans resent being called 'Nasranee,' as a genteel Hebrew gentleman may shrink from the word 'Jew.' But I said boldly, 'I am a Nazarene, praise be to God!' and found it was much approved by the Moslems, as well as the Copts."

This is the way in which a Scotch Christian regards a Christian of Egypt:—

"A very pious Scotch gentleman wondered that I could think of entering a Copt's house; adding that they were the publicans (tax-gatherers) of this country, which is true. I felt inclined to mention that better company than he or I had dined with publicans and even sinners."

Here Lady Gordon is invited to prayer:—

"Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the Sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yoosuf wished to say a *fat'hah* for me; but I must not drink wine on that day. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshiped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer; so, in the evening, I went with Mustafa.

"I was talking the other day with Yoosuf about people trying to make converts, and I uttered that eternal *betise*, 'Oh, they mean well!'—'True, O lady! perhaps they do mean well; but God says

in the noble Koran that he who injures or torments those Christians whose conduct is not evil, merely on account of religion, shall never smell the fragrance of the garden (paradise). Now, when men begin to want to make others change their faith, it is extremely hard for them not to injure or torment them; and therefore I think it best to abstain altogether, and to wish rather to see a Christian a good Christian, and a Moslem a good Moslem."

Lady Gordon says, elsewhere, —

"But if people really wish to convert, in the sense of improving, they must insist on what the two religions have in common, and not on the most striking points of difference. That door is open and no other.

"A number of El-Uksur people came in to pay their respects to the great man, and he said to me that he hoped I had not been molested on account of my religion; and, if I had, I must forgive it, as the people here were so ignorant, and *barbarians were bigots everywhere.* I said, 'The people of El-Eksur are my brothers.' And the Maoon said, 'True, the Fellàheen are like oxen, but they are not such swine as to insult the religion of a lady who has served God among them like this one. She risked her life every day. And if she had died,' said the great theologian, 'her place was ready among the martyrs of God, because she showed more love to her brethren than to herself.' Now, if this was humbug, it was said in Arabic, before eight or ten people, by a man of great religious authority. Omar was 'in heaven' to hear his 'Sitt' spoken of 'in such a grand way for the religious.' I believe that a great change is taking place among the Ulema; that Islam is ceasing to be a mere party flag, just as occurred with Christianity; and that all the moral part is being more and more dwelt upon. My great Alim also said I had practiced the precepts of the Koran, and then laughed and said, 'I suppose I ought to say the Gospel; but what matters it? The truth (el-Hakk) is one, whether spoken by our Lord Eesa or by our Lord Mohammed."

Lady Gordon thus writes: —

"My conclusion is the heretical one, that to dream of converting here is absurd, and I will add wrong. All that is wanted is more general knowledge and education, and the religion will clear and develop itself. The elements are identical with those of Christianity, encumbered, as that has been, with asceticism and intolerance

The creed is simpler, and there are no priests. I think the faith has remained wonderfully rational considering the extreme ignorance of those who hold it."

But these quotations must cease, or we shall transcribe the whole of this fascinating book: it is to be hoped that these letters may yet be published for American readers.

Our authoress makes us distinctly perceive the wide difference between the Turks and Arabs as to their religion, although they are both Mohammedans. The Arab is comparatively free from the ferocity and fanaticism of the Turk; and the Sheykh Yoosuf mentioned above was not only an Arab and a preacher in the mosque, but he was also a descendant of Mohammed, and wore a green turban!

It is not a little thing to say, but it is true, that the river Nile gains in interest by what Lady Gordon has told us of the people who work and pray upon its banks; and, as to Mohammedanism, through these letters it is almost the first time that it has ever been fairly made known in English.

What a strange, benign presence she must have been in Upper Egypt; and what mourning there must have been on the Nile when she died, about eighteen months ago, and "sat among the people no more"!

A stranger in a strange land, she made herself one of the people; for they all called her, 'O my sister!' She acquired their language, and by her active kindness gained their confidence. She won the love of the natives by her "pure religion and undefiled;" and for everybody but bigots she has made herself the genial interpreter of the Arabs.

What sweet and pleasant recollections are left with us after the perusal of these letters! Lady Gordon's companions are ours also; she herself seems almost like a dear personal friend; and we think with Abou Mohammed, when she bent over his sick boy, that we never saw a face "like the pale face of the English lady." We see her sweet acts, and hear her kind words.

> "The periodic task
> Of written talk is hard to many hearts.
> Few only warm it with such living breath
> That it becomes a voice."

E. C. M.

EXTRACTS FROM A YOUNG MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

FEB. 9. Since I was married, I have given up keeping a journal; it seemed to me I had no time for it, every day was so full of pleasures and cares; but I find this is a disappointment to my dear mother; she wants to know more about us than I can send her in one short weekly letter. So now, every day, while baby is asleep, I shall try to write down some of the thoughts and doings of our daily life that she may read them by and by. I can never tell her or anybody how good and kind my John is, or how happy I am. Only one thing troubles me now, but John says I must not let it.

He comes home from his office every afternoon in season to play with baby half an hour before dinner is ready. But the pleasantest time in the day to me is the twilight hour, after we have dined and nurse has carried baby off to bed! If a visitor comes in then I can hardly be polite, it is so good to have John all to myself, and to tell him of all the thoughts that will come to trouble me, and prevent my taking the comfort I otherwise should in my precious, beautiful boy. "John," I said, last night, "do you know Mrs. Snow?" — "The wife of Alden's partner?" said John; "I went to school with Jim, her eldest son, and a wild scamp he was, too. I have seen her sometimes at my mother's; but she had a large family and went out very seldom, I think; she always seemed careworn and unhappy, as if her life had not much sunshine in it." "Just so she looked to-day, John," I said; and then I surprised him by laying my head on his shoulder and bursting into a flood of tears; as if her life's disappointment and sorrow had been my own, too; and so indeed I felt. John comforted me, and I told him all my grief. "I was sorry baby was in the room," I said; "it made poor Mrs. Snow so sad to look at him." "Oh, if we could only keep our babies!" she exclaimed; "but they outgrow our love and our care so soon! And even before they lose these sweet inno-

cent faces, the evil that is in them begins to develop itself, and you can feel the shadow of the trouble that is before you." — "But, Mrs. Snow," I cried, "I hope there isn't any evil in my precious child! does he look like it now, with his sweet smile, and his soft blue eyes? Oh, no, I am sure he will always be good!" and I clasped my darling, and tried to change the subject, and keep her from looking at him; but she went on. "It is better for you to be prepared for the worst, that you may not be disappointed as I have been. I am a broken-hearted woman! Three sons have I seen grow up who were as lovely and as dear to me as your beautiful boy is to you, and I tried to be a good mother to them; but before they were out of petticoats, their wills were stronger than mine: I could not make them obey me, and Mr. Snow did not try to help me; he always said such fine spirit should not be broken; until at last, when Fred, our eldest, began to get into bad company, and stay out late nights, coming home often in a state no mother could bear to tell of, his father was frightened, and grew very severe, trying by every threat and punishment he could think of to restrain him. Fred grew angry then, and threatened to run away from home. I tried to reason with them both, and to hope that Fred's good sense would lead him to do better; but things grew worse and worse: Charley began to follow his example, and at last Fred ran away from home. We have not heard from him for ten years now." "But surely," I said, "your other sons have done better?" "No," said the poor woman, "they too left home without their father's leave, and we seldom hear from them. I am afraid there is little good to hear; and so, Mrs. Bowen, you will not wonder that when I look at your innocent baby I can only feel sorry for you and for him, I know so well what is before you; evil is inborn, and nothing but the grace of God can restore such fallen natures. Even my daughters disappointed me, for they chose husbands of whom neither their father nor I approved, and had no love left for us after they were married. My only hope now is that they may experience a change of heart. I thought I saw signs of grace in Mary's last letter."

"I knew she was wrong, John, but I cannot argue. I wish you had been here to show her that the defects in their early training caused all this trouble; for it was so, I know; and yet I cannot feel happy again, for I have felt ever since God gave our darling to us that I am not fit to be his mother. I do not know how to train and educate him, and it frightens me to think what a responsibility rests with me."—"Not with you alone dear," said John. "I shall share the labor, though I do not deny that the mother's influence is often stronger than the father's. We will work together, and God will help us if we are faithful to the light we have. It is hardly strange that poor Mrs. Snow should believe in total depravity, or that she should not see that the cause of all their trouble lay in her own mental and moral weakness, and the ungoverned nature of her husband. How can parents who are but children themselves help others to form well-disciplined religious characters? Can the blind lead the blind? Their experience need not alarm us, though it will be well for us to take this and all similar lessons to heart; we cannot learn too much on this important subject."—"I know it, John," I replied; "and I want you to buy all the books you can find about it for me to read."

"Your own observation and thought will help you more than books," said John; "I believe the work must most of it be done within ourselves. A child's nature is often a mere reflection of that of his parents, and it is strange how much more readily they seem to catch the weak points than the strong ones. My friend, Mrs. Dow, who, I must confess, is something of a gossip, has a little daughter who will tell you as much news in half an hour as you can read in "The Journal" in a week; and I have noticed that Jim Hunt senior and young Jim seem always to be contending for the possession of some luxury when I am there: sometimes 'tis the easiest arm-chair, or sometimes the hottest breakfast-cakes. Young Jim generally gains the battle, because he clamors loudest and gets the mother on his side."

"We must set our boy a good example always, and be unselfish, true, and gentle if we want to see him develop those

qualities. Let us be masters of ourselves, and teach him to control himself while he is young, and we need not fear for his future." — "Oh, but that is just what is so dreadful!" I cried; "we must be models always, and how can I live under such constant restraint? I am full of faults, and I have never had to think anything about my example before; at least, I never did think of it, though I know mother used to ask me to, for Sister Lizzie's sake. Now, that I have such an object, I will try hard, of course, but I can see that I ought to have learned all that before I became a wife and mother. I am sorry for you, dear John, for you deserve a better wife."

Then of course John told me he knew just what I was, and he would not have me any different; we would all help each other: and if Philip should discover, when he was old enough to analyze our characters, that we were not faultless, it would not lessen his respect for us, if he saw that we were conscious of our faults and were striving to overcome them. We would talk to him of Christ, whose life is the model for us all, and has in it lessons for both parents and children.

"We must learn, dear Kate," John said, "to look all truth in the face bravely. Some people seem to enjoy life only while they can live on the surface of it, ignoring the earnest opportunities it presents for study and for action; but this must not be our way.

"The influence which we exert, consciously or unconsciously, upon others at all times is to me one of the most serious subjects for thought; yes, and for prayer to: for while nothing seems to me so well worth living for as to influence another soul for good, so nothing is so dreadful as the consciousness that I may even unintentionally put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall, in a brother's way. And this responsibility we cannot escape. If one should say, 'I cannot exert any influence over my fellow men; my life is not good enough for it: I will only try to do no harm to anybody, will live quietly devoted to my own work, so that when I die I may at least have the comfort of feeling that the world is no worse for my having lived in it,'—when his spiritual eyes were opened, he might be pained to find that the

wasted life he deemed so inoffensive had done an immeasurable amount of harm; for some other, whose life might have been valuable to God and man, had been taught idleness and selfishness by his example; and this one was in his turn influencing others, so that the current of evil he himself had set in motion would never cease. When my Philip is a man, I hope he will be less selfish than his father; but I know he will not be unless I give him a constant example of unselfishness in my own life. So you see I have some hard work to do, dear Kate, as well as yourself; but we must not let it depress us; we can only —

> "Watch and fight and pray;
> The battle ne'er give o'er;
> Renew it boldly day by day,
> And help divine implore."

FEB. 12. Yesterday I came to Boston, with nurse and baby, to spend a week with Cousin Jenny. We arrived late in the afternoon, and received such a hearty, clamorous welcome from the four children, that poor little Philip was frightened, and cried piteously. Everything was strange to him, and the long ride had tired him, I suppose, so I had to take him to my own room immediately to comfort him: he was unwilling even to be left with nurse, and he refused to go to sleep for so long a time that I had to have tea brought up to me, and did not go down to the parlor until the children had gone to bed and the house was quiet. There I found Jenny and Mr. Severns waiting to see me, but I found it hard to seem bright and interested in anything, I was so tired and homesick.

I think I shall get some valuable hints about the education of children here, but I fear they will all come in the way of warnings rather than example.

I like to have baby sleep as late as he will in the morning, and I prize my own morning naps too, especially after such a journey as yesterday's; but long before light this morning we were wakened by the two little boys in the room next to mine; they were rushing about, screaming and singing, fight-

ing battles with their pillows, turning somersaults, making as much noise, in short, as an unruly school at recess. Philip, being frightened, began to cry; and the boys hearing that came rushing into my room in their night-gowns, without even a tap at the door, begging me to let them take him. I tried to quiet them, and finally persuaded them to dress themselves and go to the nursery to play until breakfast time. They had hardly gone when the little girls came, and, without waiting to be invited, got into bed with us! I hope visitors here are not always treated in this way; probably this is an especial attention to me on baby's account. I must ask Jenny to interfere to prevent its happening again, for it made Philip cross all the morning, he who is usually so sunny and good! I am sorry to have any one get such an impression of him.

The children all stayed at home from school to-day on our account, Jenny said. If they had had an extra session on our account it would have pleased me more; they are so noisy and tiresome. I wonder if they carry every point as easily as they did this!

13th. This morning's experience was not very different from yesterday's. Jenny spoke to the boys before they went to bed, but they evidently are not used to remembering her words long; so when we were thoroughly awake I heard her come to the boys and tell them they "must be quiet, or Cousin Kate would never bring little Philip here again." The effect of this appeal lasted about three minutes; then I heard Mr. Severns' sister Laura talking with the boys, and she finally carried them off to her own room on the other side of the house. After breakfast Jenny told me that Laura wanted to exchange rooms with my tormenters while I am here. I had a long talk with her when we came up stairs to dress for dinner; it made me like her and pity her for her position here where she sees so well what ought to be done for these children, and longs to help them without having it in her power to do so. They are bright and promising, she says, and could easily be trained to be all that is lovely and good; but they know that their mamma never insists upon

obedience, and their papa seldom notices them at all, unless their behavior is especially outrageous, so they run wild, and have their own way about almost everything. Jenny will not allow Laura to interfere at all, and the children, taking their cue from their mother, meet any remonstrance she ventures to make with some disagreeable speech about their "old-maid aunt," "how thankful they are she is not their mamma," "how cross she is," &c. So the poor woman really finds her life very unpleasant, though her brother little imagines it is so. Jenny, she says, "means to be kind, but has exalted ideas about the prerogatives of a mistress of the house, and thinks she is interfering wherever she tries to help."

I could not help sympathizing with her, for I should feel exactly as she does if I were in her place.

It certainly seems to me that those women who would make the best mothers are the ones who oftenest remain unmarried. However, this may be only because they have so much time for observation and reflection, I suppose. Laura certainly has looked far into the matter, and has given me valuable suggestions.

14th. Jenny's Roger is a perfect little gourmand. When he is not eating, he is constantly telling us what he would like to eat. When he came to the dinner-table to-day, he looked it over eagerly, and exclaimed, "Oh! mutton chops! mamma, you know I don't like that; there ain't anything here I like. What can I eat?" His mother mildly suggested a baked potato. "Baked potato!" he repeated, in a tone of great disgust; "Mayn't I have some maple syrup?" "Yes," said mamma; "Sarah, bring some maple syrup for Master Roger, and there are some crullers too I think he would like." Oh, it is too bad! The child has a delicate stomach too, and, as it is always overloaded, he is pale and peevish, and his mother is anxious about him, and indulges him all the more on this account. I do not think I could have made just this mistake, or that John would have allowed it; but I am glad my attention has been called to it, for I see that no better way could be found to teach a child self-control than this. With my help Philip shall learn to deny himself the

things that are not good for him; and I will try to teach him to know when his hunger is satisfied; for I believe that if a habit of self-denial is established in this way when he is a child, he will never be governed by his appetite when he is a man.

I said this to Laura when we came up stairs after dinnner. She quite agreed with me, and added, "I believe such self-denial, and a certain degree of abstemiousness, would not only conduce to a well-disciplined nature, but is of absolute use and necessity in the training of a child's mind. When nature is constantly called upon to give her best strength to the digestion of food, the brain is robbed of its dues; the mind cannot work to advantage at the same time. The child who hurries off to school after eating a hearty and indigestible breakfast, is dull all the morning; he cannot keep his mind on his lessons, and he is often accounted stupid, when a weak digestion and an overtasked stomach are to blame for it all. If the child is ambitious, he works hard to overcome what he is taught to believe a natural deficiency, and then Nature, who cannot answer the urgent demands which the stomach and the brain are making upon her at once, takes her revenge by calling his nerves into action, and making him conscious of a force which soon becomes his weakness, and is his greatest enemy all the rest of his life.

"I verily believe," Laura added, "that no human eloquence could show us the amount of misery of which the stomach is the cause; only we should not call that the cause, but rather the ignorance, or weakness of will, in the poor creatures who become its victims."

When Laura had gone to her own room, I came directly to my journal to write down all she had said, lest I should forget it before I can repeat it to John.

I have invited Laura to go home with us to-morrow. I think it will be a rare treat to hear John and her talk together. I know they will agree admirably.

How I long to be at home! Unless Jenny's family government improves, I can never bring Philip here again. I have felt thankful all the time that he was no older.

THE IDES OF MAY.

THE bobolink! Again I hear
The merriest bird of all the year.
As through my opened window floats
The gladsome music of his notes,
Mingling with thrush and sparrow's song,
And tuneful rivals still prolong
The happy chorus, from my heart
The lingering shadows all depart.

The night was dark, and o'er my soul
A thousand sad forebodings stole,
While memory's faithful glass had shown
As many joys forever flown.
I courted sleep, but yet my grief
Had found in slumber no relief;
But dreams, and fearful visions, still
Thronged in, my misery's cup to fill.

At length the daybreak in the East
My heart from fear in part released.
The small fly-catcher first awakes,
The second part the robin takes,
And then the wren and vireo
Begin with song to overflow.
The hang-bird's clear and mellow tune
And cat-bird's matins follow soon.
While richer grows the harmony
Still from my soul the shadows flee.
But when at last from bobolink's throat
Bursts out the long imprisoned note,
In liquid sweetness, without measure,
Bubbling his ecstatic pleasure,
Then 'tis sunrise in my heart,
In his pure joy I take a part;
And, while he sings, I silent raise
My morning hymn of thanks and praise.

H. T.

NATIONAL AGGRANDIZEMENT.

A FAST-DAY SERMON. BY C. A. BARTOL.

Thou hast increased the nation. — ISA. XXVI. 15.

THIS implies something — beyond human willfulness or accident — *divine* in a people's growth, whether we mean growth of population, territory, art, knowledge, virtue, happiness, or peace.

The Hebrew tribes had been increased by return from what was called the dispersion, as we have by recovery of seceding population, — fugitive communities having been tried as the offset of human slaves. But if a country thrive it will be in all its parts at once like a human organism.

Let us try to trace the law, the moral, in what we call Manifest Destiny.

I. National growth, like individual, to be true and healthy must be *natural.* As Jesus said, the seed "groweth up we know not how," so Solomon said we know not "how the bones grow" in an unborn child; yet one thing we know, — it is by natural degrees, too minute to measure or see. Mr. Mulford, author of that interesting book called "The Nation," maintains that a nation, like a man, is *a person,* — thousands and millions rolled and incorporated into one vast personality, which has its own proper stature and characteristic intelligence and will. If so, its increase must be gradual on like conditions with private vitality. If your boy or girl shoots up suddenly you are alarmed, lest like corn that, as farmers say, spindles too soon, they thin into consumption, and perish without fit and beautiful fruit. If a man or woman growing old make very rapid gain of flesh, it is not the best sign, does not signify enhanced, but declining, vigor, and threatens inertness, feeble organs, and a halting foot. If, on a luxurious diet of rich meats and stimulating drink, your frame expands, rejoice as you will in the more pounds you weigh in the scales, you will find you have neither the strength nor agility of more slender and elastic forms. So

size in a nation is not growth. Swift accessions of land are not of course wholesome growth: they may be but fat and bloat. Ambition to enlarge their borders is the trait, the vice, of nations as of single land-owners. Does that piece over the fence yonder belong to you? said a visitor to his country host. No: but I must have it! was the reply. A nation shorn of its ancient bounds feels like a man with his hand or arm cut off. Poor France without Alsace and Lorraine lies like an amputated patient on the bed, forgetting how greedily she swallowed Nice and Savoy, while Germany, like a young giant, leaps with joy at outgrowing her old garments; and Russia covets control of the Black Sea, and wants to eat up Turkey like the savory barn-yard bird on the smoking dish; and we, having stretched from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Sea, are hungry for Canada on the north still, and these West Indies on the south, that seem to have lighted like a flock of birds just at our door, a capital mark inviting us to take out our gun. There is such a thing as a righteous and salutary national growth into dimensions, — who shall say how large? — but it must be natural, that is, seasonable, in a timely and orderly proportion, like the increment of a crystal. How was Alaska, whose purchase some favored who resist to the death the acquisition of San Domingo, got? Rather by reaching out our hand for a spasmodic clutch, as one strikes with his neighbor what he thinks a good bargain. By no simple progress did our census take it on. Doubtless we can accommodate the cold, barren strip to which nobody will dispute our right. The British possessions on the St. Lawrence, and the Antilles standing guard off the Florida shore, will doubtless be joined to the domain they skirt. But all in good time, my friends! Be not in haste. Do not grasp. Don't snatch, say the eager nations crowding at the board. We, a great country, at least a large one, cannot afford to be land-grabbers like a little upstart or despot, Baez or Cabral, or any jobber or adventurer under their auspices, lurking and contriving for private spoils out of civil revolution and change. When the long arms reaching across the sea get

tired of holding these Western colonies, and the notion of a Black empire, like any founded purely on race, proves a delusion, — every great nation, like Rome, England, the United States, having been formed of that mixture of races necessary to enrich the public mind and common life, — then these adjoining isles and provinces may not be annexed, but fall to us by the logic of events. Meantime our strength is to wait, our policy a masterly inactivity, till, as Napoleon said, the pear is ripe, and need not be plucked, but will drop into our lap of its own weight. No doubt it might be a good thing for San Domingo to come to us now. Douglas's blood divines better than Sumner's brain. But would it be a good thing for us? How much ignorance and barbarism is our stomach able to bear while ku-klux outrages in the South prove our virtue insufficient as yet to assimilate the brutal relics of slavery, to eliminate its virus from our veins, to convince the old "lords of the lash" that theirs is indeed, as Mr. Pollard says, a lost cause, and to establish our title to our own? Alas! we are like boys hankering after green fruit, such as Texas was when we seized it prematurely and were griped with such dreadful indigestion, national dyspepsia for years. All our domestic difficulties how aggravated by the new opportunity human bondage thought it saw to spread. The horrible system of modern Feudalism and plantation-tyranny, which we might else have voted down and discouraged by immense majority, especially had the women voted, with this advantage thrown on its side, we had to fight down. Beware let us of so untimely o'ervaulting of ourselves again! Let us not spoil what we long for by pulling or pushing or shaking the boughs. I doubt if Adam and Eve were punished for eating anything, apple or what not, that grew in the garden, as if God forbade what he set out, but for eating the apple before it was ripe.

II. Justice. The law of growth, being natural, will be also just, though to the superior it seem natural to have the lion's share. Many things are growing in this world, and whatever has a right to grow at all is entitled to its relative ratio of room, as each root or plant is to its portion of the entire

seed-plot. If I grow and flourish anywise at the expense of my family and friends, suck out their life and substance for my support, as you see one tree thriving on, making nutriment and manure out of the decaying stock of another, or as, of two persons sleeping together, one imparts disease and robs his fellow of health, then I am a thief and a villain, however big I become. So with one nation that grows at another's cost. Strong nations are able to withstand or prevent encroachment; but how saucy they have always been themselves, and how often weak ones are their prey! Don't you think, said the traveler Baker to the unbelieving African chief, there ought to be a future life to reward the good? No, said the chief, what you call being good is nothing but being weak. The moment a man gets strong he is bad. Only cowards are good. It must be confessed the conduct of nations too much bears out the savage view. Witness Poland, Hungary, Mexico! See the mighty nations swallow their feeble neighbors with as small compunction as the Anaconda does the victim he only licks over with his tongue to make him go down the easier! No nation, however, being small, can claim to monopolize regions enormously beyond its capacity to cultivate and civilize. A few Indian tribes had no business to turn this whole continent into a mere hunting-ground. Not without a righteous Providence the Pilgrim-seed was blown across the sea to catch in the soil and spring up into the fast-becoming foremost nation of the globe. But when that nation allows its citizens and agents with fraud and whiskey to drive the scattered remnants of the old occupiers of the whole space into miserable corners for their huts and graves, what does it win but an unjust and unwholesome growth? When its fleet of ships of war sails to secure the annexation of that half-island called Dominica by overawing the little Republic of Hayti, where is the equity? Who sees not 'tis a course we should venture on, were it, instead of Hayti, Prussia or England? Not a soldier was landed, not a cannon fired, say the apologists. But if one take out a pistol and point it at my breast, is it a sufficient atonement that he does not shoot, when he gets out of me all he wants with-

out waste of powder and ball? A sea-captain taking out a revolver in his cabin, merely for a menace, was very properly shot by the sheriff, the bullet going through his hat, not his head. The very flaunting of our flag, the bare idea of invasion in those waters, was an error and international crime. But on the part of our Executive, not a conscious wrong, but a soldier's mistake, fancying himself at the head of an army instead of one branch of a co-ordinate, carefully balanced government. Is it the unpardonable sin? The morality of some people seems to be, only find a sinner and you have a perfect right to maul him to death. Your implacableness is a worse fault than you avenge! I plead for some arrest of judgment, or commutation of capital punishment in this case. I speak not as a Republican or Democrat: I belong to neither party. I only want the next to be a good President, be it Grant or not. The pulpit has a right to ask you to be fair in politics as in any department of life; and whatever may have been the influence of pecuniary jobbers, aspiring politicians, or brave navy officers after such a long rest from strife, spoiling for some semblance of a fight, or itching for a little practice just to keep their hand in, — of corrupt design on the part of the chief magistrate there is no proof. To charge him with neglecting southern loyalists, to lead in outrage as bad as they have to resist, is as ungenerous as it is unjust, as questionable in temper as it is in conscience, while devoid of evidence in the motives of the man assailed, who has annexed something to this country already, and whose silence may win against censorious speech. I must take leave to note a certain general violence and rancor, a want of moderation, gravity, equity, and candor to opponents as marking our congressional debates. Is it, as my friend said, because they all want to be President? England and Germany could teach us lessons of parliamentary propriety. Not that when principle is involved in great issues of right and wrong discussion should be tame. Holy indignation, burning passion for rectitude, has its excuse, nay, overpowering charm. The worst is, our legislative excitement seems rhetorical more than volcanic, — a sort of painted fire, — sometimes the

stream and wrath of wounded egotism instead of the grand voice and thunder-tone of injured truth; and men, who have been slaying each other with vile epithets in the nation's eye, like some lawyers caring nothing for their cause but to win, fall straightway to chatting and smiling as though nothing had taken place. But the substantial grief remains, that in over-haste for national aggrandizement the administration has been guilty of an offense. It should be repented of, abandoned and condoned. If you want a summer-house, build it on your own premises! Seize not for it an island of the sea till it come freely into your hand of its own accord. It is refreshing to see all the Democrats meeting the eminent Republicans so magnanimously on this sacred ground! Behold the wonder of antagonist presses preaching the same lofty faith. What a virtue in the masses the popularly organized, as well as the honor-professing party, represents! Spite of Texan recollections, it must be that the mouth of this country does not, after all, water for the tempting fruit of annexation any more, and my admonition will prove needless to all sides, under this head, unless the breaking up of one great party prove its mission ended, and the swelling of another illustrate Christ's old words, "Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

III. Humanity must be the law of a nation's as well as a private person's growth. My unfolding mind or body must not only interfere with or hurt, it must positively benefit mankind. Else I have no business any longer to exist. If a country, like Naples, or Turkey, or the Pope's Temporality, is not a blessing, let it cease. Prudence, said Rufus Choate, is for a nation the prince of virtues. No: the benevolence that sends out exploring expeditions of science or after lost navigators, or throws its weight for liberty and just law, is a nobler trait and will advance a nation more than that selfish providence for its own pocket and ease which makes England hated now by every other power, Russia, Prussia, America, and France in the *delirium tremens* of revolution,—and has been just satirized by one of England's own authors under the title of "Dame Europa's School." John Quincy Adams

said China had no right to shut out the commerce of the globe. Nor has Japan, the commerce of those liberal ideas and humane sentiments that would abolish her superstitious customs. Our treatment of the Chinese, which has produced the keenest satire of American literature from the pen of Bret Harte, shows what inhuman spirit still hinders the best success of our struggle for life. If we grow naturally, justly, and humanely, we shall grow really, whether according to legal precedent or not, as the addition of Louisiana was thought accordant with the actual though not written constitution. But while the rebel element is rampant, such men as Jefferson Davis reward our forbearance with reviling our fundamental law, and predicting the triumph over the nation of that State sovereignty it took a million lives to put down, the poison will work. God grant our rulers wisdom to expel it, alike without violation of true local liberty or sapping anywise the patient's hopeful health and life.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

BY FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

THE form of Jesus passed from the earth, but the truth, and love, and grace which were in him, and which had dwelt for a season among men, did not pass from the earth with his mortal frame. They lived on in the spirits of those who believed on him. Through the faith of these believers the narrow boundary which shut in Christ's immediate action widened out over distant lands; through this faith the work of Christ extended beyond the limits of his mortal life, increasing with the increase of years; through it Jesus Christ still acts upon the world, and he who, eighteen hundred years ago, went about Galilee and Judæa doing good, now, through the faith of millions of believers, goes about the whole world doing good; is, under God, chief among the spiritual leaders of mankind.

What is this faith in Christ through which this work has been done? What is faith? It seems sometimes as though we missed understanding religious things by trying too hard to understand them, by straining our minds in our effort to discover them, by seeking them as far as possible outside of our common knowledge and experience. It seems wiser to begin our inquiry by looking into near and familiar places, and seeing if we may not there discover some trace of what we seek. When we believe in any one, what is it that makes up our faith in him? May we not say simply and in general that faith in any one is the judgment of our minds that he is worthy to be trusted, joined with the leaning of our hearts to trust him? This complex process of thought and feeling may be gone through with unconsciously, but we become conscious of it, at any rate, when we are losing faith in one whom we had trusted, when our hearts which will have it so strive with our minds which declare that it is not so; and we may have had the brighter experience of gaining faith in a friend, by gradually perceiving in one whom we had loved, but whose excellence we had mistrusted, virtues at first unrecognized. Faith in any person, then, we may call in general a leaning, attachment, or allegiance of our minds and hearts to that person. If our minds are disaffected, if we are suspicious of a person's claims upon us, our faith cannot but be weak at best, nor if our hearts hold back, can our faith be strong. But when both mind and heart consent, when our judgment, and affection both agree, when the one says it is so, and the other responds to it, then we have faith.

If we consider those whom we believe in, we shall find that our faith in different persons varies with their character. One man we believe to be honest, and him we trust for his honesty. Another man we believe to be wise, to be able to see the truth regardless of persons or circumstances, and him we trust for his wisdom; and so we might go on, and for every one of our acquaintance we should find we had a different faith, varying with the character of the persons. And again, if we should take a man's friends, if we should take a number of persons who all agreed in believing in one man,

and should learn precisely what kind of faith each one had in him, we should find that no two men believed in him in precisely the same way; that while all believed in him, yet the nature of that faith, while in all it might have certain general features of likeness, while in many it might be almost identical, varied nevertheless in each one according to his own peculiar character and attainments, according to the justness of his judgment, the warmth of his heart, his knowledge of the man, and his sympathy with him. The simpler the character of the person who was the object of their faith, the greater would be the likeness in his friends' faith in him; the more complete and the higher his character, the greater would be the diversity in his friends' faith in him.

Take, for instance, our faith in two very different men, Napoleon Bonaparte and Shakespeare. Our faith in these men varies with their character. We believe in Napoleon as a soldier, as a wonderful commander, one of those rare natures in whom is coiled up a mysterious power over men, at whose word a mixed multitude, a confused mass of men, collects itself, takes shape and form, organizes itself into one body, and moves irresistible and overwhelming, yet obedient to the controlling will of its superior. We believe in Napoleon as one of the world's great captains, fit to rank with resistless Alexander, and imperial Cæsar, and with his own great antagonist and conqueror. But we believe in Shakespeare as a poet, as a man of marvelous creative imagination, of wonderful insight into the things of nature and into the heart of man, of universal sympathy with nature and man; we believe in him as the crowning glory of our English tongue. Thus we believe in both, but our faith in them varies with their character. And again, take the faith of different persons in Shakespeare. Take a number of persons who all believe in him and question them as to the nature of their faith in him. Some would know little of him except his name, and would believe in him through faith in the general judgment of mankind. Others would be familiar with the common quotations from him; their faith would be mostly held upon trust in the public judgment, but would be a little

enlightened by personal knowledge. Others, again, would have read some of his plays, or seen them acted, and felt their power. And others would have read him, and understood him, and loved him. It is plain that the faith of these persons varies with each one's character and attainments; that the one who believes in Shakespeare after reading him has a different faith in him, and a faith more firmly based, than the one who only believes in him from hearsay; that he who understands him and sympathizes with him has a better faith in him than he who does not understand or sympathize with him.

Our faith in any person, then, is conditioned both by that person's character and nature, and by our own character and nature. Faith in any one to be firm must be based upon some excellence in him, and, supposing that excellence to exist, our faith in it will be perfect, according as our knowledge and understanding of it and our sympathy with it are perfect.

Faith in Christ is subject to these same conditions. It presupposes the existence and the excellence of Christ's person, and it demands of us knowledge of him, understanding of his thought and life, and sympathy with him, or love and reverence for him. If Christ's thought and life be false and wrong, then is our Christian faith baseless, then the sooner it passes away the better, then we may be sure that it will pass away. The only sure foundation for our Christian faith must ever be the reality and the truth of Christ's personality, of his thought, or teaching, of his life, or example. That is the central point of Christianity. If we believe in Christ, if our minds and hearts acknowledge him as our spiritual leader, acknowledge his thought as true, his life as transcendently good, then are we by right Christians, let whosoever may deny it.

Faith in Christ, then, has for its object a fixed and unalterable fact, — Christ himself. No device of man, no cunning of priestcraft, no pious fraud, no revolutionary passion, no human shortsightedness or malice, can in the slightest degree alter that fact. And yet, if we were to ask our Christian

neighbors what they mean by faith in Christ, we should get a great variety of answers. And if we could get beneath their formal answers, and read what is written in their consciences, get at the real nature of their Christian faith, we should find another diversity. While we might find more substantial agreement than we had looked for, while we might find large numbers of persons whose faith agreed in complexion and general features, we should yet find each individual to have an individual faith varying from all the rest even as one man's face varies from all other men's. The cause of this diversity in the faith of Christians is not far to seek; for Christian faith not only requires an object of belief, but demands knowledge and sympathy, or allegiance, in the believer, so that for a number of believers to have an identical faith would require not only that the object of that faith should be one and the same object, but that the nature and state of all the believers should be identical. Such entire unity of Christian faith is impossible, even if it were desirable. We have not all the same powers, nor the same opportunities, nor are all equally faithful. We are, however, all alike in one sad particular, that we are all imperfect, that the wisest and best of us only knows in part, and only obeys in part, and therefore the faith of all of us is imperfect. If our knowledge and understanding of Christ, of his thought and life, were co-extensive with that thought and life, if our obedience were co-extensive with our knowledge, then, but not till then, would our Christian faith be perfect; and that faith is comparatively perfect in proportion as we know and comprehend Christ's teaching and example, and in proportion as this knowledge becomes conviction and bears fruit in our lives. There is some lamentation over the decline of Christian faith at the present time, and though it is very doubtful if there be such a decline, it is certainly true that there is now, and always has been, a lamentable lack of this faith in the world, and that every effort should be made to renew and increase it in ourselves and others. How may we renew and increase faith in Christ? There may be other useful ways, but the simplest, and perhaps the most effectual, and certainly the

hardest method, is to renew the elements of this faith in ourselves, — that is, the fact of Christ's personality, of his thought and life, remaining fixed, if that thought and life be true, as we believe, then we must renew and increase our knowledge and understanding of it, and our loyalty to it, so that his thought shall become more perfectly teaching to us, his life become more perfectly example to us: we must strive to perfect our faith.

And how shall we know that our faith is the true faith? What authority can we have that we may not be mistaken? We can have no infallible authority; we may be mistaken. We can have no infallible authority, and yet we may have some authority. We may have the authority of our consciences, enlightened by the experience of mankind, and by the teaching and the lives of the wise and good who have lived before us and are living now. We may have the authority of our consciences, acting under direct and full responsibility to God, their maker, and under the sanctions of his law; and in proportion as our consciences are enlightened and pure and single and devout, open to God's truth, will our authority be strong. Three hundred and fifty years ago, Martin Luther was summoned to the bar of the Roman Church to answer for the doctrines he had published. He came to Worms and appeared before the Diet. Called upon to recant what he had written, he made his defense, and, under peril of his life and liberty, stood up against the power of the Roman Church. And when, at the close of his defense, he said, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen," — we feel that he spoke with authority, with the authority of a devout conscience, obedient to its vision of the truth. And such must be our authority. We stand under the awful sanctions of God's eternal law. We know that error and sin, that all wrong of thought or act, must be atoned by ours or by others' suffering. We know that in truth and goodness only does our real life consist. We know that we are responsible to God for the minds which he has given us, for the truth which he has given us power to apprehend, that we are responsible to God for our

hearts and spirits, for the life which he has given us power to live. Under this responsibility we stand, under the responsibility to perfect our faith.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also," that is the sweet fruit of true faith in Jesus Christ, that through it we grow like him. It is the same with faith in any one. If we know and love a friend, and believe in him, we find ourselves, insensibly it may be yet surely, growing like him, moulded, as the poet says, "by silent sympathy." In proportion as he is worthy of our faith, and as our faith in him is perfect, does he act upon our hearts and affect and influence our lives; and so it is with Christ, our friend, our eldest brother, "first-born among many brethren."

It is one of the bright signs of the times that Christendom is searching so diligently into the life of Jesus. With the deeper and better knowledge of him, which will be the final result of these inquiries, we may safely predict a great revival of Christian faith, a great renewing of Christian life. There are some who fear this searching and prying into the old records, who are afraid that criticism will leave nothing to criticise, that a scientific inquest into the foundations of our faith will result in a report that no such foundations exist. I trust that none of us have such weak faith as that, that we all believe that the more we seek the more we shall find, the more we shall know; that the better we know Jesus, the more we shall love him, the more faith we shall have in him, the more we shall grow like him. The fruit of a true faith in Jesus Christ is that through it we grow like him, like him in mind and heart and conscience, like him in life and spirit. Like him, we grow into a faith in our heavenly Father, into a trust in God's infinite wisdom and love. From him we learn to look on every man as our brother, and on mankind as one great household, whose head is God. From him we apprehend the reality of an eternal world of justice and of love, the reality of a life unlimited by our frail mortality. From him we learn the infinite perfectibility of our spirits, the power given us by God to grow into a likeness to himself; the infinite perfectibility of mankind, the possibility and the

hope of a united humanity, of a universal church, of a kingdom of God upon the earth. From him we learn to overcome error with truth, despair with faith, sin with love; and from his faith and love, from his great heart and spirit, we draw refreshment and new strength.

The fruit of true faith in Christ is to make him who has it become Christian, and we have here a searching test of the quality and genuineness of our Christian faith. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." We can afford to smile at the tests sometimes applied to decide who has faith in Christ and who has not, who is a Christian and who is not; but that terrible test of doing the will of our heavenly Father goes to the heart of the matter. Living a Christian life, doing the works of Christ, following him in his filial obedience to his Father's will, that is the crucial test, as it is the blessed fruit of Christian faith. In proportion as that faith is pure and strong within us are we prepared to enter the kingdom of heaven which may come on earth, if only we be fit to enter into it.

And this applies not only to the faith of the individual Christian, but to the collective faith of a church. A church, too, must be judged by its fruits. When a church guards faithfully the precious traditions of the past; when it fosters Christian truth and life; when its members by their union support each other, and help each other to be more Christian men and women; when its services keep alive and increase holy hopes, affections, and aspirations; when its worship is at once the expression and the nourishment of Christian faith; when those who come to it go not away empty, but take home with them some increase of Christian truth, some increase of Christian life; when the poor and the ignorant may look to it with hope; when, in a word, it is continuing the work of Christ, and helping all connected with it to live Christian lives; when its collective action is in the cause of truth and honesty, of love, and humanity, and piety, — then we may feel sure that that church has faith in Christ, is a true Christian church.

No shrewd devices, no politic schemes, no ingenious ecclesiastical machinery, can take the place of this faith. Without it, a church is but a semblance, however politic its organization, however great its number, however imposing its outward show. With this faith, though only two or three be gathered together for common worship and for mutual help, there is a true church; for it is this faith which is the soul of the church, the original and vital source, from whence all the churches of Christendom have sprung, and which sustains them still in health and vigor.

DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.*

WITHOUT at all compromising his theory about the ancestral relations of the human race, Mr. Darwin might have made one concession to the injured pride of many of his readers by adopting the more consistent title of "The Ascent of Man." For certainly "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," as Mr. Spencer phrases the import of Darwin's theory, have resulted in an improved and upward development in humanity.

It is curious to observe that both the fright and the indignation excited to so intense a degree by the first announcement of the ultimate application of his theory by Mr. Darwin, have to a great degree subsided. Many of the religious

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* The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin. With illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

The Genesis of Species. By St. George Mivart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

journals which first recognized it with invective and ridicule, the expressions of horror and disgust, are now dealing with it temperately and with reassured courage as a simple scientific question. There are two chief reasons for the subsidence or cooling of that intense excitement just referred to. One of these is the reiterated assertion by men of science like Mr. Mivart, who profess also to hold an unimpaired religious faith in God and Christ and immortality, that Mr. Darwin's theory is not at any point hostile to or inconsistent with such a faith. The question between specific creations — the calling into being by a creative fiat of each one of all the varied forms of organic life, and the derivation of all those forms successively from one original germ potentially including them all — does not at all touch the issue as to whether there is or is not a Creator. Mivart, in the second of the books of which we have given the titles, insists most earnestly and with an admirable calmness, persuasiveness, and force of pleading on this point. Moreover, he shows that there is nothing new in the alternative thus presented. He quotes from the highest orthodox authorities, Christian Fathers like St. Augustine, the Christian schoolmen like St. Thomas, positive avowals of a belief, as more consistent with the Divine Nature and attributes, that God created all things by the potentiality of development in the ovum of the universe. So far, then, as this reassurance of religious faith, as not assailed or impaired by the Darwinian theory, has rallied from the first shock which it received, we have one reason for the calmness and intended candor of consideration with which the full development of it is now entertained. But we think there is another and a far more effective reason for this changed feeling in the fact that Darwin's theory, as applied to man, falls so far short of being demonstrated or proved. The assertion of it in simple terms, followed by a few comprehensive statements of its simplicity, its probability, and the sort of evidence which can be adduced for it, is one thing; the elucidation of it in details, by tracing the means, the stages, and the transitional links of the marvelous process, is quite another thing. Already have the complications into which the details

of his theory lead him become embarrassing to Mr. Darwin himself, and with admirable candor he acknowledges that at least his method and line of direction for establishing his theory have been at more than one point effectively challenged by other scientists, and especially by the writer of an able article in "The North-British Review" for June, 1867. He has therefore modified his theory. Mr. Mivart is the most instructive and fearless of the host of scientific men who have subjected the theory to the severest tests. While avowing that he is not repelled by the theory, nor unimpressed by the force of argument and the show of evidence to be adduced for it, Mr. Mivart most certainly cripples it. The aim of his book is to show, by demonstration, that the genesis of species cannot be accounted for by "Selection in Relation to Sex" alone, but involves at least other necessary favoring and co-operative agencies, of so undefined a working that we are still left in the dark as to the verification of the theory.

A curious issue is raised as to the amount of time during which this earth has been available as the scene and the repository of means and resources for the developing process through which a lichen or a weed has culminated, through sea and land, plants and creatures, into a Darwin or one of his compeers. We have come freely to allow that time is of no account in creation and its outgrowths. The man of science may draw on unlimited duration. He may take for granted epochs of such dizzy and abysmal perspective as to be definable only by arithmetical statement. So, at least, we had admitted. But Mr. Mivart puts in rather a stingy limitation here. He seeks to approximate to the total allowable amount of time which other sciences will grant us at the service of the processes of organic evolution. Sir William Thomson has from three distinct lines of inquiry offered such an approximation: first, from the action of the tides on the earth's rotation; second, from the probable length of time during which the sun has illuminated this planet; third, from the temperature of the interior of the earth. The conclusion which Thomson reaches is, that all geological history show-

ing continuity of life on this earth, must be limited within some such period of time as one hundred million years. One would think that was a generous allowance, giving time enough for almost anything, even for a most harmonious result from the play of the atomic theory. But the allowance is found wholly inadequate. Known and measurable and inferable processes cannot be hurried up in that way. Twenty-five million years is pronounced to be but a moderate computation for the deposition of the strata down to and including the Upper Silurian. This deposition represents only a hundredth part of the time needed for the whole evolutionary work. So that two thousand five hundred million years — twenty-five times as much of time as other sciences leave at our disposal — are required by Darwin. He tells us, when speaking of the extinction of many races of men, known as historical events, that "Humboldt saw in South America a parrot which was the sole living creature that could speak the language of a lost tribe." What Max Müller will have to say to this we wait to hear. For if the philologists as well as the geologists and astronomers insist upon finishing up their sciences within a twenty-fifth part of the time which Darwin wants we fear that his theory will be much further complicated.

A few passages extracted from Mr. Darwin's work, as conveying some of his more emphatic statements of points involved in his theory, may be of interest here.

After showing how man and all other vertebrate animals have been constructed on the same general model, and pass through the same early stages of development, he says, "Consequently we ought frankly to admit their community of descent: to take any other view is to admit that our own structure, and that of all the animals around us, is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment" A most extraordinary assumption, by the way, utterly unphilosophical and arbitrary.

"This conclusion is greatly strengthened, if we look to the members of the whole animal series, and consider the evidence derived from their affinities or classification, their geographical distribution,

and geological succession. It is only our natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demi-gods, which lead us to demur to this conclusion. But the time will before long come when it will be thought wonderful that naturalists, who were well acquainted with the comparative structure and development of man and other mammals, should have believed that each was the work of a separate act of creation."

It may be because of our obtuseness or prejudiced opinion, but we fail to see one particle of evidence for this conclusion. Admitting that the vertebrate type was the structure best adapted as an organism for all the creatures who exhibit it, why might it not be preserved and imitated with all the variations and adaptations to fit it for creatures under different conditions of life without the supposition — for it is no more — which Mr. Darwin connects with the phenomena? Articles fabricated by men, ships, wheel-carriages, tables, &c., are respectively constructed with reference to certain conditions which require that they all should have certain qualities in common, — particular variations being intelligently adapted to particular uses. A coasting-schooner and a frigate, a cart and a coach, a dining-table and a card-table, are respectively examples of structural similarity with specific adaptations. Intelligence in one exercise of it is shown in what is common to both structures, and in another exercise of it in the specific adaptation to a particular use. The first railroad passenger cars in England were made to resemble three old-fashioned stage coaches united together. The coach was thus the model of the car. But was it by "natural descent," or by intelligent adaptation of a previous convenient and approved arrangement?

The following is a frank admission: —

"In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms is as hopeless an inquiry as how life first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by men."

Mr. Darwin says, "To maintain, independently of any

direct evidence, that no animal during the course of ages has progressed in intellect or other mental faculties, is to beg the question of the evolution of species." Very true. But the question may be begged on one side as well as on the other.

"The brain of an ant is one of the most marvelous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more marvelous than the brain of man."

Something must be done towards supplying the deficiency so frankly admitted in the closing words of the following paragraph, before Mr. Darwin's theory will meet the test of the Baconian philosophy:—

"Even if it be granted that the difference between man and his nearest allies is as great in corporeal structure as some naturalists maintain, and although we must grant that the difference between them is immense in mental power, yet the facts given in the previous chapters declare, as it appears to me, in the plainest manner, that man is descended from some lower form, *notwithstanding that connecting links have not hitherto been discovered.*"

Again Mr. Darwin says,—

"The difference in mental power between an ant and a coccus is immense; yet no one has ever dreamed of placing them in distinct classes, much less in distinct kingdoms. No doubt this interval is bridged over by the intermediate mental powers of many other insects; and this is not the case with man and the higher apes. But we have every reason to believe that breaks in the series are simply the result of many forms having become extinct."

"If man had not been his own classifier he would never have thought of founding a separate order for his own reception."

"But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."

"The great break in the organic chain between man and his nearest allies, which cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species, has often been advanced as a grave objection to the belief that man is descended from some lower form; but this objec-

tion will not appear of much weight to those who, convinced by general reasons, believe in the general principles of evolution."

It strikes us that there is something Hudibrastic in that mode of meeting a grave objection.

Here is a description of which Mr. Barnum may avail himself for the pattern of a curiosity for his new museum of wonders: —

"The early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles."

"The Simiadæ branched off into two great stems, the New-World and the Old-World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded. Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this, in one sense, is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we willfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvelous structure and properties."

We think that many readers of these fascinating volumes will agree with us in avowing, that, while midway in the perusal of them, the complications, intricacies, and assumptions through which Mr. Darwin has to develop his theory, and the missing links and the gaps which make the demonstration of it so far, at least, an utter failure, turn the thoughts aside from the main object of the work, it engages the whole interest of the mind as a work on Natural History.

G. E. E.

THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE find it difficult to put ourselves into a sectarian or even a denominational attitude. We have sought to be more familiar with Christian ideas than with their denominational affiliations. We have been more interested in gaining a knowledge of the precepts of Christian truth and duty, and appealing in their behalf to the reason and the individual soul, than in the extended organizations and measures by which to disseminate them through the community. While gratefully using the liberty accorded to us to search after the truth as it is in Jesus, intimidated or restrained by no ecclesiastical authority or human creed, we have perhaps thought too little of the denominational action by which the liberty that we enjoy and the truths which have been such a blessing to our hearts may find an entrance and a hearing through all the land, and bring their glad tidings to thousands who are now shut out from them by the arbitrary creeds, the ecclesiastical assumptions, or the unbelief, which prevail around them.

We shrink from anything like a belligerent or proselyting attitude towards the other denominations. There are times when this may be a duty, when the disciple feels, as the Master did, eighteen centuries ago, that he has come not to send peace, but a sword. The ultimate aim of all Christian effort and activity is peace; but it is only through struggling and conflict that evil is to be overthrown, and the kingdom of heaven, whose end is harmony and peace, is to be established. A diviner truth, the harbinger of a diviner life, comes as a sword to wage a war of extermination against the errors and wrongs which rise in angry antagonism against it. It was thus that the doctrine of salvation by faith in the mouth of Luther not only came a gladsome proclamation of deliverance to weary souls, but sounded as a battle-cry to the authorities who then controlled the faith of Christendom. Wickliffe, in his generation, Hugh Latimer and his companions a century and a half later, the Puritans protesting

against a prelatical religion in which the offices of the soul to God were vicariously assumed by the priest, Milton in his trumpet-like appeals to church and state for a larger liberty, John Wesley in his protest against the deadness of the Church of England, and his apostolic labors by which hundreds of thousands were awakened to a higher life, George Fox, and Priestley, and Chalmers, Dr. Arnold, and Robertson, and Channing, and the foremost minds to-day in Europe and America, while they have been seeking broader and more inspiring truths or a more vital form of Christianity and a freer, wider, Christian communion, have always been regarded as declaring war against the existing order of things. It is impossible to propose doctrines or measures which are to work out important changes in the church or in society without exciting opposition and enmity. However peacefully inclined we may be, however earnestly we may shrink from assaulting the cherished convictions of others, in proportion as we dwell on what seem to us the great truths of our religion, and with the enthusiasm of our whole natures give ourselves to them heart and soul, and proclaim them abroad, must be the opposition which we excite. We love the truth. We cherish the Christian graces. We long for peace. But if we are faithful in searching for truth and carrying it forward in love beyond the conventional ideas of the day, we shall find before long that we have been engaged in no holiday work; and well will it be for us if we can say, with Paul, "I have fought the good fight."

We must not be afraid of opposition, or the appearance of war, on the right hand or on the left. Every denomination that holds in special prominence some vital doctrine of faith or practice must stand, so far as that doctrine extends, on the aggressive towards other denominations. If we claim for ourselves a larger liberty than others allow in the interpretation of the Gospels, and in the exercise of that liberty arrive at views not generally accepted by Christians, we shall be looked upon as using a liberty, and as believing in doctrines, which are dangerous to the church. But the fact that we excite opposition is no reason why we should abstain from

carrying out our convictions, and doing what we can to impress them upon others. The work of proclaiming our views will be imperative upon us just in proportion to our conviction of their importance to the world.

Here is the source, at once, of our weakness and our strength. When Peter the Hermit went out to preach the Crusade as a duty in which the salvation of the world was involved, the very narrowness and exclusiveness of the doctrine gave point and power to his words. He who upholds the absolute and infallible authority of the Pope as the essential doctrine of Christendom has a similar advantage. He that believes in it is saved, he who does not believe is lost. With such an alternative of everlasting life or everlasting death, intolerance on the part of the preacher is a virtue. Even violence is justified when it is employed to drag a sinner away from the everlasting torments into which he is plunging. The more bigoted the doctrine, the greater the vehemence and the more uncompromising the denunciations with which it may be enforced.

Here, we have said, is our weakness, and our strength. If a good man does not accept our views of religion, we have no apprehension that, as the Athanasian creed says, "Without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." We believe, indeed, that the spirit of such a creed is conceived in iniquity, that such doctrines enforced by such denunciations rest with a deadly weight on the souls of thousands who recognize the authority by which they are imposed and yet cannot accept them. We believe that there are millions of men, who, if they have any religion at all, must have it in some other form than is recognized in this or any other similar creed. We know that they do not find what their souls are craving in the churches around them. They therefore stand apart from all Christian institutions. Their reason and their conscience alike are repelled by the doctrines which they hear in Christian churches. The Roman Catholic Church has no message that reaches them. The Episcopal Church is powerless to save them. No form of Calvinism, however modified, finds its way to the heart with them. Even Methodism, which for

nearly a century has been doing such a blessed work, especially among the ignorant and neglected, has not usually breadth of thought enough to instruct and edify them. Our larger liberty, our more direct appeals to the reason and conscience, our more liberal interpretation of the Scriptures, our freer sympathies with what is true and good without regard to sectarian limits, our comparative exemption from denomination restraints, and the jealousy with which we guard the rights of the individual soul in its search after truth and its relation to man and God, give us a sacred mission to such men. Among us or nowhere can they find a place within the Christian church. With us, they are not called upon to assent to doctrines which they cannot believe. With us, they may be taught to cultivate the Christian virtues and graces. Through us, they may be brought into sympathy with the spirit of Jesus, and from the human side of his character see with increasing love and reverence how much of the divine love and goodness may be revealed in him. Our methods of religious training, our views of presenting it, may prevail with them when all other religious systems fail to reach them.

Men and women of this stamp are found in all parts of the country. We have heard it asserted that there is hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States where there might not be a flourishing Unitarian society if only the right sort of a minister could be found to devote his life to establishing it there. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration. But in all our new settlements, where enterprising, intelligent, and thoughtful men are brought together, large numbers among the most able and thoughtful connect themselves with no church organization. They are repelled by the doctrines and the measures which are advocated in the churches.

But they are human beings. They have characters to form and souls to save. They are not satisfied to throw away entirely the hopes of the gospel of Christ. They long for a better, a more cheering and inspiring dispensation than has ever yet been unfolded to them. A Unitarian Church, with an able, liberal, believing, and self-denying minister, in almost

any flourishing young community in the West, will draw in a large proportion of the best minds and the best people of the place. Unspeakable comfort and relief have thus been administered. Doubts have been removed, hopes awakened, a new interest in sacred things excited, principles of character established, fears dispelled, Christian precepts received into the heart, and souls renewed and born into a higher life.

Is it not our duty to occupy these fields of Christian enterprise, and strive to meet the wants of these hungering and thirsting souls? Not by way of antagonism to other denominations. They are able to meet the wants of large classes of men with whom we can have no influence. We wish them a hearty God-speed in their work. We would in nowise embarrass or interfere with them. But we also must do our work, — the work of evangelizing those who are open to our views, and whom no other denomination can really approach.

Single individuals, who have been educated in our churches and who find themselves in such communities as we have described, are drawn together by a common faith. They fall in with those who, educated in a different faith, begin to feel that the doctrines which they were taught in childhood do not stand the test of their maturer reason and are not favorable to the highest development of character. They are all business men, — lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. Their time and thoughts are too much occupied, and they have not the pecuniary means to establish churches of their own persuasion. They need encouragement and help. How shall their wants be met? Individual aid from other quarters is uncertain and fluctuating. There is no means of intelligence or method of intercourse between the parties who need and those who would supply the want.

It was to obviate this difficulty that the American Unitarian Association was founded. An office of correspondence was established by which information might be gained from all parts of the country. Funds were raised to aid feeble churches, to send out books and missionaries, and in various ways to bring what were regarded as the precious truths of our religion within the reach of those who are willing to

receive them. In order to create a stronger bond of personal union among the members of different congregations, and to stimulate one another to more earnest efforts for the advancement of God's kingdom, the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches was got up. The difficulties in the way of the practical working of both these bodies are the same. With so large a liberty and so wide a divergency of thought and belief as are allowed among us, it is difficult to sustain an organizing and centralizing force sufficiently strong to hold the different members of the body together, and enable them to co-operate zealously for a common object.

The articles of agreement are of the slightest possible kind. "Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ . . . we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ." These words from the Constitution of the National Conference bind it to a recognition of the Christian religion, and characterize it as a Christian association. But what the Christian religion is, what the gospel of Christ is in its analysis and exposition, is left an open question to every individual inquirer. Questions of textual criticism and interpretation, what is the true doctrine of inspiration and of divine authority in its application to the sacred writings,— these and all questions of a similar character are left open to the advancing intelligence, the improved scholarship, the higher spiritual attainments and Christian consciousness of the Christian world. We believe that with a grander intellectual and spiritual culture, and with every new advance in Christian scholarship, new light will be thrown upon the Gospels, and new truths will be revealed from them. As in God's other book, the world of nature, the characters before us are always the same, but our interpretation of them is changing with our better methods of scientific investigation and our more enlightened and improved faculties of observation, so in the Gospels the same characters are before us, but how different the truths which they reveal to the different men, and to the same men in different stages of intellectual and Christian development. As students of nature looking

into the laws and structure of the physical universe can never get beyond those laws, though each generation for a thousand years should make discoveries which render imperfect and obsolete the conclusions of their predecessors, so Christian thinkers and students looking into the words and life of Jesus in coming ages may find there deeper sources of spiritual thought and life, wider generalizations, principles of holy living which reach farther down into the depths of our being, precepts of faith which reach farther up into the mysteries of spiritual existence, and yet never exhaust the fountain from which they come. The glimpses of divine truth which dawn upon the loftiest minds now living may open into the perfect day centuries hence in the higher consciousness of men searching into these things with all their hearts, with faculties better trained, and methods better fitted for the investigation of religious subjects.

For these reasons we cannot consent to embody even the most mature and highest theological conclusions of to-day into authoritative creeds, and so limit the thought of to-morrow and of all future times. As the philosopher turns inquiringly towards nature, searches into her secrets, makes the facts which he learns to-day a step towards the knowledge of other facts to-morrow, and never allows his present attainments to be regarded as a finality or a bar to future progress, so in our study of the Gospels, by a higher life, a larger Christian experience, a more perfect discipline and culture of all our faculties, and in the increasing light of social and natural science, we expect to rise into higher conceptions and a truer appreciation of the mind and the life of Jesus. We would maintain a reverent attitude towards him. In our individual investigations we may arrive at conclusions which satisfy our own hearts, and are the source of spiritual strength and of unspeakable comfort to us. But a deepening experience and a profounder knowledge may require that these very conclusions should be modified to meet our more advanced wants by and by. We do not therefore allow our present religious sentiments to form themselves into a cast-iron mould around us so as to prevent future expansion. Still less would we by

an established creed make our own religious convictions the measure and the type and test of all men's convictions, and of all that is to be tolerated in the church of Christ. The Gospels remain unchanged. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Those great words of eternal truth and life remain, but our interpretation of them must change to meet the demands of our improved spiritual perceptions and the growing intelligence of the world.

Reverence towards Christ, faith in him, are not in our view inconsistent with progress, but on the contrary are a condition by which we may advance towards the highest religious thought and the grandest religious convictions. There are men who do not accept this statement. There are men on one side who claim that this freedom, which allows nothing but the plainest fact to be fixed as an article of faith, does not admit of Christian convictions sufficiently definite for us to adhere to them with perfect confidence. And there are men on the other side who complain that this recognition of Christ as an authority in religious matters is not quite consistent with perfect freedom in the investigation of religious truth. These are the two extremes, — one class gravitating towards human creeds which imprison within their narrow limits the words, the life, and even the nature of Christ, unconsciously betraying him, with a kiss of love and reverence, to those who sit in judgment upon him and bind him; while the other class are impatiently breaking loose from the restraints of all authority in their religious studies, and gravitating towards the free religionists, who regard the august personality of Jesus as in itself an offense and a bar to the progress of religious inquiry.

We occupy a position between these two extremes. Most of us are Unitarians, i.e., we do not believe that Christ is God. But even this is no fixed article in our creed. We profess allegiance to him, we desire to be his followers. But we do not undertake to define his nature. We believe in him, and in the fundamental doctrines which he taught of love to God and love to man. We accept the Gospels, but

we accept no man's special interpretation of them, Unitarian or Trinitarian, as final and authoritative. Our only creed is the gospel of Christ, with perfect liberty for each church and each person to study and apply it. Our habit and our polity is to make religion as far as possible a personal matter between each man and his Maker. The discipline in our churches is the slightest possible. We would have in the church a religious home for the soul's dearest aspirations and affections, where it may grow in communion with Christ, in sympathy with his followers on earth and in heaven, opening towards God in worship and towards man in love and in all gracious and unselfish acts. No human creed or priesthood, however speciously it may disguise its human imperfections under the assumed sanctions of heaven, must be allowed to usurp the office and the authority which belong only to God.

Is there a place for a denomination resting on these principles? Is there, for such a denomination, a work large and vital enough to justify its existence? In the freedom which it brings to minds groaning under the old theology, in the renewed life and hope and comfort which it offers them, in the rational views of Christianity by which it would draw unbelievers, especially the more enlightened and thoughtful among them, into sympathy with Christ, in the more Catholic sentiments, the finer lessons of humanity which it would teach, the more liberal habits of thought and life which it would set forth in word and act, it fills a place that is occupied by no one of the old denominations. There are men in almost all denominations who are pioneers of a freer thought, a more reasonable faith, a more humane and generous interpretation of the mind of Jesus. They are working in the same cause with us. They are not Unitarians, but they are liberal Christians. They do not give up the old faith, but they demand the new liberty. The foremost thinkers of the age belong to this higher fellowship. Their words are hailed as harbingers of a better era. They live in widely different spheres. The communions to which they belong are called by different names. But, like the highest mountains hundreds of miles apart, they overlook intervening valleys, and

recognize one another from afar. When we think of them, when we see how they lift up their voices in unison and demand greater liberty of growth and thought, and how their rivals all conspire to the same end, we feel that they are all acting together and acting with us.

Then why not leave the work to them? Why attempt by any denominational organization to exercise an influence which in its very nature transcends the limits of all denominations? If we become a sectarian body and claim them as belonging to us, we only weaken their power, and put them in a false position among their ecclesiastical brethren.

In the first place, we reply, though they personally demand a larger liberty, and give utterance to more generous and liberal sentiments, and are strong enough to hold their place where they are, and to speak with authority to all Christians, still the denominations to which they belong do not relax the severity of their creeds, and do not offer to those who accept our views the cordial welcome and the freedom which are essential to them.

In the next place, though a denial of the Trinity may furnish little nutriment for the support of a sect, still Christian liberty in the sense in which we regard it, the responsibility of every soul to God and to him alone for its faith, and the Christian views of God and man in their relation to one another which come from the free exercise of our minds in the investigation of religious truth, are grounds broad enough and promising enough for a most conscientious and influential body of Christians to stand upon. Not as Unitarians, precious as our Unitarian belief may be to some among us, but as liberal Christians, unfettered by human limitations or restraints, seeking the truth as it is in Jesus, free to advance wherever our conscientious inquiries may lead us, we have a great and providential work to do. As far as we are true to our mission of allegiance to Christ, and of bondage to no human authority, allying ourselves with perfect freedom of thought to the most advanced ideas in science, in philanthropy, and religion, originating or seconding and forwarding more liberal educational ideas and measures, we, though

small in numbers, may act as pioneers in the onward march of society, our ameliorating influence may be felt in all the churches, schools of learning, institutions of benevolence, and in almost every department of government. The best thought of the most able and liberal minds of other denominations will find, as in fact they do find, among us the heartiest acceptance and the fullest practical illustration of their views. We are free to carry into practice what they are only allowed to utter as general truths, or as prophecies of what they hope and long for at some future day. Instead of standing in their way and creating a prejudice against them, we shall be the most effectual agents in applying and carrying out what they can only suggest. The danger is that we may suffer ourselves to be narrowed down to a sect, and, acting as almoners of a few great men now dead, in dispensing their views of the trinity and the atonement, may dry up from want of sympathy with the living word of divine truth, which is always seeking to utter itself in the highest religious thought of the age, and to infuse its life-giving spirit into the heart of the church. If we are open to this, and always seeking for a grander and better ideal of Christian living, and a new inspiration from the source of divine truth, we have before us a mission of unspeakable importance.

We shall demand and gain a truer liberty in the investigation and expression of Christian truth.

We shall approve ourselves so faithful to the grandest teachings of our religion, and shall enter with so warm a sympathy into every wise movement for the dissemination of liberal and humane ideas, come from what quarter they may, that we shall, in this way, exercise an influence altogether disproportionate to our numbers. Especially shall we be influential in causing a freer and finer sentiment to make itself felt in the legislation, the humane enterprises, and the institutions of learning, throughout the land. Sectarian jealousies will be shamed out of good society. Enlightened men will be less ready to support academies and colleges founded to propagate sectarian notions, in which Greek is to be intoned with an Episcopal accent, and Algebra taught in Presbyte-

rian or Congregational formulas, and Latin instilled into youthful minds with the unction of a Roman Catholic priesthood, and English grammar and the physical sciences be learned under the sanction of the Baptist denomination, and instruction in æsthetics poured into the souls of carefully trained and well-bred youths with Unitarian simplicity and propriety of expression. The popular mind already is estimating such schools at their proper value. Our young people crowd into the institutions where the best education is to be had. They want knowledge. They believe that true learning is best taught where it is left to itself, and has no sectarian flavor. A Methodist arithmetic, or a Universalist treatise on astronomy, leaving out the planets, which might be suggestive of too hot a temperature, need only be alluded to to show its inherent absurdity. Our young men and women, when they go in quest of a liberal education, do not care to confine themselves in their social intercourse to the sectarian vestry-meeting or sewing-circle in connection with which they happen to have been born or bred. They are impelled towards a wider sphere. Like Chaucer's party at the Tabard Inn, made up from all classes of society, when the influences of spring began to be felt in their hearts and to awaken longings to get out of their separate avocations and to "gon on pilgrimage," so in the spring-time of their lives they long to get away from their accustomed restraints into a larger companionship, and to breathe a freer air.

Thus it is that our most prosperous colleges are those which are most free from sectarian narrowness. Harvard and Yale, Cornell and Michigan, are the universities which are most frequented, and which are exercising the most powerful influence on the mind and thought of the land. The colleges which once bore a sectarian mark, and which had hoped to recommend their goods by stamping them as genuine Orthodox, Episcopalian, or Roman Catholic articles, would lose all their prestige and become unsavory, because of their provincial peculiarities, were it not that they, too, are moved by the liberalizing spirit of the age, and obliged to accommodate themselves at least in some measure to its demands.

In the meantime new institutions are rising, and a vast field of future influence is opening to us, if only we will give a generous support to colleges wholly unsectarian, such as Antioch College in Ohio, Washington University in Missouri, and the yet infant Humboldt College in Iowa. It requires time, and thought, and prayerful activity, and a great amount of money, to establish and endow a university. If these three colleges, which are seven or eight hundred miles apart, can only be provided for as new wants may be developed in their useful progress, they will have a liberalizing influence which cannot be measured on those who are to be guides and leaders in the civilization which is to extend through the heart and centre of this nation. Here is a work which must be done to a very considerable extent by members of the Unitarian body.

A great proportion of the leading minds of the age are, secretly or openly, casting off the old restraints of Orthodoxy. They have outgrown the old statements, and demand more liberal formulas of faith. A strong movement towards infidelity is felt everywhere, and must lead to very sad results unless it is stayed by more reasonable and satisfying views of Christianity. The movement is going on, sometimes secretly, and sometimes openly, in all Christian bodies, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant. The ablest thinkers in the world ought to be the men to mould anew the faith of the age, to adapt it to the altered condition of things, and reorganize our religious and social institutions in accordance with a new and better spirit. But scientific pursuits are very exciting and absorbing. They lay their heavy demands on these men, and hardly leave them time or inclination to look beyond material nature into the grander realm of spiritual laws and forces. Even our freer schools of theology attract but few of the ablest young men who graduate from our colleges. There never was a nobler field than is now open among us for Christian ministers of the largest intellectual powers and attainments, if only these great gifts are consecrated and vitalized by a warm and earnest faith. The unbelieving world, i.e., those who have no settled and satisfying

religious convictions, long for some form of Christian faith that will approve itself to their reason and their hearts. Such a faith we believe that we have, and if only it could be brought home to them in simplicity and power, there are hundreds of thousands, now sitting in darkness, who would gladly welcome its light. Where are the preachers to be found — men equal to these things?

We want men who, in secret thought and prayer, have set themselves apart as ministers of Christ, and who are ready to spend and be spent in his service. We want men, not only of a devout and consecrated purpose, but of mind and education, men able to grapple with the great religious and philosophical questions of the day in a spirit of fairness and candor, and to lead through the sea and wilderness of darkness and doubt into the land of truth and faith. Not a little sip of knowledge from a Unitarian or Presbyterian cup, not a little superficial survey of modern science through radical eye-glasses, a little and perhaps contemptuous glance at the English version of the Bible, an eager gallop through a few favorite books of pretentious philosophy and portentous rhetoric, with an amount of conceit equaled only by the boundless ignorance that lies behind it, — not these things, not the extempore ministers formed by them, coming to-day and vanishing to-morrow, are what we need; but men of solemn purposes and high and steadfast aims, men of laborious habits of study, who understand something of the most recent methods and results of scientific and philosophical investigation, whose minds are open to spiritual things, and who in their own thought and experience know something of what is meant by the Christian consciousness and the deep things of the spirit of God. Such men will have a hearing. They must, indeed, be gifted with the faculty of utterance. But a man of this character, wherever he may plant himself, will grow up into a power. His thought tells even with those who may not fully understand him. His life is a sermon of sweet and persuasive eloquence. He may seem at times to be neglected, or to be overborne in the sweep and rush of business.

But when the whirlwind and tempest have subsided, the still, small voice of his gentle and weighty spirit is heard.

But it is time that this article should come to an end. We know that it is very fragmentary, that is made up mostly of hints and suggestions, that no branch of it is carried out into all its legitimate results. We speak as to wise men, and expect them to do the thinking in regard to specific subjects and their details. The review we have been taking of the ground on which we stand, of the religious wants of the age, and the opportunities opening before us, of the principles we hold and their adaptation to the times, has impressed us profoundly with a sense of our obligation to do more than we ever yet have done in the work of Christian instruction. We must educate this people. The senses are carefully trained. The elements of science are taught. Business men have all their business faculties sharpened. When and where are the spiritual perceptions, the faculties of the soul to be called out and educated? That is to be the work of the different religious bodies. Are we doing our part? Our assumed position as pioneers in the onward movement of the church towards a larger liberty, and a more rational and life-giving faith, imposes upon us the necessity of a more thorough and liberal intellectual training. There was a time when a large proportion of the ablest thinkers and writers in this country belonged to our small community. And so we believe they would to-day, if only the best minds among us could be induced to give themselves to the work of searching into the great truths of our religion under the light of the highest philosophy, and bringing them out in their adaptation to the intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual wants of the age. We honor the men who have been doing so grand a work as we have seen going on around us during the last forty years. Men of truer and braver hearts, or of more pure and faithful lives, have seldom blessed the earth. Who is to continue what they have begun? Where is the prophet who is to hold towards the young men of this generation the place which Channing held told towards the young men fifty or thirty years ago?

These are, perhaps, vain and foolish questions. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. We shall not say, Lo, here, or Lo, there, for it is in the midst of us. Let us bind ourselves to its spirit, and it will bear us onward. As the stars through the heavens, so we, unconsciously, shall be borne along by the infinite providence of God. His work will be done, by us if we are willing and able, by others if we are found unwilling or incompetent. Opportunities, privileges, necessities are offering themselves, pressing upon us. Enough, however, of this. With us, through us, or without us, — to Him, it matters not, though to us it is of vast concern, — His kingdom will come and His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I THINK of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee wherever thou art roaming,
And thou art near;
The sun goes down and soon the stars are coming —
Would thou wert here!

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

UNDER this head we have but few things of religious interest to record. From the obituary records of the month, including that most faithful Christian minister, Rev. John M. Merrick, and Rev. Joseph Angier, whose personal gifts and graces had endeared him to many friends, we select the names of two men who had been intimately associated in life, and who were both men of mark beyond their particular sphere of professional labor. We allude to Rev. William G. Scandlin and Rev. Edward T. Taylor.

REV. WILLIAM G. SCANDLIN.

We take our account of Mr. Scandlin from three very interesting articles which we find in "The Christian Register," — namely, an editorial notice written by Rev. Mr. Mumford, and addresses at his funeral by Rev. R. R. Shippen and Gen. Devens.

Born February, 1828, in Portsmouth, England, his father and uncle being seafaring men, he was taken to sea as cabin boy at the early age of seven years and a half, and spent the next fourteen years in the service of the commercial marine and the British and American navy. Off the coast of California, one night in his youth, resolving to escape from the cruel tyranny of a hard captain, when the darkness favored, taking in hand his worldly substance, he boldly plunged into the sea, and struck out for shore. Becoming exhausted, and expecting to be drowned, he recalled the chief experiences of his life with deep penitence for everything that was wrong, and an earnest consecration of his heart to God's service if he should be spared. A sweet assurance of forgiveness and a new sense of peace were granted to him, and when he reached the land he had higher hopes and aims than he had ever known before. We can never forget with what pathos he sometimes alluded to the months and years of his earliest acquaintance with God.

"When about twenty-one," says Mr. Shippen, "he came to Boston, and finding his way into Father Taylor's Bethel, he was soon selected as the fitting colleague and probable successor of the famous sailor preacher; and, assisted by the generosity of Hon. Albert Fearing and other friends, was sent to Meadville for theological outfit. After three years' study, with one year's interval for rest and revisiting his home and friends in England, he graduated in 1854; for a little while he served with Father Taylor; then, finding that he had gradually become a Unitarian in theology, and preferring an independent charge, he served for three years as Minister-at-Large in Hanover-Street Chapel, Boston, after which he came to Grafton, June, 1858. For nearly thirteen years, these last, best years of his life, he has been your minister. For the first two years of the war you spared him from your midst as Chaplain of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, whose commander is with us to-day, and will more fitly speak of his service there."

"In the camp and hospital," says Mr. Mumford, "he won the hearts of his men, who could not help respecting religion when it was represented by one so brave, genial, and kind. With impartial fidelity he checked profanity among officers as well as in the ranks. A Western brigadier dining with their mess, the other officers glanced at Scandlin when the stranger began to swear. With gentle and courteous firmness the chaplain then said, 'General, I don't know how it is in your camp, but here we think it is best to skip such hard words,' and the hint was received as kindly as it was given.

"At the time of the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff, Mr. Scandlin was active in carrying the wounded from the field and rowing them across the river. When some stragglers threatened to appropriate his boat to their own needs, he made a weapon of his oar, and said, 'This boat is sacred to the wounded, and you cannot have it so long as I am a living man!' Awed by the majesty of his bearing, they went away and left him to go on with his work of mercy."

The following extracts from Gen. Devens' funeral address will show how he was regarded in the army, and we preface them with the single remark that the confidence and respect which he gained there he gained in every walk of life: —

"A self-educated man, but well-educated, he was at home among the most polished and refined; highly sympathetic in his character, he placed himself readily in communication with every class of

men, and every circle felt how true and faithful a Christian man he was. His pleasant affability never caused others to degenerate into coarseness or vulgar familiarity in his presence inconsistent with his sacred calling. He had the art (which all men do not possess) of being easy and affable without losing that proper personal dignity which should mark every man. He is a gentleman who respects himself and yet equally others and the rights of others; and such a gentleman was the chaplain. Thus it was in all society that his presence was a rebuke to coarseness, ill manners, and profanity; and as I have known the men of our regiment to express to him their regret for it when it had occurred, so also I have known a general officer, who, in the excitement of a night skirmish, had been betrayed into using profane language before him, come the next day to make a personal apology.

"The great secret of his success was the thorough earnestness and self-devotion which he always exhibited. For his comrades it always seemed that he could never do enough to satisfy himself, although he always did far more than satisfied the just claims of others. He was the friend of every man who was in trouble, ready always to act as mediator between any man who was in difficulty with his captain, giving always the best and soundest advice, and yet not the less sustaining the discipline of the military system, the stern exigencies of which he fully realized. No one ever expected to be sustained by him unless on his own part he meant to do his own full duty. Into the hospitals, by the bedside of the sick and dying, he came in unwearied zeal with his consoling hand and more consoling voice, and men loved him as they love a father and friend, — a father who was not afraid to tell them when they went wrong and did wrong, and yet who loved them still. In those trying hours which came to so many when he was near, when strength was failing and earth was fading away, the last tones that fell upon their ears were the consolations and hopes which his manly, trustful piety inspired.

"In his public discourses before the regiment, not less than in his private teachings, the chaplain was singularly happy. It would, perhaps, have been a natural course, as it certainly would have been a judicious one, for any one situated as he was with a regiment of which a considerable number were Roman Catholics, and a still more considerable number were Protestants of a different denomination from his own, to select rather those great vital truths on which all Christian sects are agreed, than those upon which they

differ; but the constitution of his mind made this much easier to him than it would have been to many. From the first every man in the regiment knew that, however much the chaplain might seek to induce him to lead a better life, he would never seek to interfere with any of his individual views or tenets. I have known him to ride a half-dozen miles to obtain a Roman-Catholic priest, when the men of that faith under his charge felt that they could be comforted by the last offices of religion administered by a priest of their own church.

"He had struggled in the raging waves of a stormy sea, he had tenderly watched and cared for his companions on the fever-stricken ship, and it was God that had protected him; he had faced the bullets of the rebel foe on the days of battle while he ministered to the wounded and dying; he had encountered the tortures of the Southern prison-house, and God had shielded him; and so he looked death calmly in the face, with the feeling that, whether in life or in death, we are the Lord's; fully sensible of every enjoyment of this life, yet fully believing that death is but the gateway through which we may enter on one purer and more exalted."

FATHER TAYLOR.

It is nearly forty years since we first heard Father Taylor, then in the prime of his manly strength, preach a dedication sermon and deliver a temperance lecture. His speaking was unlike anything that we had ever heard before or that we have ever heard since except from him. There were the most extravagant of Eastern hyperboles, and at the same time the shrewdest intellectual insight. From laughter to tears, from a huge piling up of words without apparent meaning to a descent into the secret places of the heart, the transition was as swift as lightning. No one could tell what was coming next. Thought, emotion, imagery the most grotesque or the most affecting, were flashing from his countenance as much as from his words. His heart was in his work. His soul, with its magnificent endowment of genius, heated and illuminated by the flames of inward devotion, communicated with every other soul and held it under its spell.

His imagination was almost Shakespearean in its grandeur and its tenderness. Many were the striking sayings of his

which have been treasured up, but the manner of saying them was even more remarkable than what he said. It is said that till he was twenty-five he had not learned to read. But there was in him a world of mother-wit, a greatness of soul, a quickness and largeness of comprehension, a warmth and breadth of emotion, which made him a man of commanding influence. He was a Methodist all his days. But like the young eagles whose wings have grown broader than their nests, he soared beyond all denominational limits, and belonged not so much to any one branch as to the whole church of Christ. His presence was an inspiration. His religious instincts took into men's hearts with the message which they needed most.

Mrs. Jameson, in a book published nearly twenty years ago, gives some very interesting reminisences of him.

"One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then, after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upwards, he added, 'There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing when all the doves are flying aloft!'

"On one occasion when I attended his chapel the sermon was preceded by a long prayer in behalf of an afflicted family, one of whose members had died or been lost in a whaling expedition to the South Seas. In the midst of much that was exquisitely pathetic and poetical, refined ears were startled by such a sentence as this: 'Grant, O Lord! that this rod of chastisement be sanctified, every twig of it, to the edification of their souls!'

"Then immediately aftewards he prayed that the divine Comforter might be near the bereaved father 'when his aged heart went forth from his bosom to flutter round the far southern grave of his boy.' Praying for others of the same family who were on the wide ocean, he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, 'Oh, save them! Oh, guard them! thou angel of the deep!'

"On another occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, he exclaimed, 'Go heat your oven with snowballs! What! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle in your pocket? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim!'

"He was preaching against violence and cruelty: 'Don't talk to

me,' said he, 'of the savages! a ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven!'

"In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit and down the centre aisle were filled by sailors. We ladies and gentlemen and strangers, whom curiosity had brought to hear him, were ranged on each side; he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he was denouncing hypocrisy, luxury, and vanity, and other vices of more civilized life, he said, emphatically, 'I don't mean *you* before me here,' looking at the sailors; 'I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort; for you profess less, not more, than you practice: but I mean to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!' stretching out both hands with the forefinger extended, and looking at us on either side till we fairly quailed."

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Among the most important movements now making in the direction of moral, social, and sanitary reforms is the action of the State Board of Health. We have been very much impressed with this fact as we have read their second annual report, a volume of more than four hundred pages, crowded with wise and useful suggestions. We wish that it could find its way into every intelligent home. The Board of Health has been singularly fortunate in having for its secretary a man so able, so wise, and so intelligent, with so wide an experience in his acquaintance with disease, and so willing to give time and thought and labor to the cause. Dr. George Derby was first known to the public as a faithful and accomplished surgeon in the army, and more recently he has been favorably known as the author of a valuable pamphlet on anthracite coal and the dangers to health which result from its use. In the Board of Health he is sustained and assisted by the intrepid and indefatigable philanthropist and physician, H. J. Bowditch, by R. T. Davis, of Fall River, P. E. Aldrich, of Worcester, W. C. Chapin, of Lawrence, Warren Sawyer, of Boston, and Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown.

Among the many interesting articles in the second report, from which we should be glad to make large extracts, is one

which ought to be carefully read on poisoning by lead-pipe used for the conveyance of drinking water. The article on causes of typhoid fever has suggestions, which, if adopted, would save many valuable lives every year. We quote one passage only: —

"The single continuous thread of probability which we have been able to follow in this inquiry leads uniformly to the decomposition of organized (and chiefly vegetable) substances as the cause of typhoid fever as it occurs in Massachusetts. Whether the vehicle be drinking water made foul by human excrement, sink drains, or soiled clothing; or air made foul in enclosed places by drains, decaying vegetables or fish, or old timber, or in open places by pigsties, drained ponds or reservoirs, stagnant water, accumulations of filth of every sort, the one thing present in all these circumstances is decomposition."

The disease is one that prevails more in small than in large towns, and can be guarded against only by a careful attention to what is indicated in the above sentences.

Dr. Bowditch's letter on homes for the poor, convalescent homes, and the sewage question, is full of interesting and most valuable suggestions. The general use of earth-closets, which he recommends, would cause an immense saving of health and of fertilizing aliment for the soil.

We congratulate the State on having so wise and efficient a body as the Board of Health, and trust that their words will be regarded by the Legislature and private individuals. We are assured that the most alarming facts disclosed in Brighton, where beef poisoned by disease was prepared for the market, and resulted in the death of the man who cut it up, would never have been possible if the legal provisions suggested by the Board, and now likely to become a law, had been made by the Legislature a year ago.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

We have received a very interesting letter from Prof. Dominik Simen, of Clausenburg, Transylvania, in which he speaks of the strong desire there felt to know something of the liberal religious movements which are taking place in this country. He adds: —

"It will perhaps interest you to know something of our religious life here in Hungary. After a long controversy that I had with a Trinitarian minister, and the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope, people began here to feel more and more the necessity of some religious reform. A Lutheran minister gave the voice of this necessity felt. Calvinistic and Unitarian professors lifted up their voice in this matter, on the pages of a Protestant paper, to encourage the people, and to help the carrying out of this movement. The result of this lifting up our voice has been that a religious reform is already begun here. The friends of this movement have established a periodical called 'Religious Reform,' the object of which is to prepare the way of the Protestant Union that is to be established, like the German Protestanten-Verein, but on a Unitarian basis. The only difference between this reform and Unitarianism is, that the Unitarian liberal Christian views are told not by Unitarians, but by Trinitarians.

"There may be a time when the people will accept the Unitarian name as the only name that is not taken up after any individual, but only expresses the principles that bind some people together, — and then unite themselves to a denomination which has an ancient history."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Among the pamphlets which have come to us during the past month is one containing an excellent address by Hon. Thomas Russell at the dedication of the Hingham Public Library. The services must have been of an exceedingly interesting character, the most interesting fact of all being the free gift to the town of a convenient and substantial building, with a fund of five thousand dollars, the whole gift amounting to twenty thousand dollars. This munificent donation is in keeping with the character and life of the donor, and is only one of the many beneficent acts which he has done for the good of his fellow-men. The public libraries which our towns are beginning to establish are of great value, and will exercise an important influence on the rising generations. There is seldom any way in which a prosperous citizen can to better purpose identify himself with the whole future history of his native or adopted town than by following the example of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer in Lancaster and Mr. Albert Fearing in Hingham.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

HORACE GREELEY'S VIEW OF CHRIST.

CHRIST, in Mr. Greeley's view, is more than a man and less than God. Whereupon it is easy to see what the humanitarians will say in answer: "You make him anomalous, unnatural, remove him from our sympathies," and so forth. What if we should find after all, in the course of our progress in knowledge of divine things, that the more human Christ is, the more divine he is; that the very reason why he is more than any man ever was is that he was more human than any man or even more than our whole collective humanity? What if we should find that God himself is human, and that the more human we become the more like God we are? Mr. Mansel's flagrant heresy consisted in making God so unlike man in all his attributes that God in his intrinsic nature could not even be revealed to us. The humanitarians fall into much the same error, we think, when they say that Christ was a mere man, and, therefore, not divine. If he was more completely human than we are, or even than the whole race has yet shown itself to be, then through him God is yielded to our apprehension and our most human sympathies as through no other means, because God himself is divinely, that is infinitely, human.

JOHN STUART MILL'S ARGUMENT FOR THE HUMANITY OF GOD.

We do not know of anything in the whole range of metaphysical discussion more masterly than John Stuart Mill's refutation of Mr. Mansel. It is well worth studying by that class of Rationalists who are afraid that Christ, by being divine, will be taken from them. It is, in fact, an argument for the humanity of God, and shows that if God is not human to us he is nothing to us; or, rather worse than nothing, an arbitrary and tyrannical force.

Having shown that God is unknowable *in himself*, that is, noumenally, just as man and nature are unknowable in themselves, and therefore that God is only known by us as his attributes are phenomenally manifested to us, Mr. Mill proceeds: —

"There is but one way for Mr. Mansel out of this difficulty, and he adopts it. He must maintain, not merely that an Absolute Being is unknowable in himself, but that the Relative attributes of an Absolute Being are unknowable likewise. He must say that we do not know what Wisdom, Justice, Benevolence, Mercy are, as they exist in God. Accordingly he does say so. The following are his direct utterances on the subject; as an implied doctrine, it pervades his whole argument.

"'It is a fact * which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise, that the representation of God after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the course of his natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering, the permission of moral evil, the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent, the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world,—these are facts which, no doubt, are reconcilable, we know not how, with the Infinite Goodness of God, but which certainly are not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of man.' In other words, it is necessary to suppose that the infinite goodness ascribed to God is not the goodness which we know and love in our fellow-creatures, distinguished only as infinite in degree, but different in kind, and another quality altogether. When we call the one finite goodness, we do not mean what the words assert, but something else; we intentionally apply the same name to things which we regard as different.

"Accordingly Mr. Mansel combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion † 'that the attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities, of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves, furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God' (the word 'adequate' must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation), he identifies with 'the vulgar Rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth.' And in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar Rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that ‡ 'All the excellences of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is, indeed, more wise, more just, more merciful than man; but for that very reason his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the

* Limits of Religious Thought, Preface to the fourth edition, p. 13.

† Ibid, p. 26.

‡ Ibid, p. 28.

corresponding attributes in their human character.' It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

"Here, then, I take my stand on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that when we mean different things we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Langauge has no meaning for the words Just, Merciful, Benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as in the finite development. Anything carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said that we cannot conceive infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it is *not* space? that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterized? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded: but does any one imagine that in ranging through it we might arrive at some region which was not extended; of which one part was not outside another; where, though no Body intervened, motion was impossible; or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as Infinite (or more properly as Absolute) I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If, in ascribing goodness to God, I do not mean what I mean by goodness in man; if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which for aught I know may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate,—and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this,—what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change in the phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the eternal evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind, as effectually to convince me that it comes

from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what grounds of assurance have I of God's veracity? All trust in a Revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

"If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them, convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do, — he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

A CHOICE HYMN.

"THE dying hymn" of Alice Carey has her sweetest and purest inspiration. A good hymn which will live long in the future is an invaluable addition to the literature of the world. Miss Carey was a believer in the impartial and triumphant mercy of God, and there is a jubilant tone in her last lryic. This we call her "sweetest poem," not the sentimental piece cited as such by Edgar A. Poe: —

"Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
  Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
  Ye gates of death, give way!

"My soul is full of whispered song;
  My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
  Are all alive with light.

"The while my pulses faintly beat,
  My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
  The green, immortal ground.

"That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives —
That I shall live I know.

"The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King.
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?"

MURDER MOST FOUL.

"The Watchman and Reflector" raises an indignant cry against *ante-natal murder*, which, from evidence partly of confession and partly of a general nature, the writer believes to be alarmingly prevalent. If so, it is a secret and subtle source of degeneracy, individual, social, and national, and more than any wars, rebellions, or invasions from without, threatens fearfully the life of a people. It is worse than the Spartan practice of murdering the sickly children, that only the healthy ones might be raised and become the heroes of the state.

HEN-CULTURE.

Hens are delightful to look at, and more so the cocks and cockerels. There is a vast deal of human nature in them when they strut about and show their feathers and try to crow each other down. There are two ways of making them profitable. Raise your own vegetables away off in the field and let your hens run at large. They will live principally in your neighbors' gardens, picking up worms and insects, scratching up the hills, eating the green corn, tomatoes, and other things. It will give your neighbor an excellent opportunity to cultivate, not only his garden, but his mind also, especially the Christian virtues of patience, forbearance, long-suffering, gentleness, and the rest, — plants which do not grow in everybody's moral garden. Hens will be sure to give your neighbor the occasion, and if he is sour and crusty he certainly needs it. So you will accomodate yourself and him. There is another way, however, and which in my opinion is preferable, though I have abundant authority, practically speaking, for the course just described. The other way is this: —

Keep no male birds. This is the first condition. True, the male birds are good to look at and strut about, but, like some other male

bipeds, they are only an adornment — we mean so far as eggs are concerned, saying nothing here about chickens. Then give the hens a large yard to range in, and plenty of meat in the winter, a warm place, *fresh bones pulverized or pounded in pieces and plenty of rowen cut fine as a substitute for fresh grass.* Then again, don't leave any nest-eggs in the nest. A writer of much experience says that hens will lay perpetually if treated in this way. He says, "My hens lay all winter, and from seventy to a hundred eggs in succession; and if the above plan were generally followed eggs would be just as plentiful in winter as in summer." On this plan the hens will not try very often to set, as it must occur to them that they can't hatch anything if they do.

BEAUTIFUL SCRIPTURE COMMENTARY.

We do not know of any commentary on a passage of Scripture, more beautiful and at the same time clear and with its practical application, than the following, on the text, "A bruised reed he will not break and the smoking flax he will not quench." We found it sometime ago, credited to the "Family Treasury:" —

"THE SMOKING FLAX AND BRUISED REED.

"When evening choirs the praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The High Priest walked his round, and trimmed
The shining lamp of gold;
And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
The smoking flax was quenched.

"But Thou, who walkest, Priest Most High!
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong;
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else would soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire.

"The shepherd that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many pastoral tune;

And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
It could not more be used, —
Its mellow music marred and hushed,
He brake it, when so bruised.

"But Thou, good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pastures green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been;
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
More rich than angels know!

"Lord, once my love was all a-blaze,
But now it burns so dim!
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor, broken hymn;
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
But helped in deepest need —
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

THE QUESTION.

It is not merely whether we are to have Dominica. A whole string of questions comes afterward, — about Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico — the whole Antilles, lesser and greater, down to Trinidad. That the whole West Indies are to gravitate finally to the United States we hold to be morally certain, and the question is one of time.

AN INFANT'S DREAM.

An infant's soul — the sweetest thing of earth,
To which endowments beautiful are given,
As might befit a more than mortal birth,
What shall it be, when, 'midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven?
Will it grow into might above the skies?
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power —
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF JOHN ADAMS. Begun by John Quincy Adams. Completed by Charles Francis Adams. Revised and corrected. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These two handsomely printed volumes reproduce, with a very few changes, the contents of the first of the ten octavo volumes in which were published in 1856 one of our great national literary treasures, — The Life and Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States. This new edition of the biography was very much needed for popular use, and will be most gladly availed of by the constantly extending circle of readers who have learned to value a kind of literature of which it is an admirable specimen. A modestly written preface by the grandson of the subject of the biography gives the reader such information as will explain to him the share which the respective contributors have made to the pages. That preface also contains a very significant allusion to the late ambassador's experience at the British court, while he was representing our imperiled country among those who waited, not without hope, that they should be privileged to witness its ruin. There was something of poetic justice in the felicitous disposal of affairs which allowed Mr. C. F. Adams, with such signal ability, prudence and calmness of spirit as to have secured to himself that rare tribute, universal approval, to represent in its time of peril the same nation which his grandfather had represented at its birth, at the court of its former sovereign.

The record contained within these pages is that of a noble, heroic, and most serviceable life. Crowded as it was with honors, it was more crowded with labors. The crowning glory of it was that in the calm of a protracted old age the full reward of its varied and conspicuous patriotic achievements was realized, in the dying away of the strifes, the disproval of the calumnies, and the explanation of all the misunderstandings and false representations, that had sprung from the heats of party passion.

Let these instructive volumes, exciting enough now in their contents to engage the passions of young readers, have so general a perusal as to foster a true patriotism for the struggles to which the coming ages are to subject it. G. E. E.

A LATIN PRIMER, or first book of Latin for boys and girls, has been prepared by Rev. Joseph H. Allen and published by Ginn Brothers & Co., Boston. Its object is to teach children Latin without tasking them, before coming to the drill of the Grammar. The plan is excellent, and the selections well adapted to the end. It is amusing to see Mother Goose done into Latin verse, but the children will enjoy it much while learning Latin words and phrases. Easy readings from the Bible from history, and from Hiawatha, give an agreeable variety. We subjoin Mr. Allen's preface to show his plan and object: —

"This book is designed for a class of learners too young to use the 'Grammar' or 'Lessons' to advantage, including those who have not yet studied English grammar. While the inevitable drill-book had better be left till they are some years older, I do not see why intelligent children of ten or twelve — as the way was, forty or fifty years ago — should not learn to know Latin and enjoy it in some of its simpler forms; which, indeed, seems to me the best possible introduction to a systematic school course. But, to serve this end, it must be taught, first of all, *as a living and flexible tongue*, not in the abstract principles and method of its grammar; and, in the second place, by familiar use *in actual narrative and dialogue*, not by committing to memory disjointed examples and dry forms. If we consent to regard it as a dead language merely, or study it as if it had no other than an antiquarian or a scientific interest, we cannot long uphold the general study of it at all. An easy and familiar reading knowledge of a language is worth incomparably more, to most students of it, than any supposed advantage in the study of its grammatical theory. These lessons aim to give as much of the grammar as is essential for this and no more."

The selections which follow have a vocabulary of considerable variety and range; and the learner who has mastered them all will be prepared, either for the severer method of a classical course, or (if old enough) for entering directly on a line of reading in the masterpieces of classical antiquity. S.

INSANITY IN WOMEN, by Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D., LL.D., treats of the causation, course and treatment of reflex insanity in women. It is a small work on a vitally important subject, from thoroughly competent authority. Lee & Shepard.

ONE YEAR, by Francis Mary Peard, a republication by H. H. & T. W. Carter, has received very high praise from the critics, but deserves it. It belongs to the best class of novels. It has

sweet and blessed pictures of real life, whose quiet influences, without being professedly religious, are really so, and steal over the reader with a sphere of the higher life. We intend to say something more of this book, and meanwhile we hope our readers will get it, assured that they will be richly paid for the time spent in its perusal. S.

WONDERS OF ENGRAVING, by George Duplessis, is another volume of the Wonder Series, published Charles Scribner. It is illustrated with thirty-four wood engravings, and is an interesting and curious history of this department of art in Italy, in Spain, the Low Countries, England, and France, with the origin of the art and a description of its processes, making a fair volume of 330 pp.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Osgood &. Co.

As a novel it is exceedingly well wrought and draws strongly upon the reader's sensibility. As a reformatory work, designed to expose the evils and abuses of factory life,—for such in fact it is,—we question very much its expediency and value. For that end let us have the facts plain and simple without the fiction, and then we shall know what to believe and how much, and we shall know a great deal better what to do.

THE GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE is a hand-book of instruction on the proper management and economical use of gas, with a full description of gas-metres, and instructions for ascertaining the consumption by metre, with hints on ventilation, and how to avoid accidents. It is copiously illustrated. A volume published by Alexander Moore.

WAR POWERS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. Military Arrests, Reconstruction, and Military Government. Also, now first published, War Claims and Aliens. With notes on the acts of the Executive and Legislative Departments during our Civil War, and a collection of cases decided in the National Courts. By William Whiting. Forty-third edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Whiting's position, as legal adviser to President Lincoln in regard to the war powers of the government during the greater part of our civil war, has probably given to his opinions on these

subjects a greater direct and practical influence than has ever been exercised by any other man in this country. We remember how powerless the President was supposed to be at the breaking out of the rebellion. Pamphlets on martial law by some of the greatest legal minds of the nation seemed not to recognize the necessities of war, but placed our government entirely at the mercy of the insurgents. The opposite opinions, then stated by Mr. Whiting, presented the only grounds on which a civil war could be carried on by the government. We are not competent judges of such works. But we suppose that this is not only the most valuable and complete, but that it is the only complete work of its kind, and that it is likely to be the only recognized authority on the matters of which it treats.

SERMONS, preached upon several occasions, by Robert South, D.D. 5 vols. Vols. IV., V. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

These substantial volumes make a part of the Library of old English Divines which is issued under the editorial supervision of Prof. Shedd, formerly of Andover, and now of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is hardly worth the while at this late day to speak of South, who is universally known as one of the most able and pungent of English sermon writers. There are passages of homely wit, of vehement and coarse invective, of powerful logic, and of the most penetrating spiritual insight. Sometimes he is violent and unreasonable in his invectives, and then he rises into the calmest, holiest regions of spiritual meditation.

AD FIDEM: or, Parish Evidences of the Bible. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

We should like to write a long review of this book, recognizing its merits of style, temper, thought, and at the same time exposing what seem to us its serious defects. As lectures from a minister to his own people trained from childhood in the doctrines which he would inculcate, they may help to keep them where they are, while they have no other teachers. But as arguments addressed to those who have begun to doubt, or as safeguards to young men from the preacher's own flock when they leave him and become familiar with the larger thought of the day, they do not seem to us very satisfactory or effective. And they will cease to be either satisfactory or effective just in proportion as those for whom they are intended go beyond the catechism, and from their familiarity with the scientific

thought of the age need some powerful corrective to the skeptical tendencies around them.

CULTURE AND RELIGION IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS. By J. C Shairp. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This little volume, containing five lectures delivered before college students at St. Andrews in Scotland, is one which we commend especially to young persons for its scholarly tone and character, for its Christian spirit, for the marks of liberal and Christian culture which it bears, and for the weighty suggestions and counsels which it conveys. With educated persons it will do a great deal more to establish their faith than Dr. Burr's book. But each has its sphere.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER. By Peter Bayne, M.A. 2 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The early life of Hugh Miller, his struggles for knowledge, his geological discoveries, his enthusiastic love of science and religion, the energy with which he threw himself into the religious movements of his age, and the sad circumstances connected with his death, not only make his biography full of instruction, but endow it with a romantic interest. We are very glad to welcome these two volumes.

GUTENBERG, and the Art of Printing. By Emily C. Pearson. Boston: Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

This book, in its print, paper, and binding, is beautifully got up, and its literary execution is worthy of being set off by so fair an exterior. It gives a pleasant insight into the times to which it relates, and brings before us vividly the men to whom we owe the art of printing. It also describes very intelligibly the processes by which books are produced now in the largest and most complete printing establishments.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. By Julia Crouch. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is quite interesting, and likely to find many readers, though it is entirely free from anything of the sensational order. It is written in the same style as Mrs. Alcott's "Little Women," and very similar to that in plot, and, like most imitations, it is inferior to the original.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In style, sentiment, vigor of thought, and marks of intellectual and religious culture, this little book is very much above the common stories of the day, and we gladly commend it to any one who wishes to take home or to carry with him in journeying a pleasant, thoughtful, intelligent companion. We give a single passage: —

"Of all shallow vulgarities, the vulgarity of gentility in religion is the meanest, and betrays want of breeding the most. In our dear, old, provincial England, we associate bishops and the church service with ladies and gentlemen; extempore prayers and earnest preaching with shopkeepers and the middle class. But a truly ignorant, under-bred aspect there is in all this, as if any religion were worth professing which did not obliterate all social distinctions and put every one on a level."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

All who have read Hans Christian Andersen's stories (and who has not?) will be glad to read this story of his life, which is marked by the same charming qualities as his other writings.

MAX KROMER; A story of the Siege of Strasburg. 1870. New York: Dodd & Mead. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

An interesting and, as all war stories must be, a painful story, not without lights as well as shadows.

MONEY, a sermon by Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, has the simplicity, earnestness, and directness which make Mr. Hepworth's appeals to the heart and conscience so effective.

TRANSCENDENTALISM, and THE FACTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS, and the Philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, are the titles of two remarkable pamphlets by Mr. William B. Greene, and will furnish what William Corbett would call "a bone to gnaw," to those who have a liking for such hard problems in Psychology. We look upon Mr. Greene as an able and independent writer, less satisfactory, perhaps, than he would be were it not for the slight excess of individualism which marks his productions.

THE CONGREGATIONAL QUARTERLY, for April, looks well, but we have only had time to judge of it by its looks.

THE

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AND

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REVELATION.

BY AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

By revelation, I mean that direct manifestation of the divine truth to the human soul which is made, not through nature, or ordinary human experience, but by some providential agency, as of some high prophetic, spiritual genius, or some chosen Son of the divine power and love.

Not through nature, I say, for nature has many aspects which do not favorably represent Deity to the untutored mind, and which seem very strange, sometimes harsh, and often unlovely to the mind which has learned to reason well on things divine and human. Nature seems sometimes filled with a merciless spirit, which hurls destruction and death around on every hand. How terrible the sea often is, how awful the storm, the tempest, the tornado, the earthquake! They heed no entreaties. They listen to no prayers. Man is caught up and dashed to pieces, without regard to his cries and calls for help. Human love is nothing; human suffering excites no pity; human hope meets with no response. After the fearful experience of woe, there is a certain calmness and

peace, as though the elements, having done their worst, were gloating over the spoils which they had made. We have sometimes noticed how, after a day of unexampled terror and destruction by land and sea, the sun shines benignly out of the cloudless heavens, the serenity of the sky breathing repose, and an indescribable tranquillity pervading the scene. The winds are whist; the sea ripples smilingly to the shore, which yesterday its angry surges madly beat; the atmosphere is astonishingly clear and pure. Man, mourning the ravages which the storm has made, is almost disposed to feel that nature is mocking him, and refuses him even a single word or sign of comfort or compassion. Besides, nature seems hostile. Man conquers her only by hard work and severe effort, sometimes by painful sacrifice. She will not yield her fruits but by compulsion. The ever-beginning, never-ending struggle goes on, and will go on till man and nature are no more. Then also, to the scientific man, nature sometimes speaks more of laws and forces than of Deity, and he begins to inquire and doubt, if there be any creative energy, and inspiring power, within and behind the scheme of material things.

So with our ordinary experience of life. There are certain seasons of storm and tempest, when all things seem disturbed and at discord among themselves. There is no satisfaction in duty. There are no permanent results in labor. There are no joys to refresh and invigorate the soul. The dearest and most precious things of life are put in jeopardy, and love and trust in humankind end in bitter disappointment. Even aspiration is feeble. The soul can barely lift her wings. The spiritual vision is dark, and the eye strains itself in vain to pierce the shadows. Man stumbles, as he tries to walk the way of life. Still, in all this, he wishes and seeks for God, and if he finds him not, is bowed down with inexpressible grief. Then going out of himself, and moved by the impulse of worship, he kneels before the forces of nature which he does not understand, or cringes in awe of a Deity who has made his life-experience so miserable and dark.

Now, then, it is that man comes to need an interpreter,—

an interpreter of nature and of his own experiences. The interpreter comes, the Almighty Father speaks by prophetic lips, through prophetic souls, and he speaks by his Son. One great and very important fact of human history is, that there are some souls more enlightened than the rest. They stand upon a higher plane of spiritual knowledge and religious experience. They have been gifted with a keener and a deeper insight into the secret things of nature, of man, of God. They have divine communion. They enjoy the divine presence. They speak with God, as it were, face to face. Call it what you will. Give it what name you please. The fact is plain and patent. It may be inspiration. It may be spiritual genius. It may be a special illumination of the spiritual faculties, and a special commission to declare to their fellows, what these prophetic souls have been enabled to discover, to perceive and hear. Whatever may be its name, the power exists, and it has been exercised many times in the history of minkind. The prophet has not been wanting to his age. His message has been delivered in every language of the race. The tribes of men have responded gratefully to his voice. It may have been Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, David, the Hebrew prophets: last and greatest of all, it was Jesus Christ. Other revelations were imperfect and incomplete. Christ's truth was declared in its completeness, filling out all imperfections. Without disparaging any other teacher, and without detracting from the effect of any true word that had been spoken, Jesus would teach a truth so high in its nature, so deep in its foundations, and so broad in its results, as to comprehend all the needs of the human soul, and all the relations of God with man. Whatever opinion one may hold respecting the character and office of Jesus, his superiority in spiritual knowledge and power cannot be questioned. Well does James Martineau declare: "The clearness and beauty, with which he revealed that portion of the Deity that may dwell in man, proved the reality of holiness, cast to the winds the doubts that hung as foul mists around all that was divine, and drew it forth from

the world's background in colors soft as the rainbow, yet intense as the sun."

The need of revelation exists both in the nature of God and man. If God exists, he must of necessity make himself known. An infinite and almighty Being cannot keep himself within himself. If he possesses creative power he must create. If he has the attribute of omniscience, he must communicate a portion of his wisdom. It is manifestly impossible that he should shut himself up in some secret place, surround himself with impenetrable clouds and darkness, and refuse access to his presence. If God is, then must he pour his being out. He is the fountain of life, from which flow forth perennial streams. He cannot keep man in ignorance of his being, his spirit, and his truth. As well might we think that the sun could hide its beams, or retain within itself its heat. The light of God must shine into every place and the warmth of his lovè must everywhere be felt. So that Paul, in writing of the heathen world, was justified in saying, that the Gentiles were without excuse, "because, that which may be known of God is manifest within them: for God made it manifest to them. For, ever since the creation of the world, his invisible attributes, even his eternal power and divinity, being perceived from his works, are clearly seen."

An equal necessity exists for man's reception of the revelation. It is not, after all, so much because other lights are insufficient, and without this, man gropes in ignorance of himself and his relations with Deity, as because man's nature is such, that it necessarily takes fast hold upon the divine truth. Man, being as he is, must know something of God. He must communicate with his Creator, the Author of his being. He must in some way join on his life to the divine life. If one has ever noticed how plants grow, he will have observed that their roots reach down into the moist places of the soil, seeking out that which is most needful for their growth, and most congenial and helpful to their life. Nothing can stop them. The little delicate fibres will push their way through every obstruction, and even by their minute threads

will penetrate or undermine walls of heavy masonry. So also one has doubtless observed how the leaves and flowers above the soil stretch upward to the sunshine and the light, drinking in from all around them life and beauty and strength. The plant must get what most it needs from the earth and the air, and most diligently does it seek for it. If it fail, it is sapless, fruitless, weak, and must soon die. If it succeed, how bright and strong and full its life! So the soul of man, in its depths, reaches out to seek, to find, to know God; in its heights, stretches upward to unite itself with his perfection, to rejoice in his light and love. If it fail, how lifeless it becomes. If it succeed, how vital in its energy and its joy!

But the human soul cannot altogether fail. There is a truth of wonderful meaning in the word of the ancient record: "God created man in his own image." It is the truth which runs through all the course of human life. By its irresistible influence, exerted in all the secret places of man's being, and running through all the veins of his spiritual nature, man is perpetually seeking to know somewhat of his divine prototype. Accept then these two truths, that there is a divine Being, and that the human being is made in his image, and the conclusion must inevitably follow, that revelation is not only possible and probable, but also actually necessary. The two beings cannot exist without it.

The next question is, by what method does revelation become an actual fact? If man is created in the divine image, that image may well be said to be "planted and stamped in the centre of every heart." But it may also be said, that, in some instances, the impression is clearer and deeper than in others. The image is not equally perceptible in all. Alas, how very faint and obscure it sometimes is! We must not lose sight of the differences that exist in humanity, while we insist upon its essential similarities. There are some human souls which are very near to God, and some that are afar off. In the course of human life there has been an extraordinary illumination, now of one soul in this place, now of another in that, and, by this illumination, the glory of divine perfections has been perceived. There is nothing preternatural in this.

It is the most natural thing possible, that God should make himself known to some particular son of his, — some child more abundantly gifted than the rest. For this child is nearer to him than the rest: not, I mean, nearer to him as the special object of his love, but as the highest in spiritual attainment or spiritual endowment. Through him, therefore, God reveals himself. He is the teacher of his brethren. He has seen things divine, and he communicates the knowledge of what he has seen to those below him in spiritual stature. He is an authority, not in the sense of exercising absolute dominion, but in the sense of knowing more than others of that concerning which he speaks. As one man is an authority in science, or in literature, or in jurisprudence, or in international law, or in art, because he knows more about these matters than other men, not because he has a different or a superior humanity, — so also may a man become an authority in religion. His personal character, his spiritual gifts and graces, his clear perception of truth, his consciousness of God's presence with him, have elevated him above his fellows, and enabled him to become the revealer of God to them. I have already alluded to some names, — and to these that of Mohammed may be added, — some names which are not generally accepted as the names of teachers of divine truth. Yet why not? They certainly did know something of God and the things of the spirit. They were much superior to the men of their own time and race. They were all children of God. They must have felt the divine impulse upon their souls. They must have rejoiced in the beams of the divine light. What they saw, and what they felt, they told, and their fellow men were the better for hearing what they said. That their knowledge was not so clear or so wide as that of Christ, nor their words so full of the divine life, was their misfortune and their great defect. Their glory necessarily pales in the rays of that perfected humanity, the brightness of the divine glory, the express image of the divine person, whose light is our life!

There are some persons who object to the reception of a revelation which is made through the medium of a third

agent. If the human soul is so closely allied to the divine Spirit as we affirm, then revelation must be made directly. To this it might be replied, that, in this earthly life, we are necessarily under tutelage. It is, so to speak, the age of our minority, during which we have to suffer ourselves to be taught as God directs. It is manifestly impossible for all of us to make original researches in science and history and the various branches of human knowledge, and we are especially grateful to him who expends his time and resources in seeking out for us and declaring to us the secrets of nature. But this is not a sufficient answer. The true reply is, that the revelation made to prophetic and inspired souls is precisely in accord with the principle of man's close connection with Deity. For it is humanity, the same humanity that we ourselves have, humanity enlarged, enlightened, glorified, transfigured, to which the word of God comes. It is an ear attuned to the harmonies of the divine truth that hears the voice of God. It is an eye undimmed by the film of sense that sees the excelling beauty of the divine Being. In the humanity to which these belong we all share, and in its possessions we consequently have a part. Is there any deed of heroism, with which the page of human history is bright, that we are not proud of, and do not rejoice in? Is there any truth, wherever on the face of the globe it has been spoken by human lips, in which we do not have an interest, and to which we do not possess a personal title? A divine revelation made to one human soul is made to all, by virtue of the oneness of our humanity.

Then, too, it must be remembered that every revelation is really direct and personal, as it passes through our own spiritual nature, and is impressed upon our own spiritual substance. When we accept the words of another because they accord with our own convictions, we make the truth conveyed by them a matter personal to ourselves. Thenceforth it is ours. So far it is direct. By it, our own souls are expanded and uplifted, so as to come into closer contact with the divine Spirit. By it they are purified, so as to reflect from their transparent depths the divine image. Then also

we would bear in mind, that according to human capacity must divine revelations be made. The narrow soul, the soul that has only a low stature, cannot surely know so much of God as the broad and lofty soul, in which the divine nature seeks to dwell. The mountain peak towers high above the little hill. On one lies the glory of the sunshine, while the other can only bask in its beauty. The one is grand, the other fruitful in the wealth of grass and forest. But it is the same sunshine that rests lovingly on both, the same gently descending rain or lightly falling snow, the same luminous atmosphere surrounding them. So lie our souls beneath the same almighty, all-pervading love of God. So do they reach upward unto him. Shall any of us complain because we do not equal the spiritual stature of those who stand high up above us, in their transcendent purity and nearness to the source of truth? Surely would I not murmur against the providential decree, but rather humbly strive to learn of those who have a clearer sight and a better knowledge of the divine perfections. Perhaps even I, by patient, faithful effort, may succeed, while in this mortal state, in catching some glimpses of the divine beauty, and hearing some of the words which the Holy Spirit speaks. Perhaps it may be permitted also unto me, in the immortal life, to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height" of the divine love, and to be filled, — ah! may it indeed be! "with all the fullness of God!"

Once more. There are some who object to a revelation which is made through the medium of a book. To this the answer is very easy. A book is simply the record of divine truth, the form which it takes for preservation among men. The book in itself is nothing. The truth which is in it is its informing spirit, its claim and its passport to immortality. A book is good to us only as it teaches goodness and truth, whatever may be its external form or method of construction. This sacred book of ours, the Bible, derives its sacredness, not from any outward circumstances, but from its internal character, spirit, and truth. It is the divine word, not in the letter, but in the spirit that breathes through it. There is in

it an amazing depth of meaning, to reward him who studies it reverentially and faithfully. Herein is its practical advantage. When we read it, we come into communion with the divine Spirit that seems to brood over its pages, — the divine Spirit that was in the souls of those who wrote its glowing prophecies, — the divine Spirit that is in all true human speech. When we read a book that elevates and refines the mind, and purifies the soul from its grossness, and opens the spirit to a holy influence, we commend it to ourselves and others as "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Something might be said of the progress of revelation, and a very interesting discussion it would be. But the space allotted to this paper permits me only to allude to it. There is a distinct line running through fetichism, idolatry, nature-worship, the adoration of light, the sun, stars, fire, &c., faith in the Deity who creates, the invisible, spiritual Being, whom reason accepts, and the attraction to the God of supreme love, whom the human spirit longs to be united with. In the Bible, it is God, El Elohim, El Shaddai, the God of almighty power: the Lord Jehovah, the self-existent Deity, and the eternal Father, who unites power and wisdom by the indissoluble bond of love. The attentive reader of the Old and New Testaments can easily trace the unfolding of the divine idea, — the God of the patriarchs, the God of Moses, the God and Father of Jesus Christ.

The great practical result is, that revelation makes its appeal to the best and deepest part of our nature. It answers the questions of the soul. It assures the soul that its thirst shall be supplied, that its cry shall be answered. Nay, it declares that that cry has already been answered. "God hath spoken unto the fathers by the prophets, and unto us by his son." Yes, we are assured that He who sits above the heavens, and holds the universe in the hollow of his hands, He who fills eternity and immensity with his presence, is no silent deity, withdrawing himself from human knowledge and human sight in inaccessible, unapproachable

seclusion: that he speaks to man, that he dwells with man, that he is man's best friend, man's all-loving Father. He does not veil his majesty, his wisdom, his love. He shows his benign, paternal face. He lightens up the darkness of this mortal, earthly state. He touches with the beams of his grace the lowly lot of man, and, behold! it is bright with a thousand beauties. He speaks, and the divine word goes round the world, waking the human soul in every zone, in every clime, to a glad and grateful response. He speaks, and man is assured that he is made in the image of God, patterned in spirit after the divine perfection, and destined, in some future sphere, cleansed from all the defilements of the flesh, and freed from the tyranny of earthly circumstances, to be united with his divine original! To us is that divine speech addressed. Our hearts respond to it. Our convictions rest upon it. In it our hopes reside. It is our strength in life, and in the hour of death our sure support.

"Speak with us, Lord! Thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

"With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil and pain and care;
Labor is rest and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.

"Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice;
Our bounding hearts shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

"Thou callest us to seek thy face,
Thy face, O God, we seek,
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak."

THREE OLD ENGLISH SERMONS.*

MR. EDWARD ARBER deserves well of poor scholars for putting within their reach many choice books of our older literature hitherto hard to find except in "complete works," or in the costly issues of antiquarian societies. He has shown good judgment in reprinting Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, Milton's Areopagitica, Latimer's Sermons, and other excellent works, and in the present case he has done still better service by recovering for us an interesting work which has not been reprinted since 1572, and had nearly passed out of existence. By giving us easy access to original authorities, and making these ancient books current among us, he helps us to extend our conquest over time, to learn history at first hand, and to become familiar citizens of the past.

The present volume consists of three sermons preached at London — one of them before King Edward VI. — by Thomas Lever, in the year 1550. These sermons form a worthy continuation to Latimer's, which they resemble in many respects. The same undaunted truthfulness, the same strong sense and terse wit, and something of the same humor, the same faith in learning and in the principles of the Reformation, the same broad and deep knowledge of the Gospel, the same high prophetic spirit which we find in Latimer, we find also in this younger reformer. These sermons give us vivid glimpses into some of the inner workings of the English Reformation. The abolition of Popery and the setting forth of the Bible in English with other attendant reforms seemed measures full of immediate promise, but the hopes of the more ardent reformers had to suffer some disappointment. The new principles, however pure they may have been in the minds of those who conceived them, had devel-

* English Reprints. No. 25. Sermons by Thomas Lever, A.D. 1550. Edited by Edward Arber. London. 1870. Pp. 143. New York: Scribner & Co.

oped into public measures, had been adopted by the public, and had not only become united with the imperfections of the public, but by their very success had become burdened with that great mass of selfishness and corruption which always gravitates unerringly towards the winning side. With the downfall of the old system, also, there went not only its evils but its benefits, and with the new system there came in not only advantages but some novel abuses. It is to this "transition period," full of struggle, of desire on the part of many for the old order of things, soon to be tried once more under Bloody Mary, of dismay among the weaker supporters of the new system, of mingled hope and fear and of earnest speech and effort on the part of the stancher reformers, that these sermons of Thomas Lever belong. "Trusting to God and not fearing the Devil," he speaks his "wondrous plain word" to King and Council, and to "all England, high and low, rich and poor." "See* how much good counsel and earnest threatening God hath given of late unto England, by setting forth of his word in the English tongue, causing it to be read daily in the churches, to be preached purely in the pulpits, and to be rehearsed everywhere in communication." But "what threatening of God have we here in England not regarded, which have forsaken the Pope, abolished idolatry and superstition, received God's word so gladly, reformed all things accordingly thereto so speedily, and have all things most near the order of the primitive church universal? Alas, good brethren, as truly as all is not gold that glistereth, so is it not virtue and honesty, but very vice and hypocrisy whereof England at this day doth most glory." "In suppressing of abbeys, cloisters, colleges and chantries, the intent of the king's majesty that dead is, was, and this of our king now, is very godly, and the purpose or else the pretense of other, wondrous goodly; that thereby such abundance of goods as was superstitiously spent upon vain ceremonies or voluptuously upon idle bellies, might come to the king's hands, to bear his great charges necessarily bestowed in the common wealth, or

* I modernize the spelling.

partly into other men's hands, for the better relief of the poor, the maintenance of learning, and the setting forth of God's word. Howbeit covetous officers have so used this matter, that even those goods which did serve to the relief of the poor, the maintenance of learning, and to comfortable necessary hospitality in the common wealth, be now turned to maintain worldly, wicked, covetous ambition." "You which have gotten these goods into your own hands, to turn them from evil to worse, and other goods more from good unto evil, be ye sure it is even you that have offended God, beguiled the king, robbed the rich, spoiled the poor, and brought a common wealth into a common misery." "As hypocrisy and superstition doth blear the eyes, so covetousness and ambition doth put the eyes clean out. For if ye were not stark blind, ye would see and be ashamed that whereas fifty tun-bellied monks, given to gluttony, filled their paunches, kept up their house, and relieved the whole country round about them, there one of your greedy guts devouring the whole house, and making great pillage throughout the country cannot be satisfied." "Your Majesty hath had given, and received by Act of Parliament, colleges, chantries, and guilds, for many good considerations, and especially as appeareth in the same Act, for erecting of Grammar Schools, to the education of youth in virtue and godliness, to the further augmenting of the universities, and better provision for the poor and needy. But now many Grammar Schools, and much charitable provision for the poor, be taken, sold, and made away, to the great slander of you and your laws, to the utter discomfort of the poor, to the most miserable drowning of youth in ignorance, and the sore decay of the universities." "For Papistry is not banished out of England by pure religion, but overrun, suppressed and kept under within this realm by covetous ambition. Papistry abused many things, covetousness hath destroyed more; papistry is superstition, covetousness is Idolatry. Papistry aforetime did obscure the King's honor, and abuse the wealth of this realm, covetousness at this time doth more abuse and decay them both, making the king bare, the people poor, and the

realm miserable." "Lands and goods be spoiled; provision made for learning and poverty is destroyed. Ye know in whose hands this rich spoil remaineth, then can ye not be ignorant by whose means the wealth of this kingdom is spoiled and decayed." "Wherefore as Christ in his own person did once lament and bewail Jerusalem, so does he now many times in the persons of his prophetical preachers, lament and bewail England, saying: O England, how oft would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not. Even with the same affection that the shepherd cryeth, seeing the wolf leering towards the sheep, and with the same affection that the hen clucketh and calleth, spying the kite hovering over her chickens; with the same affection it behooveth the minister and preacher of God, seeing intolerable vengeance hanging over England, to cry, to call, and to give warning unto the people, saying as it is written in the first of Isaiah: If ye willingly will hear and obey, ye shall eat the good comfortable fruits of the earth: but if ye will not and provoke me unto anger, the sword shall devour you: *quia os Domini locutum est.* For it is the mouth of the Lord that hath spoken."

"Undoubtedly whereas covetous men be, there neither lands nor goods, no not God's holy Gospel can do so much good as covetousness doth harm. Wherefore seeing this realm by covetousness is sore decayed, lest it should also by the same be destroyed, away with your covetousness all you that love this realm."

This is the great burden of the preacher's exhortation, against the prevailing covetousness, which bore fruit in "pluralities," where one man holding several benefices farmed them out as if they were his private estate, which turned property devoted to the church, to charity, and learning, from their original purposes into private revenues, and which taking advantage of the confusion attending a great change in the body politic, seemed likely to make the Reformation a falling back rather than an advance.

Scattered through the sermons, we find many striking

thoughts and passages: "Fair words and evil deeds, which is hypocrisy." "Yea, amongst all kinds of officers, some be true Prophets and shepherds in deed, and some have sheepskins, and be ravening wolves in deed. The one taketh pains in doing of his duty, and the other seeketh gains in professing of his duty. Take heed of those, for they are arrant thieves." "The ministry of Christ which pertaineth generally unto all Christians;" this shows us the doctrine of the universal priesthood, as opposed to limiting certain spiritual privileges and powers to a single class. The prophetic spirit which breathes throughout the whole finds strong expression here: "Thus hath God by Isaiah in his time, and by me at this time described rulers' faults, with a way how to amend them." And mixed with his indignation is a moving Christian tenderness: "O merciful Lord, what a number of poor, feeble, halt, blind, lame, sickly, yea with idle vagabonds, and dissembling caitiffs mixed among them, lie and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster. Now speaking in behalf of these vile beggars, forasmuch as I know that the vilest person upon earth is the lively image of Almighty God, I will tell thee that art a a noble man, a worshipful man, an honest wealthy man, especially if thou be mayor, sheriff, alderman, bailiff, constable, or any such officer, it is to thy great shame afore the world, and to thy utter damnation afore God, to see these begging as they use to do in the streets. For there is never a one of these but he lacketh either thy charitable alms to relieve his need, or else thy due correction to punish his fault. A great sin and no less shame is it for him that saith he is a Christian man, to see Christ lack things necessary, and to bestow upon the devil superfluously. It is Christ Jesus himself that in the needy doth suffer hunger, thirst, and cold. It is the devil himself that in the wealthy fareth daintily, goeth gorgeously, and useth superfluity."

This is how he sums up the work of good parsons, as contrasted with "carnal gospelers." "Good parsons, good preachers, and good officers placed abroad in every country, which in doing their offices, keeping of houses, and preach-

ing of God's word, may teach the ignorant, relieve the poor, punish the faulty, and cherish the honest, and so repair the pale of good order about this common wealth." This "keeping an house" was looked upon as an important part of a parson's duty. "It is not lawful for thee to have parsonage, benefice, or any such living, except thou do feed the flock spiritually with God's word, and bodily with honest hospitality." "Christ oft afore had wrought wonderful miracles, disputed learnedly, and preached plainly; but by all those means did he not so much persuade the people, and win their hearts, as by this one miracle in feeding and cherishing the people. Yea, and whosoever listeth to mark through all England, he shall see that a mean learned parson keeping an house in his parish, and keeping of godly conversation, shall persuade and teach more of his parishioners with communication at one meal, than the best learned doctor of divinity keeping no house, can persuade or teach in his parish by preaching a dozen solemn sermons."

These extracts show so well the merits of these sermons as to render further criticism hardly necessary. They teach us history by vivisection. Nor have they lost their power as sermons. They still come home to the conscience as the words of a true prophet, speaking with the authority of original knowledge and personal faith, and bracing our souls by his loyalty to God and the truth.

F. T. WASHBURN.

WHEN we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject, — for his view of it is generally on *this* side, — and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgement, that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case. — *Pascal.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

AS A MEANS OF LIFE AND PROGRESS.

A SERMON.* BY E. H. SEARS.

On this rock will I build my church: the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. — MATT. XVI. 18.

WHAT is the rock which is here referred to as the foundation of the Christian Church? Plainly the Christ, and the confession of him which Peter had just made. "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God," said Peter. "Flesh and blood have not revealed this to thee, but my Father which is in heaven," said Christ. On this rock, this Christ and such confession of him, will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The word here rendered "hell" is *hades*, and means the same as the spirit world, the entrance to which is through death, hence called the gates of hades. Render this into language less figurative and oriental and we should read it, "The Christ is such a fundamental want of humanity as the ground of faith in spiritual things that the church will stand upon him through all the ages. As fast as the generations disappear through the gates of death, other and coming generations will take their place; so that while men pass away, the church remains eternal and will not die out, and so the gates of hades cannot prevail against it.

So it has been. This institution called the church has stood, lo! these eighteen hundred years, in the midst of human affairs, and has had a more plastic influence over them, and has it to-day probably, than any other external agency. States and empires have gone, while the church remains.

When we speak of the church, however, we must keep close to the prime essential idea, and keep clear of the false notions that gather around it. Corruption has invaded it, men have perverted it; nevertheless it has kept on clearing itself of these corruptions through the Christ who founded it and dwells in it.

* Preached at Weston, May 7.

What I want to do this morning is to bring forth clearly the New-Testament idea of the church of Christ, and then show its power as a means of Christian life and progress.

I. What it is, clear of all human additions and corruptions, seems plain enough. The idea is a very simple one: fellowship, brotherhood, communion, are the terms by which it is described. More full and complete is the definition of our Saviour himself: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The church is a larger family. It is the relation of brother and sister, widened, and elevated, and purged of natural selfishness, by being brought into direct relations with the Christ, as the head of a more extended household. It is not an authority to impose opinions on the minds of men, it is a covenant of mutual pledges and promises, with confession of the Lord Jesus as its bond of union. Its object is twofold, — to make the souls of believers more Christlike by bringing them into more full communion with their living Head, and to make them a more efficient power in diffusing his religion through the world by bringing them into concert and communion with each other. So constituted and organized, the promise is, "I will be one in the midst of you." "I will be with you alway to the end of time." So constituted and organized, it is fit to become the body of Christ himself, to be swept by his spirit, to have the pulsations of his life and love. So constituted and organized, it is the home of the soul, that sphere of larger and diviner fellowship where our family relations and clanships are broadened in the wider brotherhood of Christian charity. So founded and constituted and made the home of the soul, the promise is that it will never die out. It will have its principles so deep in human nature itself that men will cherish it, children and the children's children will flow into it, Christ himself will love it, come into it, and meet them there and make it his abode. So that while men die out of it all the while, it will not only remain full, but be ever enlarging, and so the gates of death can never prevail against it. So founded and built, it can no more die out than the family institution can die out, for deeper and more vital than

the ties of family affection are those which draw the ties of this larger family around their living Head.

II. Let us now see how a church thus constituted becomes such a power of Christian life and progress.

There are, my friends, two ways of preaching Christianity and extending it. These two methods have been tried so much and so long that their results respectively can be estimated with a moral certainty that never fails. One method is that which ignores the church and its fellowship, the other method is through church means and instrumentalities.

A preacher goes out on his individual responsibility, and, if he has mental force and volubility, he will gather together people who will like to hear his words. He may gather great crowds in halls and theatres and in public squares, and perhaps thrill them with his eloquence. But crowds are never held together by the simple power of ideas. They come to witness the firing off of intellectual sky-rockets, or to be played upon passively by some one who knows how to touch their trains of emotion. A speaker and a congregation are not a church, but a collection of people who have come together to hear of some man's peculiar notion whatever it may be. It may be some phase of religion, it may be some interpretation of Christianity; but the only ground of permanence is the skill with which the lecturer can set them forth. Such speakers generally deal very largely in negatives, that is, in attacking and pulling down what other people believe; for any man's stock of private wisdom will very soon be exhausted. Such congregations hold together just so long as the preacher holds out. When he subsides they all subside and melt away, until another preacher comes along with some new notion of the day. How many such congregations have been gathered and gone into history, or gone into forgetfulness! The gates of death have swallowed them all up and they are no more.

Again, there may be churches in outward form merely, but not in inward substance and reality; Christian societies which come together to hear preaching and praying, but from which church life and the church idea have died out altogether. Such

societies differ only in name from the gatherings already described. "Worship," "communion," fellowship," are words without much meaning for them; and to be spectators of somebody's sermons and prayers is the main purpose of coming together. There may be more or less of social life based on mere externals, but there is none of that *fellowship* in which the inner life and the most sacred feelings of the heart flow together. Such societies exist or have existed. But if you will read the faithful reports of some of our missionaries you will see they are dying out all over the country. Some people wonder why they do not prosper; why a church planted right beside them, perhaps in which absurdities and errors of doctrine are held forth, nevertheless draws all the life out of these churchless societies and leaves them as mere empty shells. The next generation will hardly know that they have existed. No society can exist very long unless it furnishes within itself a *home* for the dearest affections of the heart; unless, in short, it becomes a family in Jesus Christ.

See how different is the case when Christianity lives, and is diffused through church means and instrumentalities! Where a people are *organized* in faithful covenant around Jesus Christ as the incarnate Word, how vastly different is the whole state of things! Preaching, praying, fellowship, and Christian work have new meaning and inspiration, and become golden words. Nay, the preacher sinks out of sight; he is behind one who is mightier than he, and his sky-rockets pale away before the Sun of Righteousness, who comes with healing in his beams. Where there is a church with the Christ in it, not in name merely, but the Mediator in whom God yields himself to our hungering and thirsting humanity, how easy it is to preach and to pray! Prayer is borne up on the prayer-wings of the congregation. It falls not into vacancy, to be caught up thence by the ear of God, but it goes up on the aspirations of hearts that beat in unison. What is more, the church so organized and with such a covenant is brought into conscious union with the church above, and heaven itself rests sometimes almost visibly upon

it, and breathes through its rituals. For the church above is near to the church below and forms one fellowship; and to be a member of Christ is not merely to have *his* real presence, but the real presence of that bright multitude who have put on immortality; who have gone from us, but are yet with us by the transfusions of celestial love. Below and above they make but "one communion."

Then in communion with a living church how much more full and rapid is individual progress and regeneration! simply because the influx of the Spirit and of the heavens is more warm and entire. Two or three meeting together in the name of Christ have not merely two or three times as much spiritual force as when alone. They are brought into that sphere of life where the individual is taken up and borne out of himself, as he cannot be when standing alone or trying to manipulate himself into spiritual growth and renovation. "Ten times one is ten," says a popular story. That is mathematically true, but not spiritually; for, as applied to the live stones of the spiritual building and the living members of a living church, TEN TIMES ONE MAKE A THOUSAND; for there is One there in the midst of them who multiplies their individual force a thousand-fold, and melts out of them their individual weaknesses and absurdities in a strength and wisdom and inspiration in which the sum-total of all their individualities is insignificant indeed.

And how easy is Christian work where there is a living church that inspires it! The minister need not go and urge this, that, and the other man to give something and do something. The church itself is an organized charity and an organized missionary society and reform society all in one, borne on gladly to its work by Jesus, who is in the midst of it, and the angelic heavens that melt into it and melt through it. Preaching and doing are up-hill work where there is no living church. Where there is one, preaching and praying and doing become as easy and as sweet as it is for the rose to blow.

And where there is a church there is a home, and the children do not scatter off to this, that, and the other sect. As it was

in the primitive church, people come into it in families and make it a larger family, and import into it the choicest family loves and friendships, and merge them and purify them in that larger fellowship of Christ. Hence there is no home instinct that strikes its roots so deep, and makes the clasp of its tendrils so strong and sure, as that which holds the soul to a church where it has found the peace of Christ and the fellowship of soul with soul. The church then receives our infancy with loving arms; it helps us in our trials by sharing them; it dismisses us with its prayer and benediction when earth recedes and heaven opens and the shining stairs invite us upward. And so it is that, while societies without any Christ in them rise and disappear, the church that has the real Christ in it keeps on from age to age, gathers the new generations into it as the old ones rise out of it, and so the gates of death never prevail against it.

And why, my hearers, do I bring this subject before you to-day? It is six years the present month since I undertook the ministry to which you called me here, and I have been making a review of it, — what we have done and what we have failed to do; where we have abounded and where we have come short; and every view that I can take of it brings me back to this: our success has been in exact proportion to our realization of the idea of this discourse, — the church idea. Some of you can see its truth and importance; some of you cannot. If I could have convinced you of it as a congregation and a people, oh, what might we not have done! And what a living power, tenfold greater than now, might you have been as a Christian church and society in this town and community; to diffuse through it the beneficent beams of Christianity, and to furnish a home of the soul where your children and their children shall find peace and fellowship long after you have passed away. For what we have done, however, I thank God, and take courage and hope on; for we have partly realized our ideals.

We have done something. We have had sabbatic hours, openings of truth, encouragement to duty, consolations in sorrow, and some have found peace in believing and strength

in doing. Twenty-seven have asked for confirmation, and received it, as members of this church, and have been ready for faithful work in the Sunday school or in the society. You have been indulgent, I fear to a fault, of the failings and shortcomings of your minister. But you can help this ministry vastly in ways you have not yet tried effectually. Measured by our ideals we come short; and they call us to repentance and new resolves. We need to make our church organization more efficient and complete as a social Christian body, that the presence and spirit of the Master may be more consciously and vividly among us. You need the living Christ here among you to melt away the selfishness of individual and family isolations; to develop a religious *social* life; to turn the light and power of religion into your homes, and bring them back from your homes into the church again. All substitutes for a Christian church have been tried elsewhere and failed, — sociables, amusements, parties, and picnics, all good in their way, but all outside affairs, never touching the springs of the inner life, never opening a home for the soul, nor developing that social life where minds and hearts meet in that glorious presence that melts all selfishness out of them. Did I dream it, or did I hear it from some of you, that you have wants that are not satisfied? Believe me, there is only one word that can go home to anybody so as to give essential and abiding peace, and that is self-renunciation, complete and unreserved. With this you are stronger than an army with banners; you need not go far to find the word that comes home to you; for it will be in your own heart, a daily call to duty and a daily benediction of "well done." You will be a church which has the sure promise of the Lord that it shall prevail. This we have realized in some measure: we want to realize it a great deal more, till every family in the community shall belong to that larger family and fellowship where selfish isolation is lost, and our icy individualism dissolves in a communion of Christian love.

We want these two, — reorganization and a place for it, — or we cannot be what our ideals beckon us on to be. And

may I not appeal to you, my younger hearers, and ask you to consecrate yourselves to a work so largely beneficent. Hear it, I pray unto you, as the "Come unto me" of Jesus Christ, and make yourselves a living organism, where his spirit may come to you, and you can do his work here with a sense of his presence and guidance. Consecrated to such work, how much more rich will your whole life and experience be! and what a work you may do right here in society about you to bring the silent and transforming power of the gospel to bear more visibly on all the relations of life! What a home for the soul might you make for yourselves, into which the peace of heaven might always flow, and the Holy Spirit always abide, and out of which strength might always go, transforming society about you into the image of the societies above!

FAITH.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

—*R. S. S. Andros.*

FOURSCORE.

HER hair is white and her eyes are dim,
But her life is like a quiet hymn,
Chanted low at the close of day,
When the light is fading away.
And she sits in her corner knitting, knitting,
While her busy thoughts are flitting, flitting
Over the fourscore years that are fled,
Recalling the distant and the dead,
The faded hopes and the vanished joys,
Broken and lost like her childhoods's toys,
Yet woven into life's varied maze
With many a shining thread;
And with memory's retroverted gaze
O'er the years that have sped their flight,
She sees that the dark on life's tapestried wall
Was as needful as the light.
As she sits in her corner knitting, knitting
The tiny and delicate links that fall
From her shining needles, each one fitting
Into a perfect whole,
She thinks how from deeds as noiseless and small
Groweth the wonderful web of life,
And the stature of the soul.
The children's children throng around her,
Fair faces and locks of gold;
For many a cord of love has bound her
To the new as well as the old.
A peaceful present, a busy past,
Rich with the blessing of God,
Their lights and shadows together cast
O'er the long, long pathway trod;
Then opens the boundless future before her,
With its "trembling hope" of bliss,
The higher life that shall soon restore her
The loved and lost of this:
And the holy light of the land immortal
Beams on that time-worn face,
As her steps draw near to the heavenly portal,
The goal of the earthly race. M.

INSTITUTIONS AND MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD.

An American cannot but be interested, in going through Europe, by the difference between the place of the individual there and with us. We have the feeling that every man is to stand on his own feet and to take care of himself, with as little as possible of the claim to authority, the trappings of office, the plea of precedent, the power of conventionalism. There the individual is secondary, and the institution is the main thing. The very dress and bearing indicate this fact; whilst with us there are hardly any distinctions of dress, and all classes of society, business, and profession wear very much the same kind of clothes, and the servant and master, laborer and employer, private citizen and public official, laity and clergy, might easily be confounded with each other in a promiscuous assembly. There almost every man is clothed and labeled in the set style of his own business or caste, especially on all occasions of peculiar importance. No traveler, especially in England, is likely, for instance, to mistake a clergyman for a lawyer, either in the street or the parlor; and the law, the profession which with us partakes so largely of our democratic independence, there arrays its practitioners and judges in a costume as memorable as that of the priests and bishops of the Established Church. I confess that I was not prepared for the imposing display in the courts and lobbies of Westminster Hall, London, on the Queen's birthday in 1869, when the judges appeared in their huge wigs and red robes, and the counsellors flourished in wigs of not much smaller dimensions, and with the black silk gown and bands which were the regulation rig of the Massachusetts clergy in my boyhood. In France the lawyers also wore a gown and a peculiar shaped hat on duty, whilst the ordinary Roman-Catholic clergy were more conspicuous in their street dress than even the Anglican bishops. Perhaps

costume nowhere is more conspicuous than among the higher class of house servants in England; and it was some time before I got over the effect of the sight of those marvelously rigged dignitaries in front and rear of the stately coaches, or standing at the door of Belgravia houses on state occasions. Only the Lord Mayor of London and the Cardinals of Rome went beyond the visible majesty of the aristocratic coachman and footman of England. The Mayor of London was a modest and sensible gentleman, whose acquaintance I made at church, where he kindly invited me to ride with him on the following Thursday from the Mansion House to Guildhall. My worthy friend, who has since been knighted, then appeared in a magnificence quite startling, with his purple cloak and plumed hat and golden regalia, with his sword-bearer and mace-bearer preceding him to the gilded coach which took him and his obscure guest through the admiring crowd to the Common Council. The old conventionalism was kept up throughout, and the representatives of the city, more modest than the craft with us, rose in their seats as soon as the Lord Mayor stood up to speak, and did not presume to sit again until he requested them to do so. Some persons may make fun of such parade; but those of us who would not copy it will allow that it sprung from an original loyalty, and the respect of the citizens for the Mayor's person was the old-fashioned way of showing respect for the law. Such formality is better than the rowdyism that sinks all dignity, and moves the official personage to affect vulgarity and to smoke and drink and swear with the crowd. The English conventionalism of dress in this and other respects is not personal conceit, but institutional precedent. It says, virtually, "I do not put this on of myself or for myself, but because it is the custom of the fathers, and it represents the law of the land which you respect as much as I do." This may be an imperfect form of civilization; but it is not certainly below the ostentation of personal vanity which so often leads a man who has made a little money to build a great house, or set up a flashy equipage, which seems to say, "Here, look at me! See what a mighty smart fellow I am

who have made all this money myself, and own this palace and this team. Beat this if you can."

It may be said that the highest class of Englishmen are eager to throw off all the externals of rank, and that noblemen are as simple in their dress as in their manners. So it is to a certain extent with them, but their very simplicity is a virtual affirmation of their rank; for it seems to say, not that they can do without rank, but without making any parade of it, and that they can afford to leave their dignity to take care of itself, as common people cannot. We do not hear of any of these free and easy dukes and earls, who dress like farmers, ever consenting to give up their titles or coronets or jeweled orders or medals of honor; but on great occasions they blaze out in all their glory, to the discomfiture of all modest and untitled merit among the common herd. All their servants and retainers magnify the dignity of their lords, and the time is far distant when democratic ideas will prevail among the farmers and tradesmen of England. This rank is not merely a fashion, but an institution; and subordination is both a fashion and an institution too. An Irish Roman-Catholic bishop somewhat surprised me by his defense of the landed aristocracy and the influence of great estates and nobles.

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from their own manuscripts or from a prayer book of their own choice. That staid orthodox dissenter, Spurgeon, extemporized both sermon and prayers, and was in many respects free from English institutionalism, and quite an American in his ways; yet his tabernacle was, after all, a most decided institution of itself, and had its own methods, usages, and organization, quite as decided and probably as fixed as the habits of the provinces of York and Canterbury. He had the old law of orthodox independence also to sustain him, and was as little in danger of being overthrown by any unruly upstart or ignorant or disorderly committee as the Dean of Westminster or the Bishop of London. Even his preaching is in its way an institution; for it is not only Spurgeon that holds forth to five thousand people, but it is the whole stream of old dissenting literature and biblical learning, and the full swell of the hymns that have been gathering in volume for centuries. Spurgeon is not a mere individual like an American sensational preacher, who starts without creed or church order; for most of this material he found ready to his hand, and he is only a new commander in an army that has been gathering for ages.

James Martineau in his way is as prominent a piece of individualism as Spurgeon, yet this Unitarian apostle of intellectual liberty has as much love for the dignity and stability of institutions as his friend and neighbor, the Archbishop of Westminster, and seems to be as much wedded to his service book as the Archbishop is to his missal, and quite as ready as he to enter the national church if its platform can only be adapted to the demands of his conscience. The Unitarian is apparently as willing to be a minister of a liberalized National Church as the Roman Catholic is willing to return to the Romanism of the English establishment as it was before the Reformation.

The leading spirit of liberalism in the Church of England at present is Dean Stanley, and he is often spoken of as if he were quite indifferent to church institutions and almost ready to go over to the independents, whereas no man in England is more earnest in his way for church order or more

nservative as to the legal foundations of the National hurch, liberal as he is in respect to the interpretation of eeds and articles. He is a great stickler for the connec- on between church and state, so much so as to oppose the sestablishment of the Irish Church; and, with all his rare enerosity and intellectual freedom, he is probably quite as tle likely as the courtly and diplomatic Bishop of Winches- r to give up his prerogative as a church functionary and at himself outside of the protection of clerical law into the ands of a parish committee who might snub him at pleas- e, and bring the vulgarity and stubbornness of the lobby nd the shop to bear upon the architecture and worship of Westminster Abbey, which is now under his scholarly care.

Taking such cases of marked individuals into account, I ust maintain the position still that Europe is given to insti- tions, and that her able and bold men are by no means clined to dispense with them. Germany is pre-eminently e country of personal independence, and probably of free inking, — not the free thinking that comes of indifference, at that which comes of manly thought. At first sight you ight take the German for a thorough individual without ny institutional loyalty. Look at him as he drinks his beer, smokes his long cigar, or listens to music at his own free ill, as if he cared for nobody else. Touch him, however, on ny point of national liberty or honor, or deny to him any of e rights of civilized men, and see what a lion you have irred up. Or, again, put your eye upon that regiment of ounted soldiers who are crossing the Rhine at Cologne, nd you are struck by the great ease with which they sit in e saddle, as if each man were a unit and did not mean to ouble himself about anybody else. The idea of such troops arting forth upon any scheme of conquest, or undertaking invade or subdue a foreign nation, strikes you as an ab- rdity on the face of it, and so it was and is. But mark the nange in those men the moment they are interfered with nd their national independence is assailed. Their very iner- a in its solid mass starts into motion, and the massive eight moves forward with tremendous force, and the vola- e French are brushed away like feathers before the sweep

of those German legions. Manhood is the German's great institution, and the nation is manhood consolidated, and the crown is no degradation, but honor, to the people when it caps national valor and loyalty as in the Emperor William. It seemed to me that the rising democratic spirit in Prussia in 1869 was of this temper, and I brought home a very able and stirring address by Rudolf Benfoy, at the Humboldt festival, which took this ground, and expressly called on Emperor William to head the constitutional republic and crown the charter of popular rights in his own powerful person. Germany is probably drifting that way, and the new Emperor, who has redeemed the nation from French aggression, will not enslave it to home tyranny.

France is the puzzle of history, and it is hard to tell what will become of her people and government. Her old monarchy was a mighty institution whose monuments are as marked and almost as grand as the monuments of religion. In fact, in range and magnificence Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries surpass Notre Dame, St. Denis, and the Pantheon. Royalty fell with the Bastile in 1789, and now the empire that rose on its ruins has fallen a second time, and probably finally, with the defeat of Sedan. The first Napoleon began as an adventurer, and prided himself on going his own way and living unlike anybody else. He began by treading all existing institutions under foot, and ended by trying to bolster himself up by alliance with the old conservatism and to have an heir from an Austrian princess and a lasting crown from the Pope. His nephew has gone further, played the high conservative, boasted of defending the endangered nationalities of Europe, taken under his protection the old religion of France, and kept the Pope on his temporal throne, — all with the determination of making Napoleonism an institution of itself, and backing it up by all other available institutions under whatever Cæsar they arose. This nephew has gone down, and his institutions have apparently gone with him; apparently, because he did not trust in the only lasting foundation, the sense of manhood among the people and the reign of impersonal, equal law in the nation. Napoleon's institutionalism was a purely personal government, and

with his personal prestige the whole structure toppled and fell. France will rise as soon as the people put forth the true manhood and combine together under equal laws, whether the constitution shall be administered by president or king. It will be better for France if the next ruler shall have such modest pretension and such sterling worth that he shall make more account of the nation than of his family or himself, and subordinate his person to a principle and set the institution above the man.

Perhaps to an American the most extraordinary personage in Europe is the Pope. We are so much in the habit of looking upon every man as an individual, and approaching even our leading statesmen and rulers with the familiarity of friends, and not shrinking from approaching even our President as but a citizen of dignity, yet one of ourselves, that we hardly know what to make of a person whose individuality is almost wholly lost sight of, and who is himself the most significant, ghostly, and perhaps most powerful institution in the world. The Pope is not only treated as the visible head of the Church, but as Jesus Christ himself, the Son of God. It is hard to see what further acts of homage can be rendered to any living being than the faithful pay to him. They are not content with kneeling at his feet, but they fall flat upon the ground and kiss the cross upon his shoe. If this perpetual worship of a man seems to us degrading to the giver and offensive to the object of it, we must remember that the devotee does not regard the Pope merely as a man, nor does the Pope claim for himself personally as a man any such homage, but consents to be sign-bearer and representative of the Saviour of the world. When he is to be recorded at the head of committees of the Vatican, his name is not mentioned, but, as in the case of the first on the list, the record stands thus in the Annuario Pontifico: —

SACRE CONGREGAZIONI.

S. Romana ed Universale Inquisizione.

La Santita Di Nostro Signore, Prefetto. [The Holiness of our Lord, President.]

A visitor to Rome cannot but ask himself how Pius IX. gets along with his own individual experience under all this load of ceremony; for he is a man, and very much of a man too, if we may read his heart and mind in the flash of his eye, the play of his features, and the poise of his foot. It is not difficult to understand the public or the institutional personage; for all his characteristic manners have been clear deductions from his pontifical position; and his apparent boldness has not come from the dash of his presumption, but from the practical consequence of his logic. The Immaculate Conception, Infallibility, the Temporal Power, the Syllabus, are deductions from the first principles of his office as successor to Hildebrand, and they belong to the institution more than to the man. How the man feels and thinks it is not so easy to see and say. He undoubtedly has had his dreams of life, his loves, hopes, fears, disappointments, like the rest of us men, and probably now has his hours of recreation; and I cannot see how the old man could keep himself alive and well so long without having somebody to talk to in confidence more genial than his ghostly confessor, — some child to prattle and romp with, some mother and sister to cheer and be cheered. He undoubtedly escapes much annoyance by being sheltered so much under the solemn and monotonous etiquette of his office, which does not oblige him often to step down from the pedestal of state and express the emotion and take the anxious care that so exhaust the nerves and brain. Yet he did not seem to decline to do his part; and, whether borne in state upon men's shoulders, as in San-Carlo Church, or receiving a hundred guests at once in his palace, he had gestures and words of benediction in public, and smiles and chat in private, without stint. He was seventy-nine years old May 13, and will complete his twenty-fifth year of office June 16, 1871. Most persons who have seen the old man wish him well. He has had a pretty hard time, yet has escaped the worst ills of human life, and has won all the honors that devotees of his own order can pay to him, as well as a place among the most memorable names of history,

— a place which will not be lost either by the triumph or the downfall of his peculiar institution.

On the whole, it appears that in Europe the institution is more prominent than the man, and I might show that the influence of the few great and the feebleness of the many who are small comes from general causes rather than from individual power or weakness, or that the grandee and the laborer are what they are more from circumstances than from their own might or weakness. The result is, that, except in revolutionary agitations, life is calmer there than with us, and men take a certain situation for granted, and are not forever on the stretch to get on or up as in our America. Society is generally organized, and every man finds his work laid out for him and the path shaped to his steps. It is not only church and state that are established, but pretty much everything else, and a certain quiet and cheerfulness go with stability, even when it is limitation and not plenty that is stable, and it is a small cage in which the bird sings. With us a great deal of worry and exhaustion comes from organizing our work or profession anew, instead of settling down upon what is established; and in legislation, business, society, and religion we are like beginners, and we have the exacting and excessive wants of an old country with the rawness and anxiety of a new domain. It seemed to me that there was more joy, more quiet content, and more playfulness in Europe than here, and that the people who expected little, and were pretty sure of that, were more light-hearted than our countrymen, who strive and hope for so much and are subject to such startling changes and bitter disappointments.

The question becomes important whether we cannot secure more of the constancy and peace of institutional order than we have had, and whether we cannot calm our nerves and brain with the due constancy that can healthfully temper our characteristic excitability. It is idle to say that we are so thoroughly committed to individualism that it is of no use to plead for the construction of a new social order, and that our characteristic American idea boasts of leaving every man to himself. Nay, this very personal liberty of ours is a mighty

institution, and did not come and is not to be kept and enlarged by letting things alone. Our personal liberty was won first of all by the primitive struggle with the wilderness and the savages, then confirmed by emancipation from colonial dependence upon Europe, and last of all it was vindicated by the war for our union and our liberty. We now walk the streets freely and travel West and South without fear, not because we have been left alone, but because we have been taken care of, and we have a government and laws to keep us free. Our nation is a great institution, and we need its protection, not only for life and liberty, but also for property; and, should the nation repudiate the public debt, business would be ruined at once, and all the savings of the people would be lost. Society, too, is an institution, and the stability of the household, the sacredness of marriage, and the education of children would fare badly if all people were left to their own caprices or notions without state laws and church order.

How far our American society and religion are to be organized by specific measures and institutions it is not my purpose to show, but merely to throw out a few hints on the subject. The radicalism that scorns all positive authority, and leaves every man to be an authority to himself, and allows children to grow up and do as their instincts and impulses prompt, will not stand a moment's investigation in the calm light of history and experience. The child left to himself is a perverse little animal, and only in civilized society he becomes truly human. Even well-educated men, when they live beyond the region of civilized habits and the restraints of refined society and regulated religion, tend to degenerate, and barbarism is one of the first dangers of the border countries. The very men who contend so stoutly for free religion without platform of truth or discipline owe generally the very wisdom and virtue which they claim for their principles to the influence of the very institutions which they deny, and the crop of daring agitators who proclaim the sufficiency of each soul for itself grew up upon soil that had been carefully tilled by the faith and piety of ages. It mat-

ters little what the form of the institution is if its power is only carried out; and sometimes men are themselves the best institutions, and as long as they last they seem to answer all purposes, although the question will arise how are their places to be supplied; and this question can only be answered by maintaining that something of the same order that trained the fathers to such excellence must be followed in training the children.

Take, for example, a thinker and reformer like Channing. He was an institution in himself, and it took the liberty of Rhode Island and the culture and devotion of Massachusetts, as well as the gifts of heaven, to school him for his mission. His people were providentially fitted for his influence, and the pews before him were filled with pattern men of the good old liberalized Puritan school. To them liberty was the opportunity of obedience, and free thought was earnestness in truth and devotion. Yet a community that rests upon Channing as the foundation of church order, and makes him authority over faith and discipline, would strike at the first principles of his thinking, and make his freedom their bondage. He did not claim to found a sect, or desire to belong to one; and his noble plea for the dignity of human nature, justly understood and guarded, is part of our common American birthright, and lifts him above the sects of his time into the fellowship of the universal church.

Theodore Parker, too, was an institution of himself, and he embodied the heroic side of Puritanism as Channing embodied its prophetic side. He was severe and ascetic when he went to the extreme of mental license, and he struck at the authority of the Scriptures as seriously as the old Puritan fathers struck at the mass and the confessional. What Parkerism might become when taken away from its local and personal antecedents, and left to go to seed in new and undisciplined communities, we have not fully the means of knowing; but the observations made thus far in that direction are not wholly encouraging. In some respects his word has been manly and wholesome, and his private life beyond reproach; but as a leader of religion the man is a constant

proof of the need of positive institutions. He has a great name at home and abroad, and perhaps is known more widely than any American author of a religious and philosophical turn. If free opinions go on in Massachusetts for thirty years as since his death in 1860, Boston may build him a statue before the century ends; and the year 1900 may put her great free thinker into bronze as her sister city, Geneva, has done with Rousseau upon the lovely little isle of the Rhone, — Rousseau, so much like Parker as a thinker, and as much more fascinating as a writer as he was less brave as a man. If this shall be so, some stern prophets might predict that then Boston, like her Puritan sister, Geneva, might be driven to seek rest in superstition, and prefer the rising ascendency of Rome to the eclipse of all positive historical faith. But I will not say so. In some way the mission of all true men will be fulfilled, and the foundation of Christianity will be saved, and the Church of the Future will be as strong in its men as in its institutions.

Events and opinions are going with such a rush now in America that it is hard to say what is coming, and it behooves every fair-minded man to be very modest, to stand at his own humble post of duty, and to encourage all other men to do their best for sound principles and good habits. Perhaps I can illustrate the state of things better by quitting my desk and asking my readers to go with me into the streets, which are quite stirring and suggestive on this, March 17, St. Patrick's Day. I do not think that such a sight as this is to be seen in any country on earth, — a great host of foreign born, parading the city in honor of their national saint, whose religion is opposed to that of the majority, and yet who are allowed to stop all other movements along the path of their procession, and to parade all their peculiar mottoes, banners, and symbols, as if they were sole lords of the land. But let us look at them ourselves. Up Sixth Avenue into Fourteenth Street, to the corner of University Place, and you pass through an immense crowd in waiting, and come within sight of the bronze statues of Washington and Lincoln. Here surely are two men who were institutions of them-

selves, yet how much they were moulded by the institutions under which they were born, and how much their influence depends, not only upon their personal character, but upon the institutions which bear their mark, the Constitutional Republic of 1783 or 1789, and the Restored and Emancipated Republic of 1865. No power on earth can tear those men away from their country, either from our liberty or our law; and this great crowd, without, perhaps, thinking much about it, feel their influence, and still their voices and control their impulses in loyalty to that sovereign order which they allied with personal freedom.

But stop this moralizing, and see what is coming. There is our sacred old banner appearing in Union Square between the two statues and moving towards us. Along the procession comes, headed by a dozen mounted policemen, who show a mighty institution in those stars upon their breasts, and who are followed by a troop of cavalry, whose ensign bears aloft a handsome American flag which droops over his horse's head, which bears the green color of Erin in a little streamer. On they come by thousands and thousands, everywhere the same prominence being given to the American flag, with recognition of the Irish standard, but so far as religion is concerned only one belief acknowledged, and with an odd jumble of trades unions, temperance societies, patriotic devices, and religious symbols. Certainly here are men enough, and they are made into an institution by one man. Here is what looks like all Ireland with St. Patrick, out of his grave where he was buried in Ulster, in 466, taking the lead; and here is a text for sober reflection upon the power of individual zeal or genius in union with great organizations like Roman-Catholic Ireland that here passes by the statues of Washington and Lincoln, and claims the protection of American liberty, and does not refuse obedience to American law. I could not but think of the beautiful church in Rouen, Normandy, where I saw the old saint's name and life, emblazoned in fresco and glass, in July, 1869.

A modest, scholarly man joins us on the sidewalk, and we look awhile at the procession together. He has had as much

as any other man to do with bringing the Old and New School of Presbyterians together, and speaks with great hope of the results of the union, alike for its own sake and as a cheering sign of the growth of the constructive spirit in the American church; but he evidently does not like this demonstration, and not only his Presbyterian creed, but his American blood is disturbed by this irruption of Hibernian Papists. He has my mild sympathy in his feeling, yet is assured that these people are not wholly our masters, that their children will breathe the air of free thought, and the nation at large is not with them, and perhaps is as much under the opposite influence of German independence, if not free thinking, as in subjection to Irish Papacy.

Now opens another aspect of the scene. An elegant lady of wealth and position advances in chagrin at finding her way across the street arrested by the procession, and scolds smartly, yet prettily, at this outrage upon our liberty, soundly berating the city fathers, and quoting the superior order of foreign capitals where such things would not be tolerated. This lady is one of an institution, and a mighty one in our chivalrous America, and we pilot her across the street as loyally as if she were Queen Elizabeth or Victoria; for here every lady is queen, and not wholly unconscious of the fact. Let her class use the power well while it is at its height, and strengthen the institutions of home, society, and religion that give woman her lasting defense and influence. Institutions last in this world, while persons pass away, except so far as they are embodied in institutions.

But here is a face that may seem to set our doctrine at naught. Here in this shop window, among photograph heads of artists, authors, actors, and scarlet women in slender attire, here is the face of our representative liberty man, our great, popular preacher, lecturer, journalist, reformer, and everything else that is stirring, the man who is unmistakably himself and nobody else. That knowing, earnest, plucky countenance reminds you of Franklin, Luther, and Burns all at once. It is not the St. Patrick, but what is more *pat* to our purpose, the St. Jonathan of America. It is Henry Ward Beecher. Here is a man, surely, who can be sufficient

for himself and do without institutions. Is it really so? I think not. Mr. Beecher is in his way eminently a man of institutions, and does not try to do without them. He is a chip of the old historical Puritan block, and has the old sap and fibre in every thought and purpose. In his way he is a churchman, and administers the sacrament and feeds his flock in scrupulous order, while, with all his freedom of speech, that is not always to our taste, he keeps the pulpit as his stronghold with a grasp and grip that no man dare meddle with or dispute, any more than with a Hildebrand or John Knox. His work has been inside of the American home, school, nation, and church; and he would not be a tenth part of the power he is if he had set the great historical institutions of his time and country at defiance and been a dashing, reckless come-outer. It would be easy to find fault with him if that were the point now, as it is not. I name him with respect here for having done probably more than any other man in America towards keeping free, wholesome liberty within the lines of good institutions, and helping on the day when our America shall better perfect her organizations of faith and morals, piety and charity, without sacrificing her standard of genuine manhood to a spectral formalism or a reckless self-will.

We have institutions, and we want men. Without institutions and laws, if a man is not powerful he is trodden under foot, and if he is powerful he will tread others under foot. Individualism is personality, and personal government makes the governor a bully and the governed a slave; while law brings all men under the sway of justice, and harmonizes the strong and the feeble in relations of mutual protection and service. Here is food for abundant rumination, and especially in quarters where the plea of liberty is set up for the repudiation of all order and rule in things spiritual, and religious affairs and teachers are left to the control of a few wire-pullers or money-changers without any organized recognition of Christian faith or church principles, much less of the claims of an educated clergy and the worth of historical methods and principles.

THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

BY JOHN EDGAR JOHNSON.

THE Idealists in philosophy maintain that there are certain archetypes upon which the world of thought is built. Critics in the church, from Origen to Swedenborg, have advocated a mystical interpretation of the Bible, seeing always under the material image a hidden spiritual truth. According to these theories the universe is a thousand-sided mirror which multiplies every idea a thousand-fold.

Now if this be so, we may speak of monasticism as the "desert" of the soul, the "blight" of human affections and desires. The longing after an impossible perfection withers and consumes the inward man, just as the scorching rays of the sun blister and parch the vegetation of a plain. What wonder, then, that the monks have always taken up their abode in the waste places of the earth. They have peopled the sands, scaled the mountains, plunged into the caverns. Monasticism is a stupendous caravan, traveling only upon arid deserts; and, journeying in this manner, it has reached every part of the known world, — India, China, Arabia, Africa, Europe, America. Looking out from the "Laures" on Mount Sinai, asceticism took its flight to Mount Athos in Greece, and to Mount Cassim in Italy. The fruitful valleys that lay between had no charm for it.

In Germany the monks disappeared with the forests. Although the country has been rendered physically warmer by the loss of the latter, it has grown spiritually colder since the disappearance of the former. Were there no desert places in the earth we should hear but little about asceticism. Has the moon inhabitants? If so, then rest assured that thousands of them are monks.

America, with its fruitful plains and sparse population, has few ascetics. The time may come when this will not be the case; the surplus of miserable men will flee from our cities and villages, and take refuge in the mountains and deserts

where nature will be in harmony with their own souls. Misery makes monks. The last persecution of the Church by the Roman Emperors drove more persons into the deserts of Africa than would have found their way thither in a century of mild and just rule. Where people are contented and happy they eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and thank God. For this reason we should expect to find fewer monks in a republic than under a monarchal form of government.

Egypt was the cradle of Christian monasticism. But every attempt to ascertain the date of its origin, we are told, has proved as futile as the efforts put forth to discover the source of the river on whose banks it first sprang up. In comparatively recent times a very great antiquity has been assigned to it. An order of monks, the Carmelites, have a monastery on Mount Carmel, which they say was founded by the prophet Elijah when he fled to this spot.

Traces of asceticism are easily discoverable in the New Testament. The mode of life adopted by John the Baptist, for instance, proves that he was given to ascetic practices, and many volumes have been written for the purpose of showing that Jesus Christ himself was a monk. So reliable an author as Montalembert advances this opinion. By others it is thought that St. Mark, who is said to have established the church at Alexandria, also founded the first order of Christian monks. Saint Epiphanius (Heres, 29) gives to the members of this community the name of Essenes, or Essenes, from Jesus, a word which means to save. But there is no end to the controversy which has been waged as to whether the Essenes (or Therapeutæ) were a Jewish or Christian sect.

With such speculations as these we have nothing to do. Elijah and John the Baptist were at most the shadow or the image of Christian monasticism. Furthermore, it is now impossible to restore the connecting link (if there ever was one) between the Apostles and the Fathers of the Desert. Christian monasticism was a growth, and it is not difficult to trace its development. It began in the East, as has

already been said, where the flame, after burning fiercely for two or three centuries, died suddenly down. In the Western world it met at first with great opposition, but spread gradually and surely over the whole Roman Empire. But here, too, its decline was only a question of time. The monks, driven out of Catholic Italy within a few years, took refuge in the Papal States; but now the wave of destiny has surged up the sides of Mount Carvo and deprived them of the protection which even that has heretofore afforded. In the whole peninsula of Italy the sun now sets upon one solitary monastery, — Mount Cassim; and that is suffered to exist for the time being out of respect for its great antiquity.

But what was the condition of the civilized world when we first began to hear about the monks? Deplorable! It could hardly have been worse. Nothing could exceed the depths of baseness to which society had sunk at the middle and close of the third century; unless, indeed, it were the beginning of the fourth, or that period which we are told immediately preceded the flood. It must always remain a mystery to the student of history why God did not submerge the world again because of its sinfulness, and nothing but the promise which he gave to Noah could have possibly prevented him from doing so. Zosimus, for instance, says (Hist. II., 38) that fathers frequently prostituted their daughters for money to pay the tax.

Such was the condition of society at the time of which we write. There were a few godly people in this cesspool of seething corruption, and they, unable to endure the sight of so much iniquity, fled to the deserts and mountains. But why not stay and leaven society by their presence and example? They couldn't. It was of no use. They might as well have tried to sweeten the Mediterranean with a pound of loaf sugar. The case was hopeless. Saint Benedictus tried it a little later. He founded a community in one of the cities of Italy, but the people laughed his scruples and admonitions to scorn. Nude women, set on by the laity and the local priesthood, waylaid his disciples, and even broke into the enclosure which surrounded their monastery. It was useless to perse-

ere. The slough was too deep for them. They gave it up n despair. They abandoned society to the devil and fled for heir lives. This was their last resort. The voice of God ried to them, as to her of old, "Escape for thy life, look not ehind:" fly and save your soul from the hell of crime and in and self. If we had not gone with them it would have een because our soul had not been large enough, because ur lust was stronger than our love of purity and goodness.

Persecution, as has been said, added immensely to the imetus which led men to avoid the sight of the evils with hich society was afflicted; and, later still, many sought in he severity of ascetic practices a substitute for martyrdom, hich was no longer possible after the conversion of Contantine.

It was a long time before monasticism attained to its perection. Its development was gradual, regular, progressive. The steps were three:—

1. The Anchorite (Hermit life).
2. The Cenobite (The Community).
3. The Legislator (The Order).

First, then, a few persons fled to the deserts without conert of action; each went by himself (hence the name Anhorite, from *αναχωρειν, to retire*). The word Hermit is from *ρημα, alone, solitary.*) Paul did not see a human face for inety years,—from the time he was twenty-three until he as one hundred and thirteen, at which age he died.

But after a time the inconveniences and dangers of this node of life came to be realized, and the cenobitic (*κοινος, ommon, βιος, life*) form of monasticism gradually took its place. St. Anthony, who has been called the Father of Cenobites, requently quoted the text, "Wo to him that is alone when e falleth; for he hath not another to help him up" (Eccl. v. 10). He warned the hermits against self-deification and elf-satisfaction. At first a community seldom contained nore than ten or twelve monks, but in the course of a few ears the number of those assembled under one superior as almost unlimited. We read of monasteries that conained twenty thousand or thirty thousand souls.

At first each monastery was independent of all the others, and its mode of life was prescribed by its own abbot. There was no harmony of ascetic practice between the various communities, nor was there any written "Rule," but each abbot followed, arbitrarily, his own plan. This serious defect in the system of monasticism was remedied by St. Benedictus about the beginning of the sixth century. This saint, the Moses of Western monasticism, enunciated a uniform and universal "Law" from his monastery on Mount Cassim, that Sinai of the monks.

Thus asceticism reached the last stage of its development. It became regular, systematic, organized. Communities no longer existed by themselves, except in a few cases, but were banded together under one law and one superior, like the lodges in the order of Free Masons of the present day.

The scope of this paper falls within the first two periods which have been indicated, and we content ourselves with calling attention to the incipient state of that germ which grew at last to be an immense tree whose branches overshadowed the whole Christian world. Like the banyan, it dropped a shoot here and there, in almost every country, and hundreds of thousands of weary, famished, fainting human hearts have found abundant shelter and quickening under its protecting shade.

One of the grandest movements in the world's history was that stupendous moral migration of pious souls from the habitations of man out into the deserts and solitudes of nature. It was the second Exodus of the children of God, but this time out of the promised land back again into Egypt. Advancing with steady tread, a century at a stride, it made its way around the globe.

St. Paul, usually called the Father of Hermits, was the first great anchorite. St. Anthony was the most illustrious of the early Cenobites; if he was not in fact the founder of the first monasteries. As these two persons are representative men we subjoin a short sketch of their lives as narrated

in many works still extant.* Every incident of the narrative was implicitly believed for ages in the Christian Church.

St. Paul was born in the Thebiad about the year 228. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, an elder brother, who coveted his inheritance, denounced him as a Christian during the persecution under Decius and Valerius, and he was forced to fly to the desert for his life. Ten years were passed in this retreat, at the end of which time he felt no longer any disposition to blend again with society. This mode of life, pursued at first from necessity, became now his delight. Plunging into the depths of the wilderness, he turned his back upon mankind; nor did he ever gaze again, until just before his death, upon the face of any man, or hear a human voice other than his own — a soliloquy nearly a century in length. One day, when he was about twenty-three years of age, he discovered a cave in the rocks, where he took up his abode; and it was here that St. Anthony found him, ninety years afterwards, just as he was about to expire. But let us go back for a moment and bring the life of the latter saint down to this point.

St. Anthony, the patriarch of the Cenobites, was born at Coma, in Upper Egypt, about 251, the year in which St. Paul began his hermit life in earnest. He was reared in the Christian religion by his parents, who were rich and noble; but at an early age he refused to be instructed in secular subjects, fearing to come in contact with children of corrupt morals. St. Augustine thinks he neither knew how to read nor write, nor did he speak any language but the Egyptian. This writer says (Doct. Christ., Par. 2) that Anthony, whom he calls a holy and perfect man, was reputed to have learned the Bible by heart, without knowing his letters, and solely from having heard it read. Nevertheless, St. Augustine says that those who have learned to read ought not to regard

* The principal sources from whence the lives of these two saints are to be drawn are: The *Vitæ Patrum* of the Jesuit Rosweyde; the *Acta Sanctorum*, Bollandus; Hieronimus, *Opera, tom.* 4; Bulteau, *Hist. Monast. d'Orient; Sancti Athenasii Opera.*

this man's life as reproaching them with having undertaken a useless task. St. Athanasius, who knew him well, also says (Opera, tom. 2) that St. Anthony did not know the alphabet, and that meditation was his only Bible commentary. Evagre reports that a philosopher once asked this saint how he managed to get along without the consolation which others found in reading. Anthony replied that nature was his book.

At the age of eighteen he was left an orphan, with a young sister, of whom he assumed the care. Scarcely six months had passed away, however, when, going one day into a church, he heard this passage from the Scriptures: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me." He took these words to himself, and went and distributed his heritage among his neighbors. A large sum was realized from the sale of his personal property. The greater part of this he gave to the poor, and reserved the rest for his sister; but hearing this command in the church, "Take no thought for the morrow," he bestowed the balance upon a few destitute people, and placing his sister in the hands of some Christian women, who were also ascetics it is probable, he fled to a desert near the place of his birth, taking for his example an old hermit who had lived for some time at a short distance from a neighboring village. In the solitude he employed himself in manual labor and in prayer. Now and then he visited other anchorites, receiving instruction from them, and noticing in which virtue each excelled, in order that he might imitate them in their austerities and mortifications. His biographers say that the devil could not tolerate so great an excess of zeal in one of such a tender age, and immediately he set before the saint's imagination the fortune which he had given up, the sister whom he had abandoned, the ambition and the hopes which he had resigned. He had no sooner dissipated these temptations by continual prayer, when impure thoughts began to torment him day and night. These also he surmounted, so that at last the devil, who appeared to him in the form of a black infant, was

forced to confess that he was the spirit of concupiscence. He now increased his austerities. He remained awake oftentimes all night. He ate but once a day, at sunset, and then only bread and salt His bed was a mat or the bare ground, but he never besmeared his body with oil, a practice which was regarded at that time as a very great austerity. In warm weather one can well imagine its discomforts. But Anthony began to regard the proximity of his native village as a positive hindrance to his advancement in spiritual perfection, so one day he went to a distance and took up his abode in one of those abandoned tombs which were then so numerous in Egypt. But here the evil spirit that had tormented his imagination before now assailed him bodily, beat him in a cruel manner, and left him bruised and bleeding on the ground. His friends who came the next day to bring him food found him stretched upon the earth in a swoon. They took him in their arms, and had proceeded a short distance towards the nearest village, where they thought to dress his wounds, when the saint revived again and besought them to take him back into the tomb. They left him there; but although he was unable to stand upon his feet on account of the bruises which he had received, he defied the demons, and, seated upon the ground, he assailed them violently. Soon he heard a great noise; the tomb was shaken; the walls were rent asunder. Then demons entered under the forms of monsters and frightful animals. But as he held out against them all, a ray of light dissipated these spirits of darkness; his pains ceased; the tomb was re-established, and he heard a voice from heaven which promised to assist him always and make his name celebrated in all the earth. He lived in this tomb fifteen, some say twenty, years.

But Anthony was still too near the abodes of man, so he abandoned his sepulchre and retired to the mountains. The devil set a good many traps for him on his way. He appealed first to his avarice, and made a silver plate appear before him in the pathway. Anthony passed hurriedly by, and it vanished into smoke. Satan thought our saint would pick it up for the purpose of bestowing it as alms, but he

reckoned without his host. A little further on Anthony saw a large quantity of gold; he passed it by, however, and hastening along he found at last upon a mountain top an old castle long since abandoned and now the abode of wild animals, who took to flight the moment that he entered at the door. Here the saint resolved to live. Having laid in provisions for six months, he barred the door, and his friends who came to visit him were forced to remain outside, oftentimes several days and nights, for he refused to admit or even speak with them. Twice a year some one came and threw a quantity of food through an open place in the roof. He passed thus twenty years in this retreat.

But during all this time the number of those who wished to lead an ascetic life rapidly increased. Hundreds of them came, as to their Mecca, and dwelt in the caves and holes around the castle where St. Anthony had taken up his abode. Some of these mountains were perforated in every direction with cells excavated by the Egyptians long before, and used by them as sepulchres for their dead. They were empty now, and the monks regarded them as a favorite resort; for they, too, had ceased to be. This multitude besought Anthony to become their spiritual father, but he ignored their existence; he refused to open his door to them; and athough the mountain, like a huge honey-comb, swarmed with monks drawn thither by his reputation for sanctity, he lived on in the most profound solitude.. He was buried alive. Was he not dead to the world? Why should they disturb his rest?

Persecution raged with maddening fury in the cities. Thousands fled to the desert. The throng around our saint's retreat increased from month to month, from year to year. What a mustering of misery. Men lived like beasts of the field; they burrowed in the earth. The mountain was alive: it breathed, it moved. At night, it resembled a hornet's nest while the young still look more like worms than insects: it pulses, it is alive with life. At sunrise, when the monks poured forth from their cells, it called to mind an ant-hill with its teeming occupants. Great God, what is the

mystery of this immortal soul with which thou hast endowed us?

Finally, they threatened to break in his door if he did not come out to them. Then Anthony sallied forth and became the father of a multitude of ascetics who inhabited Egypt. Part of them took up their abode near by on the east side of the Nile, at a place called Pisper; the rest were gathered upon the west bank of the river near the city of Asinoa, to-day Suez, a name which one constantly meets in monkish annals.

Thus it was that about A.D. 305 the first monasteries were founded by this saint. He frequently addressed his disciples and gave them instruction with regard to their mode of life. In this manner they became, we are told, "like angels on earth."

About the year 311 persecution broke out again under the tyrant Maximus. Anthony, burning with a desire for martyrdom, left the desert, — to which others had fled to escape it, — and went to Alexandria. He visited the "confessors" in prison, and when Christians were to be tried for their religion he attended the trial, and by his presence inspired them with the determination not to renounce their faith. Every one knew him, and the weakest became strong to die when he was nigh. He accompanied the condemned to execution, and the victims forgot the torments of the stake. He courted martyrdom, but the authorities resolved not to gratify him. His presence, however, had such an effect upon the accused and condemned that the judge issued an order forbidding all monks to be present in the court. The next day Anthony washed his robe, which was made of white cloth, and took the highest seat in the tribunal, so that he was seen by all. But God, who had reserved him to instruct the solitaries of the desert, did not permit him to suffer martyrdom.

After the persecution had ceased he went and shut himself into his castle again, and refused to see those who came to him to be healed, for he had worked many miracles. Numbers remained seated for days upon the bare ground outside the monastery, praying with faith. Finally, desiring to escape

from the seductions of vanity to which so much reverence constantly subjected him, and longing on this account for his old solitude, he resolved to escape into Upper Egypt where he was as yet unknown. As he was ignorant of the route to be pursued he joined a company of Saracens who made stated journeys in that direction. He traveled with them three days and three nights, at the end of which time they arrived at a very high mountain. Here he took up his abode near a spring which was shaded by a few palm-trees. The Saracens gave him some bread, and always passed that way as they went and came expressly to supply him, — a humanity which his disciples seldom practiced towards heretics, to say nothing of Mohammedans. This mountain was at a day's journey from the Red Sea and bears until to-day the name of Colzim, or St. Anthony's Mount.

Anthony did not leave this retreat until the controversy broke out between Athanasius and Arius, when he hastened to the assistance of the former, to whom he attached himself in a bond of friendship which lasted until Athanasius died.

St. Anthony is said to have worked a great many miracles; he held several discussions with the philosophers of his day, and always covered them with confusion. The Emperor Constantine is reputed to have written to him relative to the Arian controversy, and we are told that he sent in return a very earnest plea for Athanasius.

It was in the year 341, or thereabouts, that he discovered St. Paul in his retreat. His most familiar devil came to him in the form of spiritual pride: but the voice of God told him one night that there was a man far out in the desert who had lived there for a longer time and in a more holy manner than he had. Burning with a desire to see him, Anthony set out upon his journey, supporting himself upon his staff, — for he was then about ninety years old. He knew not whither he went, but God led him on, and after three days of excessive fatigue he arrived before the cave where Paul took up his abode in the very year when Anthony was born. The entrance to the cave was so dark that Anthony could not see his way before him. He stepped lightly, pausing now and

then to listen, when at last he caught sight of a faint light in the distance. Quickening his pace incautiously, he struck his foot against a rock with so much force that Paul heard the noise and closed his door, which had been open until then. Anthony prostrated himself upon the earth and remained there a long time, begging the hermit to admit him. "You know," said he, "who I am, where I come from, and the object of my visit. I do not deserve to see you, it is true; but nevertheless I shall not leave this spot until my eyes have beheld you. I will sooner die at your door and let you bury my body here."

"Threats should not accompany petitions," answered Paul at last. "But why should you be surprised that I refuse to see you if you are come resolved to die so near me?" Then with a smile he opened the door; and they embraced, calling each other by his name, although neither had ever heard that of the other pronounced before. After having knelt in prayer, they exchanged the kiss of peace, according to the practice of the early church, and then Paul asked for information concerning the human race. Did they build houses still in the cities? What king ruled the world? What was the condition of the church? Had tyrants ceased to persecute it?

It was during this conversation that a raven, which every day for sixty years had brought half a loaf of bread to Paul, now brought a whole one for the dinner of these two saints. A dispute immediately arose between them as to who should break the loaf. Paul insisted that Anthony should, urging his right as guest. But Anthony declared that Paul should do it, since he was the oldest. Finally, like Alexander's famous adventure with the Gordian knot, they agreed that each should take hold of one end of the loaf and pull, after a thanksgiving custom, until it broke. Then, having drank a little water from the spring which flowed within the cave they passed the night in prayer.

At daybreak, St. Paul, conscious that his hour was nigh, said to St. Anthony that he had known a long time that such a person lived in the desert, God having promised that he should see him; and now that his time to die had come, he

felt sure that St. Anthony had been sent to bury him. The latter, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of losing so great a treasure in this summary manner, besought the hermit to take him with him. Paul, in order to spare Anthony the sorrow which his death would cause him, asked him to go and get the mantle which Athanasius had given to his great friend, the Father of the Cenobites, and wrap his body in it.

St. Anthony, astonished at these words, for he had never told Paul anything about this mantle, thought he saw Jesus Christ himself, again incarnate, before him. He forgot now all his grief at the thought of separation, and hastened back to his monastery, where he arrived in so short a time that it has been thought necessary to suppose another miracle performed by him; for the old man had been exhausted and emaciated by long fasts and midnight vigils. Two of his disciples ran out to meet him and inquired where he had been for so long a time. But completely absorbed in what he had seen, and intently bent upon returning speedily, he muttered only in reply, "Oh, miserable sinner that I am, I am unworthy of the name of a monk! I have seen Elijah, I have seen John the Baptist in the wilderness, I have seen Paul in paradise." He refused to make any further explanation, and taking the mantle he hurried away into the desert. Some of his disciples, following along a short distance, besought him to tell them what he had seen; but he replied, "There is a time to speak, and there is a time to keep silent."

He did not stop to eat, but hastened away. Before he had proceeded far, however, he saw the soul of Paul, radiant with light, mounting into the heavens and surrounded by angels, prophets, and apostles. Prostrating himself upon the earth and throwing sand upon his head, he cried out, his voice broken with sobs, "Oh, Paul! why do you leave me? I have not said adieu. Why should I have known you so late, only to lose you so soon?" The rest of the way he seemed to fly; and when he arrived at the cave he saw the hermit, who was kneeling upon the earth, his head raised, and his hands extended towards heaven. At first, Anthony thought that he

was engaged in prayer; so he knelt and prayed too, but after a short time, noticing that Paul did not sigh, as was his custom, he knew that he was dead. He clasped him in his arms, and, wrapping the body in his mantle, he chanted a psalm, according to the usage of the church.

As he had nothing with which to dig a grave, Divine Providence sent two lions which came from a remote part of the forest, and crouching at Paul's feet they testified their sorrow by low moans. Then, flattening their tails and diligently applying their claws, they scooped out a hole in which Anthony buried the body, and heaped the earth above it according to custom. This sad duty being performed, he returned to his monastery, carrying with him, as a rich prize, the robe which Paul had worn for many years, having made it himself, out of palm-leaves braided together. Ever after at Easter, and on other solemn occasions, he arrayed himself in this sacred garment. St. Jerome wrote the life of Paul. A good many years afterwards some one carried his body to Venice, and from there it was taken to Hungary, where it was preserved in a church belonging to an order which claims him as its founder.

It is probable that this mantle or robe, or chasuble, as it is called by different writers, which St. Paul wore was square in form, like a quilt, with a hole in the centre through which the saint thrust his head. At least such is the inference that we draw from several pictures of the Father of Hermits which we have seen.

We may be pardoned, perhaps, if we indulge here in a few remarks upon the character of the habiliments worn by the early monks. The majority of the anchorites in the East wore hair-cloth, as they found upon experiment that this made them the most uncomfortable. Some covered themselves with the skins of sheep or goats. Theodoret (Hist. Relig., c. 1) tells us of a hermit who wore a tunic and also a mantle made of coarse goat-hair. He relates, elsewhere, that a party of Jews journeying to a city in Syria were overtaken by a terrific storm and lost their way. Traveling a long time without finding a shelter, they came at last

to the cave of an anchorite whose appearance was frightful to behold. He was emaciated by hunger and exposure, and he wore upon his shoulders nothing but a few tattered pieces of goat-skin. The saint welcomed them cordially, however; and after they had rested awhile, he gave them two lions by whom they were conducted until they struck the right path again. Theodoret also speaks (chap. 27) of a solitary, by the name of Baradat, whose garb was still more remarkable. It was a tunic, made of heavy skins, which covered him from head to foot. There were two small holes, one for the nose and the other for the mouth, so as to permit respiration. There was a solitary by the name of Zeno who gave up a large fortune and the profession of arms, and then retired to a sepulchre near the city of Antioch. He considered new skins, no matter how bristling or heavy they might be, as enervating and effeminate in their tendency, and thought that no true man of God would ever consent to wear any except those that were old, hard, and dirty. Serapion never wore anything but a shroud or a strip of cloth; hence he was called the "sindonite." * When linen was worn it was usually the color of mourning, black in the East and white in Egypt. Finally, Sulpitius Severus in his Dialogues (I., c. ii.) quotes a French monk who had been in Egypt and stated that he saw a hermit there who had lived in one of the caves on Mount Sinai more than fifty years, with no other covering than the long hair which grew upon his body, and gave him the appearance of a wild animal. The anchorite Gregory passed thirty years in the desert entirely naked; and another, whose name is not mentioned, lived sixty-two years in the same manner in a cave near the Dead Sea, and never ate anything but herbs.

St. Anthony lived about fifteen years after the death of St. Paul. He died the seventeenth of January 356, at the age of one hundred and five. Paul was a hundred and thirteen when he died. The abstinence which these old saints prac-

* The word "Sindon," now nearly if not quite obsolete in our language, is probably derived from the Greek σανδών, to wind.

ticed does not appear to have shortened their lives. It would seem that in those days the less a man ate and the more he exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather, the longer he was sure to live.

THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

BY F. W. HOLLAND.

MAJOR MILLINGER, in his "Wild Life among the Koords," has given the latest news of the most curious sect anywhere known, the supposed worshipers of Satan. They are named Yezids, and number nearly a quarter of a million; they centre around the grave of Adi, in Koordistan, where they hold a grand annual festival, as Layard told us twenty years ago.

Their faith is exceedingly simple, resting on the principle of Zoroaster, that the homage of the soul may be offered either to the embodiment of all goodness, or to that of all evil; and the reason for their strange choice is said to be that Deity is so merciful he does not need propitiation; but the great Enemy is so malicious that everything must be done to appease his spite. Though they never name his name, he is known among them as Sheitan, — that is, Satan, — and Melek el-Kut, or Melek Tauss, signifying "angel peacock," intimating that vanity was the cause of this great angel's fall. It is on account of this exacting nature of the great enemy they are said to offer him profoundest homage, to bear up the image of a peacock whenever they pray, the priest even employing it to give his benediction. He is still supposed to be waging war with Deity, and likely to come out even at last from the terrible contest, and find his way back to heaven. The worst curse they can utter upon any enemy is, "May you die in blue," — the color being detestable to them as a reminder of the place from whence this great rebel leader fell. They have, by popular report, daily devotions, quarterly fasts, and a grand gathering once a year around a bottomless pit, where they sacrifice sheep, arms, dresses, coins, to the dark divinity, and finish up with a midnight dance which is said to be consummated by truly infernal orgies.

Not very long ago a similar meeting was believed to be held by the European votaries of the Devil. And the most ingenious conjecture connected with witchcraft is that the rumor of such meetings grew out of the secret conventions of heretics; which, in times of persecution, were of necessity held under the veil of darkness, in lonely places, and with such expressions of affection as might be easily charged with criminality.

These Yezids or Yezidis are really a noble body of men, excellent riders and steady fighters, naturally polite and exceedingly hospitable, anxious to escape Turkish conscriptions because they detest the persecuting Mussulmans, and hopeful of the distant future when they expect salvation through the reconciliation of all things to God.

But the most remarkable fact is, they freely welcomed Layard to their grand annual solemnity, which Major Millinger did not witness, and no part of it was addressed to Satan, nor was it in the neighborhood of any gloomy abyss. Three things only struck Layard's attention: the great abundance of joyous, instrumental music; the sacrifice of a sheep at the tomb of Sheikh Adi; and the passing of the right hand through the flame of a lamp which was rubbed upon the forehead and touched upon children. And several things (besides their courage and their beauty) lead us to the belief that they have been misrepresented to excuse the terrible persecutions to which they have been subjected. No man of them has recanted; of course no man has ever turned "state's evidence." Their only poem which has been translated is praise of Adi as the vicegerent of God. They certainly revere both the Old and New Testaments, especially the Old. They baptize as Christians, circumcise as Jews, reverence the sun like Sabeans, seek no converts, die cheerfully for their religion, and are probably a genuine relic of the ancient Chaldeans.

Some years ago they were very powerful; but because they were not "Masters of the Book," — that is, did not swear by Koran or Bible, — a war of extermination was waged against them. Turkish irregulars were let loose upon them to steal their back pay, whole villages were swept away, and thousands were driven into Russian territory, as other thousands were suffocated in caves, and their children sold into slavery. Of late, the British Minister at the Ottoman Porte has secured them some relief, and they are prospering as much as anything can in a Turkish province.

LIFE AT AN ACADEMY.

THE community have been startled at no distant interval by events occurring at two of our most prominent academies. By one of these events a venerated teacher was suddenly stricken down in the very building consecrated by his long and faithful labors, with the Bible in his hand, and about to instruct a class on the morning of a Sabbath day. In the other case thousands were affected by the intelligence that the edifice where they had received their preparatory education, had been laid in ashes. The passing generation of students have many pleasant associations, and not a few sacred recollections, connected with these institutions.

It seems a fit occasion to say a word of this class of seminaries. Without disparaging other schools which in so many instances have taken their places, we are constrained in justice to pay a deserved tribute to the academy.

Our high schools are now receiving a larger and preponderating share of public favor, and not more, perhaps, than they merit. Yet the academy has certain advantages that should not be overlooked.

As a rule, the number of students is not as large as that of the high schools in our populous places. An opportunity is thus afforded for that direct individual instruction and personal influence so desirable, and yet so seldom perfectly attained. Prof. Agassiz gave it as his opinion that the great defect of our public schools is that they are too crowded, and that their true success would never be reached until the number under one teacher was reduced at least to fifty. We want our schools of such size that each scholar shall feel the personal influence of the teacher. If he is fit for his vocation, that influence will be greater than every other instrument in their culture. No one can doubt that instruction, to be of the best quality, must be adapted to the individual mind. This is what gives such power to the education in some of the English schools and colleges. The

custom of employing private tutors, either to supplement the general instructions, or as an exclusive method, is very prevalent abroad. Doubtless it is attended with some evils, but its great principle, that of the thorough personal influence of the teacher, can never be overestimated.

In a moral aspect, the system I speak of is of eminent value. It furnishes a substitute for that excessive emulation which is so detrimental to character, and yet is of necessity relied upon in very large institutions of learning. It will be said, perhaps, that the scholar is hereafter to live and act amid competitions and emulations, and why not use their stimulus in his preparatory schools? For the very reason that society fosters this spirit at every turn, and our political life is rife with it, I would not excite but check it in childhood and youth. We have enough of envy and jealousy, of bitterness and resentment in our community, without sowing their seeds in the schoolroom. Far better awaken a love of knowledge for its own sake, an appetite for intellectual improvement, and a life-long thirst for the development of our noblest powers and capacities. All this comes naturally from the personal influence of a good teacher, one of a high moral as well as mental tone.

We have many excellent instructors in our high and grammar schools; none, in many cases, could be better. The wonder is that they accomplish so much under the disadvantages from which they sometimes suffer. In a good academy, such as we often had in the past generation, the influences I would encourage were most happily exerted. "The Preceptor" exercised in such instances a sort of magnetic power over the comparatively small circle of his scholars. He inspired them with a love of study; he secured the affection of his whole charge; they placed implicit confidence in his word; he was in many cases their ideal of a Christian gentleman, mild yet firm in his discipline, allowing large liberties to his pupils, privileges which they never abused. Under his gentle sway their minds were liberally cultivated, and at the same time their hearts were developed aright,

their habits took a right turn, and the whole character was established on a broad and firm basis.

The academy lays the foundation for some of the best acquaintances and the strongest friendships of all succeeding years. Its narrow circle quickens many generous affections, and leaves behind it associations and memories which are a treasure to one through life. Whatever influences may separate us in the world, back of all subsequent experiences, we turn to those happy days. No man of any tolerable sensibility, however elevated in position, or advanced in attainments, can fail to revert with joy to the old scenes of his early learning, and to welcome ever after those who shared with him its golden opportunities.

The permanence of the instructors of our academies is another element of good. Many an Abbot or a Taylor we can find in the long lines of these tried and faithful servants. The tenure of their office was not subject to popular caprice, nor to the prejudices or undue preference for other candidates in some unjust member of a school committee. Their position was, in many instances, regarded, like that of a minister, as for life; and seldom did they leave their post except from their own determined purpose. Class after class they prepared and sent, with few final rejections, to our colleges, or dismissed with a ripe culture to the active duties of practical life. Generation after generation even sometimes went forth from their halls with a perpetual benediction upon teacher and school.

And not the living teacher alone, but the very building where we enjoyed his instructions, is hence hallowed in memory. If it stands on through our manhood, we love to revisit the old structure, and call up then and there the faces of the companions of our boyhood. And, should devouring flames lay its walls in ruins, we would fain go to the spot, like the Jew mourning over his fallen temple, and pour out the lament, "Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." And now that the gold has become

dim and the most pure gold changed, we would give of our substance, and exhort others to a like offering, to rebuild with pious zeal the fallen edifice, that our sons may go up thither where our feet were once led in the ways of wisdom.

Honor to the noble spirits who laid the foundations of these goodly buildings. They rendered, not only an intellectual, but often a moral service to our youth for which we cannot be too grateful. They often "builded better than they knew." Among the many benefactors of the great cause of education in New England, I think the man who, like Phillips or Dummer, endows an academy liberally, providing, as he is able, both for building and instructor, without stint, should be held by us in everlasting remembrance.

These remarks have been prompted largely by personal recollections of my own experience in one of these venerable institutions. The time had come when I must quit my dear home, never again to feel that my heart could nestle there in abiding peace. With a few natural tears I part from my mother and realize that it is the funeral of my boyhood. Sixteen long miles with my father, in the well-worn chaise, brings me to a village "beautiful for situation," in the midday glow of early September. But everything is glaring and strange; these are new faces all: for even my room-mate is a lad from a neighboring town whom I had never met before. We are introduced to the Preceptor, a thin, dark-skinned, and darker eyed man, who receives us without a smile, a gift which, from his constitutional gravity, he seldom gave to any one. A boarding-house is found, pleasant in location; but shadows and darkness would have more befitted my feelings. The next morning we enter the academy. All is stiff and formal and reserved; classes are arranged and lessons assigned for the afternoon. But my mind is far away; I am walking up the green avenue to that precious homestead; I am amid the circle of brothers and sisters, and my lips again meet that dear mother's. From day to day the scene is photographed on the sensitive heart; and when Saturday morning arrives, my room-mate, whose homesickness had intensified my own, seconds my suggestion that we set our faces to the south, and walk to

our several homes. His, being some miles nearer than mine, is reached before dark; but I, exhausted and in the depth of night, enter the house of an old acquaintance and friend, and am welcomed to shelter until a new day. Before the Sabbath bell I reach my father's door, and break upon the family like one from the dead. That was a Sun-day indeed to my craving spirit. After two days' happy interviews with my nearest kindred, I am reconciled to return, and, although often yearning for that spot, never, at any subsequent moment, knew that primal heart-ache for home.

I entered with zeal on my studies, and found my teacher, as all who were earnest for progress did, a kind helper and friend. But wo to the urchin who was remiss in application and faltered in his recitations. The lame man, unfortunately nervous in the extreme, would then plait that old-fashioned "tunic" like a deft seamstress, and so throw about his crutch as to endanger the head of the offender.

Let me here speak of this good man more particularly; and I shall gather some traits from a faithful portrait of him recently sent me by one for many years an inmate of his family. He was born, as is supposed, in 1780, although no record remains of that fact, the town records having been lost by fire. In his boyhood he met with an accident which rendered him seriously lame, and, being of a studious disposition, he resolved to obtain a collegiate education. He entered Harvard, and belonged to the far-famed rebel class of 1808, a sixth part of which did not receive their degrees for a long period, and two of their number not until fifty-eight years after. This class contained several subsequently distinguished, as Charles Colesworth Pinckney, R. H. Dana, Sen., Gov. Smith of Maine, and Prof. Walter Channing. Mr. Groce taught the Academy at Westford fourteen years, until 1822; and the number of his scholars, which seldom rose so high as fifty, enabled him to give each a thorough personal drill. This is shown by the fact that he never employed an assistant, except for a few weeks during two years of his life. In 1817 he read law a short time; but nature made him exclusively for a teacher. That was his lot, and in

it he shone. Students came from far and near to enjoy his instructions. Prominent on the roll are the names of Rev. Dr. Hosmer, President of Antioch College, Gen. Samuel Chandler of Lexington, Dr. Edward Jarvis, now of Dorchester, Mr. John Fessenden, the first scholar in his class and afterwards tutor in the college, and Mr. John Wright, since a leading member of the Worcester bar.

Mr. Groce had a sensitive temperament and was timid in danger, so that in a severe thunder-storm he would sometimes dismiss his school. Subject to depression at times and occasionally irascible, he was yet thoroughly conscientious. He was a close observer of human nature, and studied the character of each new scholar, that he might adapt his instructions to every peculiar trait. He possessed a clear mind, and was an acute reasoner, delighting in John Locke. His ward tells me he was not a great reader, liked writers of Queen Anne's time, looking into the works, perhaps occasionally, of Scott, or Cooper, or James; and so averse was he to writing, that my friend says he received but two letters from him in twenty-two years. Strict, many thought stern, in his little realm, he once said "a schoolmaster should be a despot in his schoolroom;" he was yet kind to indulgence in his family, and could descend, it was said, at times, to quite small talk. His neighbors often consulted him for his sound judgment and good common sense.

Although not deficient in other branches, he shone in the classics. The Greek and Latin Grammars were as familiar to him as the alphabet; and in English Grammar he had a system of his own, based on old Alexander. His pronunciation of foreign names was decidedly original. Some of his Boston boys would be struck speechless when, in the reading of "Scott's Lessons," he substituted his own pronunciation of names of Roman artist's for theirs.

His sternness of thought and manner were doubtless increased by his theological views. He was a thorough Calvinist, and although he never joined any church, when the people in his town became divided, he retained his connection with the Orthodox Society. Speaking once of the Unitari-

ans, he objected to their system that "it robbed Christ of his dignity and destroyed the value of the atonement made by him." He believed in total depravity, and thought that it required an infinite atonement, which could only be made by a being of infinite perfections. It is evident that the corner-stone of his faith was the Calvinistic dogma of man's native and total depravity. Mr. Groce was not a strong partizan, either in theology or politics, although he called himself orthodox, and gave his vote with the Federal party, then with the Whigs, and finally with the Republicans.

On leaving the academy he retired to a farm, and continued in the cultivation of the soil until his death in 1856. Although his reserved manners kept him from very intimate acquaintance with his fellow-townsmen, he left behind him a name held in the highest respect.

The annual visit of the Trustees of the Academy in August was an occasion of great terror to the students. Among them were Judge Prescott of Groton, President of the Board, the venerable Dr. Hedge, and Professor Willard of Harvard University, the latter a grave and wise, although kindly man, who sat always by his side. The examination occupied only one day. But, conducted before those revered dignitaries, coming from the mystic and renowned shades of Harvard, and with great strictness, so far as we proceeded, the anticipation of it was fearful, and when past, our hearts beat freer and our faces beamed with their old joy.

Among the trials of academy life, not the least sometimes is the privation of proper nutriment for the body. The boy, in his rapid growth, requires a substantial and abundant supply of food. Of the several boarding-places at which I stopped during my preparation for college, I recollect one or two where I was absolutely unfitted for study by my sufferings from hunger. I have since often been reminded of a speech made at a meeting of one of our public institutes of education by a worthy man who kept a boarding-school for boys. "I am troubled," said the speaker, "in my school by nothing more than the deportment of my scholars at the table, particularly in regard to their food. I am alarmed, Mr.

President, at the quantity of food they consume." This same alarm I have occasionally detected on the face of a good landlord, but we were too sorely pinched in our rations to give any grounds for such apprehensions. On many an occasion I would rush by the adjacent bakery, whose fragrant odors stirred me to the keenest pain. A boy cannot but suffer in mind as well as body from being placed in such a position. I am sure the foundation was there laid for evils from which, in a moral as well as physical regard, I have never recovered. The poor substitutes of confectionery, to which a boy in such circumstances is often driven, disorder the stomach for life. Important as a good teacher is, not less so is a generous diet. I would demand that every child be supplied with simple food; but the supply should be liberal and good.

The academy, it seems to me, has a great advantage in securing a temporary separation from home in one's preliminary education. It thus gives a boy self-reliance and manliness of character. It prompts him to begin early the use of the pen in one of the best forms of composition. This exercise is usually a terror to the young; and it is made much more so by the indiscreet methods of instruction on the subject. We set the boy to the task of writing on some abstract topic, forgetting that these are the last subjects the mind is able to grasp. The youth is thus compelled to resort to books for his materials, instead of being taught, as he should be, to express in simple language his own thoughts and feelings. I have preserved the first piece of composition I ever wrote. Its stiff and formal air leaves me in doubt whether it was drawn wholly from my own reflections: some of it, I am confident, must have come from what I had read on the subject. Fortunately, I was obliged, by being separated from the family, to write occasionally home. This gave me a comparative facility in the use of the pen, which no elaborate composition could have furnished.

Then, again, by correspondence with those older and wiser than myself, I received many hints on the path of study and duty, which personal conversation would never have supplied. My father was a farmer, whose education had been limited;

and yet how invaluable were some of his suggestions, expressed in simple language like this: "I write a few lines to you which I hope will be to your profit and satisfaction, and shall give the best advice I am capable of. The first is to love and trust in God; view all your privileges and talents as coming from him, and to be devoted to him. Next, let universal love to mankind excite you to do all the good in your power. I hope it will be your lot, in Providence, to promote the salvation of many. Cautiously avoid the company and conversation of unbelievers and misanthropes. By unbelievers I do not mean of your own sect, but those who do not believe in Christianity. The ways of religious truth are certainly the road to happiness, both in this and the world to come." In another letter he writes, "It is with great satisfaction I hear of your progress in study, and trust that, through the blessing of God, you will reap the advantage of your application through life. You say that you seldom are out of your study; perhaps you apply too closely for your health: exercise is necessary for the preservation of health. It is the ardent prayer of your parents that they may always discharge their duty to their children with fidelity; and when they see their children walking in the paths of virtue, it gives them unspeakable joy."

My parents were what was then termed "moderately orthodox," and I have no doubt it gave them great pleasure to know that I was attending the church of a minister who was sound in the faith. The Rev. Mr. B. was of the old school of divines, a thorough Calvinist: I am not sure that he did not rank among the Hopkinsians of the day. To show his strict manner of keeping the Sabbath, and that he was a true Puritan, I recall that he regarded holy time as beginning on Saturday evening. A neighbor once asked of him the loan of his horse to go to mill on the afternoon of that day. He went to his door, and looking up to the sky, said, "No: I am afraid the sun will set before you could get back." He was, I doubt not, a very sincere believer, and a thoroughly good man. His deportment in the pulpit was grave and solemn, but he was not attractive to us boys of the academy. Nature had

not gifted him with a fertile imagination, and his logic consisted chiefly in arguments intended to sustain the Westminster Catechism. His sermons, made up largely of Scripture quotations, were drawn out to great length: and with an unfortunate voice, highly nasal, and degenerating at times, especially when he became earnest, to a whine, his ministrations failed to edify his youthful hearers. During the vacations I heard a different style of preachers. In my native town, after having had a long succession of Calvinistic ministers, the people, for some three years, had been endeavoring to procure one of more liberal sentiments. I enjoyed hearing these preachers exceedingly. The contrast with what I heard when at school was most refreshing, and the more so because it was at that time a new thing. The controversy between Dr. Worcester and Dr. Channing was then going on; and before I entered college the community were electrified by the broad, bold, and inspiring sermon of Dr. Channing at Baltimore. After hearing a long series of candidates, alternating between orthodox and liberal, the church and society, by separate votes, united in the choice of a Unitarian minister.

It seems of capital importance that our sons should enjoy the privilege, while preparing for college, of hearing such preachers as will both interest and edify them. They go from home, where other influences, domestic and social, have guided them in right paths. Parental instruction and example have been a guard from evil courses, and helped to keep them in the way of a Christian faith and practice. In the absence of some of these helps and restraints, we should see to it that they have opportunity to hear the gospel preached in all its purity and attractiveness. At this docile and susceptible period of life, let them, if possible, be sure of hearing a good preacher, and of the upbuilding power — whether they are to be in the rank of teacher or scholar — of a well-constituted Sunday school, and an edifying Bible-class. The founders and benefactors of our academies might well pour out freely of their treasures in this way, not only to store and [illegible] the intellect, but, what is of still higher and tran-

ıding moment, to set up the pillars of character, to pro- for the instruction of the heart, to secure the hearing of istian truth, and to prepare these tender minds for life's ıt moral university.

SUNDAY.

'ROM THE GERMAN OF JOSEPH FREIHERR VON EICHENDORFF.

THE night was scarcely over,
One lark alone, with song,
Winged the still air along;
Whom greets that early rover?

Above the house-top bending,
The garden trees gazed out,
Far o'er the land about
Expectant glances sending.

The flowers together banding,
Like troop of children fair
With dew-pearls in their hair,
In festal garb were standing.

Why thus yourselves adorning,
Ye little brides? thought I:
One looked up with reply,
"Hush, hush, — 'tis Sunday morning!

"E'en now the bells are pealing:
The dear God soon, we know,
Through the still wood will go."
With awe rejoiced I, kneeling.

S. C. R.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

Our Lord's parables constitute by far the larger part of his recorded words. Nearly all the great truths, duties, and promises he gave were delivered in this form. It is the envelope in which he folded them up, the shell enclosing the kernel of his gospel, the setting in which the pearl of great price is contained. The mode of teaching which was the result of his choice must surely be an object worthy of our careful study.

The parables give us the preaching of Christ. Of much of the preaching that is now heard from the pulpit we may say that it is nothing but the word of man, the logic, the rhetoric, the morals of man. Why should we come together on Sunday to hear a man speak to us,—any man, of no more than the average wisdom and goodness? We need to hear Christ speak to us, a power and authority above that of man, and before which there are none so high but they must bow down in reverence.

Christ the real preacher in sermons,—this, I believe, is the only thing that can save preaching itself. In our day, all public speaking is carried to a great extent, both in amount and degree of excellence. To say nothing of harangues on the evening topics of the times, look to our system of public lectures. To what a pedantic, to what a pitiable, to what a few years! The most gifted minds, on the most pleasing topics, after the most elaborate preparation, with all the stimulus that looks only to immediate applause, and with all the helps of frequent delivery, if the same lecture appear night after night, in the winter season, before large audiences, in all our cities and chief towns, and has the pulpit got to stand up by the side of this system and be compared with it?

The demand on the part of all sensible people will be no [illegible] thing. Let the secular lecture please the fancy, move

the mirth, and excite admiration as much as it can. A sermon is for a world-wide different object. It is to show us what a higher than man reveals, and to place us at the feet of him who spake as never man spake. And if it explains simply and sincerely, with reference to our spiritual needs, Christ's sermons, the messages he brought, the parables he uttered, this is instruction which all ought to have, and there is no man in the world in a position so high as to be above the need of receiving it.

Thomas Carlyle, in one of his books, referring to the large attendance upon preaching generations ago, says that the sermon then took the place occupied in part by periodical literature now, and had the advantage of the belief that the sermon was, as he expressed it, "partly edited in heaven." Some pulpits still carry that authority with them. Where a preacher looks reverently to his Master and Head, some glimpses of a divine illumination will direct the thoughts of his hearers there also. He will have a force over men's hearts which no one who speaks in his own name can command. Pulpits which are a mere lecture platform may for a while, by the display of rare parts, command wide attention; but no wise man can doubt what will be the end thereof. "If a man abide not in me he is withered;" and in how many parishes is the truth of these words seen to-day?

Perhaps in every preceding age of Christendom preaching has been more expository than it is now. The specimens we have of the sermons of the primitive church, the homilies of the middle ages, the textual discourses so common with our fathers a generation or two ago, all were aimed to unfold the meaning of the Bible. But if of the preaching at the present day it should be said that we preach not so much the gospel as ourselves, perhaps the charge may have too much of truth and justice in it to make it easy to furnish a reply.

We preach on subjects rather than on texts. We argue out a point in morals or theology rather than collect the rays of light on that matter which are scattered in the Scriptures. We make our philosophies, our creeds, the controversies of the times, or the passing events of the day, the topics of dis-

course, and not a line of thought suggested by evangelist or apostle. And because sermons thirty or forty years ago were made up so much of mere texts of Scripture hastily strung together, we have gone into the other extreme; and whole sermons will sometimes have nothing of the Bible about them, except a verse at the beginning, and there used more as a mere motto than anything else.

In what we have now said our object has been to suggest a plea for a more careful study of the parable. And, first of all, we meet the question, Why did our Lord adopt the parable as his means of instruction?

We think that the answer which is usually given to this question hardly goes to the bottom of the subject. It is said that Jesus simply conformed to the fashion of his age. No doubt the parable was then much more in vogue than it is now. It was a favorite mode of instruction with most of the Oriental nations; and, although we meet it but seldom in the Old Testament, it is of frequent occurrence in Hebrew literature of a later date.

It is no doubt true, therefore, that Jesus did conform to the fashion of his age. Here is another instance of many where our Lord fell gently and quietly into the customs of his times. He affected no singularity. In his dress, in his mode of living, in his speech, there was nothing that outwardly marked him and separated him from others. His whole life appears so peculiar compared with the customs of our times that we are apt to think that it stood out in like contrast with the customs of his times. But herein we fall into a mistake. A contemporary Jew saw nothing in Jesus that outwardly distinguished him from anybody else.

But it is not necessary to think that a conformity to prevailing use was the only reason, or the highest reason, with our Lord to select the form of the parable. He saw that it had an intrinsic and permanent fitness for the purpose of publishing his gospel to the world. Several circumstances illustrate this fitness.

He wished to have his words sink deep into the memory of man. A story is what we all most easily remember. Of the

lecture you heard last week you may not recall anything except the anecdotes brought in as illustrations, and if they were pertinent and striking it is almost impossible to forget them. What an advantage then to a Teacher of all mankind the choice of a mode of instruction which would brand his words ineffaceably into the memory of the world!

But its moral power depends upon much more than the memory. The parable is pre-eminent for its lively impression on the imagination, and its persuasive appeal to the heart. Of all the various ways in which language has ever been put together, there has never been anything so heart-searching and impressive as the parables of Christ.

And yet, I can imagine some one asking, Where is their mighty excellence? Forty common household words, he may say, — is it a hard and wondrous thing to put them together so as to make a picture which the world shall admire?

Now, in reply, I observe, let us see how it is in other cases. A hammer, a chisel, and a block of marble, — is it a hard and wonderful thing to make out of these a Dying Gladiator or a Greek Slave? A few oil colors, a brush, and a canvas, — is it a hard and wonderful thing to make out of these a Sistine Madonna or a Transfiguration?

Because we work with very common instruments, and try to reproduce a well-known object, it does not follow that it is easy to do it; while to do it *perfectly*, so as to command the world's admiration and homage, requires the very stretch and top of genius.

I am speaking now of our Lord's parables as mere works of art. It is but the smallest praise of them to say that the literature of the world has nothing to equal them. We are familiar with them from our childhood, and so are blind to their beauty, and cannot so well judge of them as a common stone mason can judge of the merits of Chantrey's Washington.

These parables have a deep interest as illustrations of the poetry of common life. It has been often said that the world has grown old and decayed; life has lost its early freshness and charm; it has become mechanical and formal, and poetry

has long since fled the haunts of man. The noise of the factory has driven away the water-nymphs from our rivers, the scream of the engine has banished the sylvan goddesses from our groves. What sentiment can there be in an age of steam, what play of imagination, what true poetry of the heart, where the talk is of nothing but dollars and machinery?

Every right-minded person knows how to estimate such talk as this, and feels full well that there *is* poetry in every lowly home, in every common, daily scene, if only we had the true eye to see it. In these affections that bind us together in the relation of husband and wife and parents and children, in the allotments of our common humanity, in the little events that fill up every day's experience, there is a perennial fountain of poetry, if only we can look at them in their highest relation, and see in them what is of ever deep and thrilling interest to the universal heart.

Jesus came in the midst of an old, worn-out civilization, in a formal and hypocritical generation, among a people leading as lean, withered, dry, and unimaginative a life as one can conceive of; but, lo! as by the wand of a mighty magician, everything became new at his touch. What poetry did he give to the fields where the grain was sown, to the laborers in their daily toil in the vineyard, to the homely cares of woman kneading her bread with leaven, to every lowly scene which he encompassed with beauty and glory in his divine similitudes? And this he did by showing in them some higher relation, investing them with a spiritual significance, and making them as a glass in which something divine seemed to mirror itself. This is always the highest aim of "the vision and faculty divine;" and how truly does Jesus deserve that name "poet" which Renan so often gives him!

It is our unpoetic life which for us drives poetry out of the world. It is because we see the earth only through earthly eyes, because we do not recognize these higher relations, and see these divine spiritual associations which have power to beautify the coarse, lift up the lowly, give wealth to the poor, and make old things pass away and all things new.

These parables, as we may notice still further, are hints that a spiritual meaning underlies all outward scenes and all common events. In the soil yielding only thorns and briars Jesus saw a parable of man's heart when bereft of spiritual husbandry; in the weeds which mingle with the wheat, and yet are separated from it at the harvest, he saw a parable of that future sundering of the wicked from the righteous; in the decaying of the seed in the earth, and in the rising from that decay of a new stalk and a fruitful ear, he saw a parable of the final resurrection of the good to a more perfect life. Why may we not look upon all these as hints that there is something spiritual underlying every material fact, that all life's actions have a divine meaning hidden beneath them, that every outward duty we perform is a parable of something divine, that our bodies are parables of the soul, and the universe a parable of God?

And thus, as Trench in his work on Parables has well suggested, beside his revelation in words, God has another and an elder, and one indeed without which it is inconceivable how that other could be made, for from this it appropriates all its signs. The entire moral and visible world, from first to last, with its kings and its subjects, its parents and its children, its sun and its stars, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its sleep and its waking, its birth and its death, — what is it all but a mighty parable, a great outshadowing of spiritual truth, a help at once to our faith and understanding? Let us believe that one day the whole outward world will be translucent with the divine idea which it embodies, and which, even now, despite its dark spots, shines through it so wondrously.

It may help us to discern this spiritual significance of all outward things if we carefully observe the manner in which Jesus interpreted them. For this purpose each of his parables may well be the subject of a critical study. A series of precious caskets, we should open each one of them, and see what Jesus has put within. A shelf of priceless volumes, we should take them all down, one after the other, to read what Jesus hath there written with his own hand.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

For nearly forty years we have watched the varying phases of this question, and the progress which has been going on with a constant and, on the whole, an irresistible pressure towards an improved condition of the laboring classes. In such matters, legislation only comes in to keep what has already been gained. Trades Unions, sometimes useful, and if properly managed, capable of great good in securing rights and privileges which ought to be granted, are too often managed by ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues, and made the instruments of violence and wrong. The question itself, or rather the movement which has been going on for more than half a century, is by far the most important of all the purely social questions or movements which have been agitating the public mind. Among the laboring classes the tendency has been towards fewer hours of labor, higher wages, greater comforts of living, superior advantages of education. Under this steady movement, with occasional outbreaks and acts of violence or wrong, the greatest and most beneficent revolution in our modern times is going on. The lines, which have separated the more privileged from the laboring classes, have been growing less marked. The highest advantages that society has to offer, of intellectual, social, and moral culture, are brought more equally within the reach of all.

There are those who feel that this is all wrong. Even "The North-American Review," which we look upon as the ablest exponent of modern science in its application to political, industrial, and social questions, does not seem to us to comprehend the real bearing of this stupendous movement towards the emancipation of the laboring classes, or the vital fact which renders such an emancipation possible.

We propose hereafter to treat this subject more at large;

and therefore content ourselves now with a statement of one single fact, which if properly used may, under the humanizing influences of our religion, lead to a higher and more universally diffused civilization than the world has ever known.

In consequence of the wonderful inventions of the last eighty years, in many departments of industry, two hours of manual labor now will accomplish more than fourteen hours would have accomplished seventy or even fifty years ago. Taking into account all the departments of labor, it is probably within the range of strict truth to say that one hour's work now will produce as much as four hours' work would have done fifty years ago. This fourfold productiveness of labor may enable the laboror to do twice as much as he formerly did and yet have one-half the time formerly spent in hard work on his hands for other and more elevating pursuits. The annual production of wealth in the community by each individual may be doubled, and yet only half as many hours be employed in labor.

This is the fact which forms a logical reason for the eleven-hour, for the ten-hour, for the eight, or even the seven-hour movement, as fast as the different classes of society, and especially the laboring classes, are prepared for such a condition of things. We have been advancing towards it for fifty years, and the movement in that direction has never been so strong or rapid as it is to-day.

The discussions and inquiries before a committee of our State legislature with reference to the regulation of the hours of labor, and a bill limiting the hours of labor for minors, which passed the House but failed in the Senate, bring this subject properly within the "Topics of the Month." We do not think that legislation on this matter is of vital importance. It cannot make ten hours equal in value to eleven, any more than it can change the multiplication table or the law of gravitation. But it may correct many abuses. It may save children from cruel exactions upon their time and strength. It may demand and secure for them educational advantages. And it may by a ten-hour act express its opinion that that is a reasonable day's work.

The most reasonable article that we have seen on the subject is in the "Old and New," and is furnished by an able, intelligent, and experienced manufacturer, who, as a practical man, takes strong ground in favor of the ten-hour system.

HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

At the time that we write this article Gen. S. C. Armstrong, the founder of this institution, is in New England, seeking additional funds to enable him to carry out more perfectly his plan for the education of teachers for the colored people of the South. He unites in his school manual labor and intellectual and moral instruction. The school is divided into five companies, one of which works one school day in every week, while the whole school is at work every Saturday. The school is pleasantly situated in Hampton, Va. It has this year eighty-six scholars whom it is educating as teachers, and for whom there is a great demand, especially in Virginia and North Carolina. Thus far the school has been very prosperous. It is conducted on the most economical principles, and if it continues to go on in its prosperous career, its beneficent influence must be felt far and wide among the newly emancipated people of the South. There can be no abler or better persons to conduct educational enterprises in the South than Gen. Armstrong in Virginia and Miss Bradly in North Carolina.

LOUISE LATEAU.

We have received from a much respected correspondent the following account of very remarkable phenomena. The discussion belongs rather to the department of physiology and psychology than of religion. Extreme cases like this may be useful mainly in teaching us that we must not confine the sphere of natural influences within too narrow limits. These statements of fact may seem to many incredible simply because they are extraodinary. If, however, they come to us well authenticated, it is the part of science to

accept them, and keep them under its eye until it is able to classify and account for them. If they are true, and science has no place for them, it must make a place for them. Whether they shall be received as facts or not is merely a question of evidence.

"In a former number of this magazine there was given a short account of this ecstatic, a young girl in Belgium, in whom appeared the phenomena which are called the Stigmata of the Passion (this term is applied, by Roman Catholic writers, to the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body, as shown in most pictures of the Crucifixion). This narrative was so startling as to appear incredible. Some further particulars of this case having lately been published since that time, and during the last two years, in regard to these strange incidents exhibited in the person of Louise Lateau, corroborating all before said of her, it may interest some readers to hear the account which we thus give.

"She was born in 1850, in one of the humblest cottages of Bois d'Haine. Her antecedents were in nowise remarkable: her father bore a good character, it is said — not of a nervous temperament, but robust and healthy, as were also his children. With but little food, and often no fire, they were hardy and able to work for their living. The subject of this sketch was devoted to her duties, one of which was the care of a sick relative. She then went to live with Madame H., at Brussels, who 'still retains a most sincere affection for her.' Her patience, piety, and devotion to the poor made her a favorite with those who knew her.

"In 1867 her health gave way: she suffered greatly from neuralgic pains — grew more ill. On the sixteenth of April she received the sacrament, as she was supposed to be dying. On the twenty-first she was so much better as to be able to walk to the parish church, a distance of nearly a mile, and her cure was so remarkable that it excited much attention. During the last two years, she has been continually the subject of medical and scientific observation, and many essays and treatises have been published on her case. Dr. Lefebre, a distinguished medical professor, states that, during the twenty weeks she was under his superintendence, he took upwards of a hundred medical friends to examine the phenomena. The following quotations are made from an article in the last number of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' published in London.

"'I shall now take up the history of the stigmatic bleedings,

which, as has been already observed, recur every Friday. If on any day during the week, from Saturday till Thursday morning, the hands and feet are examined, the following phenomena will present themselves: On the back and palm of each hand there is an oval spot or patch, redder than the rest of the skin and about half an inch in its longest diameter; these patches are dry, and somewhat glistening on the surface, and the centres of the two exactly correspond. On the dorsum and sole of each foot there are similar marks, nearly three-quarters of an inch in length, and having the form of a parallelogram with rounded angles. On examining with a lens, magnifying twenty diameters, the *epidermis*, or scarf-skin, is found to be whole, but very thin, so that the *lutis*, or true skin, can be seen through it. The latter appears to be in its natural condition, except that the *papillæ*, or minute elevations in which the nerves of touch terminate, appear slightly atrophied and flattened. I have entered into these minute particulars with a view of showing how carefully Dr. Lefebre has investigated these mysterious phenomena.

"'The marks on the forehead are not permanent except on Fridays. The points from which the blood escapes cannot be distinguished. The chest was only occasionally examined during the ecstasy.

"'The signs announcing the approaching bleeding begin to show themselves on Thursday, about noon. On each of the spots on the hands and feet a vesicle, or little bladder, begins to rise, which, when fully formed, exactly covers the patch, and is filled with transparent serous fluid of a more or less reddish tint. The bleeding almost always begins between midnight and 1, A.M., on Friday. The stigmata do not all bleed at once, but successively, and in no apparent order. A rent usually takes place in the raised cuticle which may be either longitudinal, conical, or triangular; the serous fluid then escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface of the exposed *papillæ*.

"'Lastly, the ecstasy may begin when she is at her daily work. On one occasion (August 18, 1869), in the presence of Monseigneur d'Herborney, the Roman Catholic Bishop of British Columbia, she was working with great suffering and effort, at her sewing-machine, with the blood oozing from the stigmata on her feet, hands, and forehead, and trickling down her temples, cheeks, and neck upon the instrument, when it suddenly stopped; for she had at once [illegible]d into the fit. This kind of commencement has been wit-

nessed by several distinguished persons, including a professor at the seminary of Tournay.

"'From the time that the ecstasy begins, her state may be described as follows: The girl sits on the edge of her chair with the body slightly inclined forward, as motionless as a statue. The bleeding hands rest, enveloped in cloths, on her knees, while the eyes are wide open and fixed, as described. The expression of the face is that of rapt attention, and she seems lost in the contemplation of some distant object. Her physiognomy during the seizure frequently changes; sometimes the features become quite relaxed, the eyes are moist, and the mouth half open and smiling; sometimes the lids will drop and partly veil the eyes, while the brow contracts, and tears roll down the cheeks; and at times she grows pale and there is a look of terror, accompanied by starts and suppressed cries. The body sometimes slowly rotates, and the eyes accompany the movement as if following some invisible object. Sometimes she rises from her chair and moves forward several steps, standing on tiptoe, with her hands raised, and either clasped or open like those of the Orantès of the catacombs; while the lips at the same time move, the breathing is rapid, the features are animated and full of emotion, and a face which ordinarily is almost plain becomes positively beautiful. About 1.30, P.M., she usually falls on her knees with her hands joined and her body bent very much forwards. The expression of the countenance is now one of the profoundest contemplation. In this position she remains for half an hour, and then resumes her seat. Towards 2, P.M., she begins again to lean slightly forward, and then rises, at first slowly, and afterwards more quickly: finally, as if by some sudden movement of projection, she falls with her face to the ground. In this position she rests on her chest, with her right arm under her head, her eyes shut, her mouth half open, and the lower limbs completely extended and covered to her heels by her dress. At 3, P.M., she makes a sudden movement; the arms are stretched out at right angles with the body in a cross-like fashion, while the feet are brought together and crossed, the sole of the left foot lying on the upper surface of the right. This position is kept till 5, P.M., when she starts upon her knees with a bound and assumes the attitude of one in prayer. After a few minutes of total absorption she sits down in her chair and remains, for a time, perfectly still.

"'The ecstatic fit lasts until about 6 or 7, P.M., when it terminates in a most appalling manner. The arms fall and hang heavily by

the side of the body, the head drops on the chest, the eyes are closed, the nose becomes pinched, and the face becomes very pale, while the hands feel like pieces of ice, and a cold sweat breaks out over the whole body; the pulse is imperceptible, and there is rattling in the throat. This state lasts for some fifteen minutes, when the pulse returns, the bodily heat rises, and the color is restored; but there is still a peculiar, indefinable expression of the face. In a little time the eyes open, one object after another is looked at and recognized, the features relax, and the ecstatic fit is over.

Dr. Lefebre believes that during the paroxysm the intelligence, far from being dormant, is very active, although she is totally unconscious of everthing that is going on around her: in short, that all her sensations are purely subjective. She distinctly and precisely recollects everything that has passed through her mind during the attack, but she always shows the greatest repugnance to be questioned on this subject. On one occasion, however, after much pressing, she gave brief but distinct answers to the questions put to her by her physician. She told him that after the ecstasy has set in she suddenly finds herself plunged into a vast flood of bright light; more or less distinct forms soon begin to evolve themselves, and she then witnesses the several scenes of the Passion as they successively pass before her.

"'As an illustration of how she might be taken by surprise, Dr. Lefebre mentions that on the eleventh of April, 1870, he was quite unexpectedly called into the neighborhood, and, as it was a Friday, he thought he would see Louise. The moment that he knocked at the door he was admitted, and, passing through the common room where they were sitting, he entered her small apartment. The time was 3.45, P.M. The ecstatic was in a state of the most complete solitude, and he found her lying in the state already described, with her chest resting on the ground, and her arms extended, insensible, and totally unconscious of all around her. Her bleeding limbs were enveloped in no less than nine cloths. The blood which had trickled down her forehead had dried; the feet had not been bleeding; on the right hand the flow of blood was just stopping, and the clots were still soft; while on the left hand a continuous rivulet of blood escaped from both stigmata. Having satisfied himself on these points, he left her chamber without her having any knowledge of his visit.'

"Now what shall we say of this wonderful narrative, which was noticed in a former number of this magazine? and there were also

some interesting comments upon it. This young girl is described as being without imagination, remarkable for her straightforward character and good common sense; of a calm, cheerful temperament, very religious, without any display, her piety being simple, earnest, and practical. The hypothesis of fraud would seem to be put entirely out of the question, and by the thoroughness with which the case has been examined and ascertained, it has become one of the most remarkable phenomena of its kind ever known. What shall we make of it? How much of great interest this rare case suggests? Does it illustrate the connection between the soul and body, — an impassioned soul, and sensitive frame? Feeling expresses itself in a blush: is it possible that, by some rare and strange, though natural way, that sympathy with Jesus on the cross can redden the body with marks and blood?

"It would seem as if the case of poor Louise, on being intelligently studied, might have some great secret to be disclosed, and might even show us a mystery.

"'For I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.' E. C. M."

THE FIRE-BALLS OF JERUSALEM.

"The Radical" for April contains a sensible article on this subject. In A.D. 70, the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus the Roman general, and there was a wide-spread belief among the Christians that it would never be rebuilt. In order to remove this superstitious notion, the emperor Julian attempted to rebuild it in the year 363. But while the work was urged with vigor and diligence, "horrible balls of fire," says the historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen," and the undertaking was abandoned. Gibbon, after mentioning the writers who give the account, says, "Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind. Yet a philosopher may still require the original evidence of impartial, intelligent spectators." The story has usually been discredited because of its improbable character. But "The Radical" finds that there were large subterranean vaults under the temple, and

that inflammable gases may have been generated there and ignited at the approach of the torches of the workmen. And we are now allowed to believe the account as historical, though before this explanation was given it was pushed aside and laughed at as a myth.

Now we venture to ask here, as in the account above given of Louise Lateau, what is the method of true science in dealing with such statements? Is it to reject what it cannot account for, simply because it cannot account for it, and without regard to the evidence? Or is it to accept the statements, if the evidence is trustworthy, and wait till we are able to explain them? Is our ability to account for and explain statements of fact to be the measure of our belief? If this course had always been pursued by scientific men, no new order of facts would ever have been accepted. They would have been wholly incredulous in regard to the revelations of the telescope and microscope and all the wonderful discoveries of chemistry. Does it never occur to these men that, in refusing to believe well-attested accounts relating to spiritual things, they are pursuing precisely the same course as was pursued by the Roman Catholic priests when they refused to believe what they saw with their eyes in looking through the glass of Galileo, because it did not accord with their preconceived opinions? What right have they to decide beforehand what sort of statements shall be credible and what shall not? Are they acquainted with all the laws and forces even of the material universe? Far less do they know of the spiritul forces which may lie behind all the phenomena of matter as a man's will lies behind the voluntary motions of his body and thus moves them from the sphere of merely physical laws. If the miracles of the New Testament are, as we believe they are, attested by evidence which cannot be mistaken, why is this evidence all to be set aside as of no weight on account of the nature of the facts alleged? We ought to accept the facts, and wait for the explanation. That is the scientific method. When we have studied into them and compared them with one another so as to know all about them, it may be that they will be to us as natural as the fire-

balls of Jerusalem now are. When we comprehend, as at some time we may, the mind of Jesus, and the relation of God's intellectual and moral forces to the phenomena of the material world, we may find in these miracles only the normal condition of things, only the orderly arrangement of cause and effect or the orderly sequence of events. In the meantime it is the part of science to accept the facts and wait till some great genius shall arise with insight profound enough, and thought and knowledge large enough, to assign them to their place in the divine economy, which includes alike the laws of matter and of mind.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

One of the most imposing assemblies ever seen in Boston was the gathering at the Globe Theatre on Friday, May 12, of those who had once been members of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Meade presided. Gens. Sheridan, Burnside, Hooker, McDowell, and others of similar distinction, were present. The tone of sentiment which evidently pervaded this assembly was one which could not but gratify every patriot. Two things particularly impressed us. One was the belief in the army as a permanent establishment necessary for the security and peace of the nation, — an evil indeed, as all government is an evil, but essential, nevertheless, to the good order and well being of society. The other thing which impressed us even more than this was the evidently strong feeling of the army veterans in favor of peace. One distinguished general, referring to the proposed treaty with England, spoke very earnestly on this point. "We," he said in substance, "ought to make war impossible. We know its horrors as no other class of men can, and we ought to exercise such an influence as forever to prevent its recurrence." This sentiment was received with loud applause, and evidently harmonized with the feelings of the large assembly. If, in 1860 and 1861, all the officers of the United States Army who disapproved of secession had caused it to be distinctly understood throughout the states to which they be-

longed that they would stand by the old flag, there would have been no secession and no war.

THE DOLLINGER SCHISM.

We call the attention of our readers to the following statements from an article in "The Boston Daily Advertiser" of May 17. It relates to one of the most interesting movements of the age, and is evidently written by a person well acquainted with the subject. The existence of the Roman Catholic Church with its assertion of Papal Infallibility in this nineteenth century is an anachronism and anomaly which we can hardly account for. The power inherent in the old despotic hierarchical system of Rome is not, we fear, to be destroyed in one generation, though such an absurdity as the assertion of the Papal Infallibility in the light of the present age will do as much as any single act can do to shut it out from the sympathy of free and enlightened men.

"No religious movement for many years has so profoundly stirred the religious world of Europe as that in which Dr. Döllinger is the central figure. It was well known that many Catholics, both of the clergy and the laity, dissented from the dogma of infallibility; but the peculiar hold of the church on them prevented an expression of their views until they should have the sanction of some great name, and a rallying-point. Dr. Döllinger was precisely the man needed to come forward as their champion, and now all the dissenters from the new dogma are flocking to the standard in numbers that must be very alarming to the head of the church and his devoted adherents. A survey of the field will show how widespread is the schismatic movement, although from the nature of the case there are numerous circumstances similar to those we have collected which have not come to our knowledge.

"The first fact to be noticed is that the government of Bavaria is heartily enlisted on the side of Dr. Döllinger in this contest. Bavaria has been steadily a Catholic country. Nearly or quite three-fourths of its five million inhabitants have been instructed in the Catholic faith and are in its communion. Bavaria forbids the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, and is in open war with the head of the predominating church. The King himself has incurred the penalty of the *excommunicatio minor* in more ways than one, —

first, by continuing the existence of communication with Dr. Döllinger, who is under the major penalties; again by neglecting or refusing to do the things required by the new article of faith, and probably once more by at least an 'inner denial' of the dogma, which is technically termed '*hæresis interna*' by the church. There are scores and hundreds of State officials who by merely continuing in office will become liable to the same form of ecclesiastical censure, while among the more educated clergy and laity there are few Catholics who do not subscribe to the opinions of the great Bavarian theologian, and thus cut themselves off completely from the church. Before this most recent controversy it was the general testimony that the Protestants were gaining ground. The exodus from the Catholic Church in Bavaria has now become an important movement.

"Turning to the other European countries, the effect of this schism is hardly less noteworthy. We have already referred to a nearly similar case in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, and we now learn from various indications that it by no means stands alone. Swiss clergymen and laymen are protesting against the dogma in considerable numbers. It is chiefly because there is no great name like that of Dr. Döllinger for the people to make a rallying-point, we suppose, that we hear so little of the movement in Switzerland. In Austria the opinions of the dissenters are shown by long and numerously signed addresses to the Bavarian doctor. Rome itself has felt the impulse. The most significant document yet comes from the professors of the University of Rome, being an address to Dr. Döllinger. They ascribe the imposition of the dogma to Jesuitic influence. 'The Catholic Church has been for three centuries,' they remark with epigrammatic truth, 'the company of Jesus.'

"These facts are sufficient to show what a profound sensation has been created through the whole of southern Europe by Dr. Döllinger's boldness. Even in Protestant countries there are not wanting evidences of a similar tendency. In England, particularly, there are symptoms of something like a general return to the English Church of those who seceded some years ago to Rome. It would not be correct to ascribe this movement to the Bavarian schism, because those who are leading in it have been brought to their late decision by a wholly independent process of thought; but the turning-point of their reasoning is the same as that which caused Dr. Döllinger to revolt, — the dogma of infallibility."

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

The following language in harmony with what we wrote in our article under the above title in the March number is so beautiful in style and spirit that we gladly make room for it. We find it in "The Boston Daily Advertiser," Feb. 14. It is quoted by a London correspondent, who, writing under date of Jan. 26, 1871, says, "I have just read a sermon preached a few days ago before the University of Glasgow by one of the Queen's favorites, Prof. Caird, who is Professor of Divinity in the University."

"Theology is indeed the noblest of sciences. The human intellect has no higher employment than that of searching into its great problems, and trying to give clearness and systematic connection to our ideas of God and divine things. But perhaps it is those who have studied and labored most in this high province who are least disposed to exaggerate the religious importance of their work. Conscious of the immense difficulties that attend their inquiries at every step, knowing how hard it is for man's imperfect reason to grapple with them, how many are the causes of misapprehension and error, and how possible it is for the most conscientious inquirers to reach different conclusions, — aware of all this, perhaps it is those who have thought most and deepest on such subjects who shrink most from dogmatism and confident assertion. Perhaps there are those here who will sympathize with me when I say, that, as life advances, a more modest, a calmer, sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity, — at any rate to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear, shall he refuse to recognize those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon have to meet in heaven? No! whenever in the heat of party feeling, amid the weary strifes and rivalries of sects and churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should

be reserved for sin, there is no one thought that may well bring us to a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divided them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder there in that deeper, diviner life into which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society, whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partizanship or our theological jealousies into the still sweet rest of heaven. Travelers as we are amidst the mists and shadows of this life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that, in its dim and deceptive light, we should sometimes mistake a friend for a foe, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger and an alien. But the night is far spent, the day is at hand; not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse and the shadows flee away forever; and then, — then at last, if not now, we shall recognize in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ the face of a brother and a friend."

The catholic tone and sentiment here expressed are singularly in contrast with the spirit exhibited by the English bishops in their discussions on the revision of the English translation of the Bible. The better sentiment, though working its way through the most formidable obstacles, will prevail at last.

LET your soul be the constant object of your care and attention. Be sorry for its impurities, its spots and imperfections, and study all the holy arts of restoring it to its natural and primitive purity. Nourish it with good works, give it peace in solitude, get it strength in prayer, make it wise with reading, enlighten it with meditation, make it tender with love, sweeten it with humility, humble it with patience, enliven it with psalms and hymns, and comfort it with frequent reflections upon future glory. Keep it in the presence of God, and teach it to imitate those guardian angels which, though they attend to human affairs and the lowest of mankind, yet "always behold the face of their Father who is in heaven."— *Law's Serious Call.*

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

TRYING TO SING.

I stand on Times's mysterious brink,
  And send an outward gaze,
Where throngs of spirits rise or sink
  At parting of the ways.

Upward towards the sun-lit rooms
  They climb the shining stairs,
Or downward through the swirling glooms
  Sink to their long despairs.

And happy thrills of song and lyre
  Came from the angel train;
And upward through the crater-fire
  The muffled groans of pain.

And as I heard, my song uprose
  To catch that heavenly air,
But straightway on my lips it froze
  To agonizing prayer.

O ye that climb the stairs above,
  And crowd up nigh the throne,
How can ye sing redeeming love,
  And see its work half done?

O thou Great Mercy! folding all
  Beneath thy brooding wing, —
Those who to thee for pity call,
  Or their redemption sing, —

I ask not through the highest room
  Of heavenly state to go;
But downward through the thickest gloom
  Of any child of woe.

Did not thy Christ go down to hell
  And cut its brazen bars,
Before he sought his coronal,
  His golden crown of stars?

Are not they all my kith and kin,
  And children, Lord, of thine,
Alike who beg in rags of sin,
  In jeweled robes who shine?

We all are beggars: poor and bare
  We stand before thy face,
Save when in borrowed robes we flare,
  And shinings of thy grace.

I raise no song of victory,
  I hold no waving palm;
I breathe upon the minor key
  My penitential psalm.

I share my brother's griefs, I list
  The undertones of pain,
Until the day thy conquering Christ
  Goes up with all his train.

S.

SOME REMINISENCES OF FATHER TAYLOR.

I first heard Father Taylor early in 1835, in the midst of his sailors at his Bethel in Boston. He was then in his full vigor, the house was crowded, and the pulpit stairs were occupied clear up to the preacher. His eloquence was marvelous; his control over the audience seemed almost absolute. Tears and smiles chased each other over our faces like the rain and sunshine of an April day. The sermon was extempore in the strictest sense of the word: that is to say, he did not know when uttering one sentence what the next sentence was to be, and often at the beginning of a sentence he did not know what its close was to be, but abandoned himself to the stream of feeling and suggestion that bore him on. Of course he very soon deserted his text, though he might have kept up an imperceptible connection with it. Two characteristics gave tone and power to his marvelous eloquence. He had one of

the most brilliant imaginations that ever sparkled and burned. His sermon was all poetry, though it came in bursts and jets of flame. It was like the dance of the aurora, changing all the while from silver flame to purple and back again. But the secret of his magnetic power was not here: it was in his overflowing sympathies, that leaped over all barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of formality between him and his hearers any more than if he were talking to each one of us in a private room. He would single out a person in his audience, talk to him individually with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. "Ah, my jolly tar," turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, "here you are in port again, God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by and by. Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?"

After sermon there was an infant baptism. He caught the babe from its mother's arms, held it up and waved it before the audience, — "What a pity it would be if those sweet lips should ever be stained with a lie!" He then baptized it, and covered its face with kisses. The babe was as quiet as if on its mother's breast; for it felt the sphere of that great-hearted love.

I shall not forget my first introduction to Father Taylor. I had written a little book on Regeneration at the request and suggestion of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, my good friend, Rev. Calvin Lincoln. Some months afterward I was called upon to preside at one of the morning prayer meetings, anniversary week, meetings which Father Taylor was fond of attending. We had a good meeting, and the Spirit was with us. After the meeting broke up, and I was passing out of the church, I found Father Taylor had planted himself at the door. "There," said he, "I've read you and seen you and heard you, and now I want to feel you;" and, seizing hold of me, he did not merely shake my hand, but shook me all over, as if he could not get me close enough into his warm-hearted fellowship. I never quite understood how, with his view of the atonement, which was strictly orthodox, he found an open way for us Unitarians into heaven, and I do not suppose he knew himself, or very much cared; only he felt sure we should be there, for the wide arms of his loving fellowship could not leave us out.

After his Bethel in Boston had become such a decided success, and the centre of marked influence, his friendship with Unitarians troubled some of his orthodox neighbors. A highly distinguished

clergyman of the exclusive school, Dr. ———, called one day upon Father Taylor (this comes to me on excellent authority), and in a remarkably genial mood told him he had come to help him.

"We feel," said he, "a very great interest in your enterprise; we think it is doing great good in the city. Our denomination propose to support you in it."

"Thanks to the Lord for anybody who is going to help us," said Father Taylor.

There is one condition about it," said Dr. ———: "you must not fellowship the Unitarians."

"Dr. ———," said Father Taylor, we presume with a countenance lighted up with its native fire, "I can't do without the Unitarians, *but I can do without you.*"

SOMETHING IN IT.

"The Independent" acknowledges frankly that it does not accept or reject articles merely from an estimate of their intrinsic merit. "The name of a well-known writer adds much to the value of what he writes, and we are possessed of enough 'carnal venality' to prefer paying a man whom everybody knows a large price for a good article rather than to pay nothing for an anonymous contribution of equal value." There is something in this. People *will* read articles under distinguished names which they would not look at otherwise; dull prose becomes brilliant, and ordinary jingle is the music of the spheres. It is rather hard, however, for those poor nobodys who write well. How are they to become "writers well-known" if their good things are not printed? Their case seems like that of the poor boy whose mother charged him never to go into the water till he had learned to swim.

PROTECTION.

The President and the advocates of the new annexation scheme want Dominica in order to protect it from its piratical neighbors without and insurrection within; and the Commissioners say we must be quick about it or the present government will submerge. How is it at home? Would it not be well to ask what protection we have given to our own wards before we adopt new ones? Mr. Lowe says, in his excellent article on the Indians in "Old and New," that, while our government has found no money by which to establish schools among them, it has expended in making war upon

them, during the last fifty years, five hundred million dollars — by one estimate one billion dollars — and twenty thousand lives; and a committee of investigation, with Gen. Sherman for chairman, say that in these wars "*we have been uniformly unjust.*" Their report gives a specimen of the way in which these wars originate, — thus:

"Five hundred Indians, men, women, and children, were induced to go to Fort Learned, in Kansas, under a pledge of protection from our government; and while there, without a shadow of pretext, a regiment of Colorado cavalry marched from Denver, surrounded their camp, and began an indiscriminate slaughter. It was a massacre that scarcely has its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity. Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were brutally shot down; infants were killed and scalped in derision; men were tortured and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savage ingenuity of interior Africa. No one one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the government thirty million dollars, and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements."

Our good President has inaugurated a more humane policy; but there is a ring of politicians trying to drive him from it, and the policy would be pretty likely to be abandoned with a change of administration.

"Protection"! how does our government protect its own loyalists at the South? In Mississippi one hundred persons have been murdered in one month; and a citizen writes, says "The Commonwealth," "It is nothing but murder, murder, murder, and the most awful whippings and abusings of the negroes you ever heard of." The force bill has been passed; but, if the Ku-Klux demonism is still rampant, it will take one hundred thousand men to enforce it throughout the Southern States. If Dominica is annexed, it must be garrisoned with government troops to "protect" it. One would think our first duty to be to protect our own people first, and give them the privileges of education and civilization. The force bill will be repealed if a Democratic administration comes in. What some writers mean who think we can absorb the whole continent, and transform it as by magic into civilized States, we cannot conceive.

"THE ANNUAL FARCE."

"The Independent" hits the mark exactly when it describes by these words the Massachusetts Fast Day. Nobody does fast on day. They shoot birds, play base ball, and go to ride, while

a handful of people get into a few of the churches and do all the vicarious "humiliation and prayer," and "the whole transaction as it now stands is a piece of official hypocrisy."

GOOD THINGS FROM "GOOD HEALTH."

"Good Health" comes every month generously laden with good medical advice and knowledge of the latest discoveries in medical science, enlivened with bright things interspersed here and there. It has an article on the new sleep-compeller, and warns people against its unskillful use. The temptation to use it is very great when one wishes to drown the consciousness of distress and pain. It is a late discovery, and promises to be a panacea for a multitude of ills. But it is becoming an ingredient in quack medicines, against which form the writer gives a note of alarm. We give the following excerpts on this and other things: —

"HYDRATE OF CHORAL. — We find it employed in cases of 'maniacal paroxysms,' 'delirium tremens,' 'tranmatic tetanus,' chorea, diarrhœa, whooping cough, convulsions (epileptic or otherwise), with more or less benefit; it allays vomiting and prevents sea-sickness; in puerpeal mania it is well reported of; in fact, as a sleep-compeller it is, in a very large number of cases, unrivaled; for, while in power opium alone can be compared with it, there is this superiority to opiun, that its use entails no unpleasant after-symptoms, no headache, no nausea, no anorexia, no constipation, whilst the sleep it produces is gentle, calm, and continued: at least, this is the general rule, but, of course, there are exceptions."

"THE GOOD NURSE. — She is distinct, but not loud, — there is nothing more aggravating in a sick-room than a whisper. Though quiet, she never walks tiptoe, never makes gestures, — all is open and above board. Her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not potter. She never looks sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skillfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal."

"POLITENESS is the last touch, the finishing perfection of a noble character. It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight in the corn-field, the

smile on the lip of the noble knight, lowering his sword-point to his ladye-love. It results only from the truest balance and harmony of soul."

"THE LATE WAR is likely to afford some valuable statistics. Investigations are being made in order to ascertain the comparative healthiness of consumers of alcohol and total abstainers. It has already been discovered that married soldiers in the German army are much more healthy than unmarried."

"NARROW-MINDED MEN who have not a thought beyond their own outlook remind one of the Hindoo maxim: 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe.'"

DULL SERMONS.

They are quite as often the result of bad air in church as of any other cause. If congregations *will* crowd into unventilated rooms, if parishes and parish committees will take no measures to secure a good oxygenized atmosphere Sunday morning for preachers and hearers, they should cease to complain of sleepy services. How long can a church live under an exhausted receiver? would be a good question for the local conferences. There is something worse than ludicrous in seeing people get together and pray for the Holy Spirit, which is the same as divine air, when they have shut out the air which God has already sent them, and are trying to live on mephitic gas exhaled from each other's lungs. Recently, at the oratorio of Elijah, at the Mechanic Hall in Salem, which is poorly ventilated, when they came to the scene of the widow's dead son, a lady remarked, "Elijah never will bring that boy to life in this atmosphere." Our prophets never will bring our congregations to life in such atmosphere as fills many of our churches on Sunday.

A SUNDAY AT PARK-STREET CHURCH.

Having a day of rest, I improved it by attending church and hearing Mr. Murray preach. With two long rows of strangers waiting in the porch and on the stairs, the regular worshipers had to pass between them to their places in the church. After these were all in, we — the strangers — were very kindly cared for in seats ranged through the aisles and extending nearly to the pulpit stairs. We were also kindly remembered in Mr. Murray's prayer, and made to feel that we were not out of place, and as warmly welcome as the regular worshipers. It was a goodly sight to see such

a church packed full with intelligent and highly interested auditors; for such their upturned faces showed them to be. Mr. Murray has a rare opportunity, and I was exceedingly interested to learn how he would improve it; and whether he would be tempted to play upon his audience for mere effect, and whether their souls or their applause would be the more precious in his sight.

It was a straight orthodox sermon on the Divine Justice from the text, "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." If any one has ever supposed that Mr. Murray has gained his popularity through a partial surrender of his orthodoxy, this sermon might dissipate his illusion. It was somewhat rhetorical, and a Unitarian would say shockingly illogical, but it was thoroughly orthodox. To the question, "Would Griffin ever have dreamed of a Murray?" the answer would be, "He never dreamed of anything else." Much to Mr. Murray's credit, he does not stand on an orthodox platform for the sake of knocking it in pieces. Moreover, his sermon was not sensational in style or delivery, and I conclude that orthodoxy is not going to merge in rationalism in order to gain numbers or perpetuate its existence.

PRESERVE proportion in your reading, keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one; as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only *narrow, but false.* — *Dr. Arnold.*

WHAT is too great a load for those who have strength? What is distance to the indefatigable? What is a foreign country to those who have science? Who is a stranger to those who have the habit of speaking kindly? — *Vishnu Sarma.*

THE very life and soul of friendship stands in freedom tempered with wisdom and faithfulness. Love with compassion and patience *to bear all* and *hope all* and not to be easily provoked.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS. An Essay in Comparative Theology. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In the February number of "The Radical" appeared an article by Col. T. W. Higginson, "The Sympathy of Religions," containing truth and error, history and fable, so mixed together and with such show of erudition that it required a skillful hand to sift the wheat from the tares. One would conclude, following the lead of Mr. Higginson, that the other religions of the world were pretty much on a par with Christianity: that they, on the whole, had the preference, since most of them were older and the best things in Christianity were plagiarized from them. Mr. Higginson does not say this, but implication is sometimes more effective than direct assertion. Dr. Clarke's book does not come in the way of answer to Mr. Higginson. It is the result of a life-long study and ripe and careful scholarship, but it wipes clean out the specious arguments of Free Religion, for it shows how all the other great religions have educated the world for Christianity; how they are only ethnic, while Christianity is absolute and universal, taking up their partial truths and fusing them in one great Catholic system, complementing them in a religion which is the fullness of the Godhead. Dr. Clarke is all-sided in the best sense of the word; he has a cordial welcome for what is good and true in all other creeds and systems, while seeing clearly their deficiencies, and that Christianity fulfills the desire of all nations. It is a book which will be widely read among all sects, and which speaks a timely word to this generation.

Estimated merely as an argument for Christianity, it is overloaded with matter. The writer gathers up more matter than can be wielded with clearness and directness of aim. But for that reason it will be valuable as a depository of fact and history, and as such the author undoubtedly designed it. It gives the results of the most recent investigations of German scholars, those specially referring to the Medo-Persian and Indian religions. On some points our readings and reasonings would differ from Dr. Clarke's. We do not believe that the doctrine of Satan came into the Jewish religion and thence

into Christianity from the Persian dualism. Dr. Clarke forgets that Babylonia, whence he supposes the Jews imported it, was inhabited, not by Aryan people, but by Semitic; nor do we believe that the Greek mysteries were imported from Egypt instead of being the normal development of the Aryan consciousness. Why not suppose that humanity is one so far forth that different people, each on its own line of development, originate like conceptions, especially when we find a tendency to them in all nations and ages. The Aryan people, not less than the Hebrew, had its prophets and seers from the earliest times, and the sibyl and the pythoness were the more rude and the Orphic muse the more perfect manifestations of the prophetic function. Socrates himself said he had a revelation three days before his death. Phythagoras was half prophet and half philosopher, and Pindar was both poet and seer. Even Hesiod is said to have been a *diviner*, and who shall say that he might not have seen what he sings of the golden age, so like to what Moses tells us as the truth of inspiration? As for Satan, he is a live power in the consciousness wherever among any race there has been truth enough to cleave asunder the moral good and the moral evil in human nature, and set them in deadly array against each other. He is the almost inevitable personification of the evil side, at least the head and front of the evil power. But we have not time nor space nor inclination for criticism, and we only want to say that we regard this work as one of Dr. Clarke's best, and calculated to do excellent service in the Christian cause. S.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL. With an introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Charles Lamb said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." A much better authority on such a subject is William Ellery Channing, who pronounced "John Woolman's Journal" the sweetest and purest autobiography in the English language, and expressed the wish to see it placed in the reach of all classes of readers. To these recommendations is now added that of Whittier, kindred in spirit with John Woolman. The charm in these pages is found in their sweet Quaker quietism, out of which, however, come earnest denunciations of wrong, especially slavery, their devout spirit, their broad catholicity, all set forth in a remarkably pure style. The publishers have rendered the public an excellent service in placing this neat little volume "within the reach of all classes of readers," as Channing desired it to be. S.

HESPERIA. By Cora L. V. Tappan. 1871.

This book deserves a much more elaborate notice than we can give to it now. It is evidently the result of a great deal of thought. It abounds in rich poetic imagery. It is marked by a high and solemn purpose. It is planned on a majestic scale. Its form is one which could be filled out only by a great poetic genius. Is the mind that shines through it and endows it with life equal to so great a work? To ask this question, and to answer it doubtfully, is not to speak disgracefully either of the book or the author. Both are very far beyond the common range of poetry. And yet the poem awakens hopes and expectations that look forward beyond what we find here for their fulfillment.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET JEREMIAH. Theologically and Homiletically Expounded. By Dr. C. W. Edward Naegelsback. Translated, enlarged, and edited by S. R. Asbury. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This, with a similar treatise on Lamentations, makes up one of the weighty, learned, substantial volumes of Lange's comprehensive, and as far as such a work can be, exhaustive Commentary on the Bible. It bears marks of study and of thought, and, we suppose, contains all the learning that can be brought to bear upon the subject.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY. April, 1871. Philadelphia.

This does credit to the denomination to which it belongs. It is earnest, scholarly, and Christian. We would especially commend the article on education as indicating that the Baptists do not intend to fall behind in the intellectual progress of the age.

GINX'S BABY. His Birth and other Misfortunes. A Satire. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A keen and powerful satire on some of the humane maxims and institutions of the day, well worthy the attention of thoughtful men and women.

M. OR N. By J. G. White Melville. New York: Leypoldt, Holt, & Williams. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Amusing and entertaining, the moral, perhaps, rather slack. Too sensational for our taste, and the beginning seems to be forgotten in the end.